Ham and Dixie

HAM AND DIXIE.

A JUST, SIMPLE AND ORIGINAL DISCUSSION

—OF—

The Southern Problem:

—BY—

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AND

PRINCIPAL OF WARDEN ACADEMY,

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DEDICATION

To the departed shade of my dearly beloved brother, John Downing Sevelli-Capponi, who died a student of Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C., June 28th, 1883—and whose last dying wish was that he had lived to write a book, but hoped that the author of this little volume would, one day, carry out his fondest desire—this book is dedicated.

As this departed brother was so warmly devoted to his race, so fluent in speech, so brilliant in mind, so loving and true to this unworthy writer, and, therefore, so noble a specimen of dignified Negro manhood—toward the acquisition of which shining qualities I trust our youth will aspire—I deem it fitting and just that I choose this worthy Spirit, as a proper object of the dedication of this, my first attempt.

Respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

MY DEAR FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The rivalry of mankind toward those high attainments which are the direct results of individual effort, may be easily discerned from personal experience We daily see its movements on the field of battle, in the scientific domain, in the world of art, in the strife for wealth, and, in short, in every species of activity that is known to the human race. Since this is true, should the Negro be idle and sleep away his precious hours, while others are toiling on with glorious success? *Surely*, the environments of our present condition must be removed by our own earnest and united action. But, while we are working out our problem upon this bright land of the South, which has now become our home by unavoidable circumstances, let us not murmur and complain, but let us work earnestly, patiently and hopefully. Now, with these remarks, I hereby introduce to you this present volume, which is the result of the laborious and original study of the author, and intended for the benefit of his race and the betterment of his country.

I sincerely hope that from its pages you may gather golden fruit which, when tasted, shall stimulate you to noble and lofty deeds.

Finally, trust in God; be *men* and do the right.

For—"Right is right since God is God,
And right the day will win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter *would* be sin."

SAMUEL MURRAY SEVILLE,
St. Augustine, Fla.

AN APOLOGY

When first I took my pen in hand
To air the thoughts within my mind,
I did not think to write a book
And send the same to all mankind;
I merely wrote as thoughts did grow
And jot them down for fear they'd die,
So what within these leaves you find
Hath come to me—each word and line.

Like water from a spring doth flow,
Or from the mountain rivers gush;
So, from some distant mystic shore
Did thoughts and words within me rush,
Until myself, to be at ease,
Did send them forth my friends to please;
But not to please alone I wrote,
For things are said that may displease—
My pen, too, moved to teach the truth
And cure the minds that had disease.

My style oft changed, as well you see,
From prose to verse, as Fates decree—

Now stubborn facts my mind would crowd,
Then Fancy far would speak aloud;
And thus, two powers of thought betwixt,
I simply wrote as I was fixed.
With keenest hope that you'll forgive
Your humble scribe for writing so,
And show your pardon while I live
By words and deeds done here below;
I send to you this book—your own,
Swift-winged, rough-shod and naked-born,
And trust that you may take the gift,
May read the words, the thoughts may sift.

If you mistakes and wrongs do find,
Just spit them out and call them mine;
For, with no book of facts to read,
Nor others' thoughts on which to feed—
True, 'tis not strange that errors fly
Among these leaves and make me lie.
But, then, these lies you need not mind,
If truths there are beneath the rind;
No man despise what's found within
A nut, because there's hard and thin
A shell that holds the good inside,
Which makes him feel quite satisfied,
And pays him well beside.

I know my words are limp and lame,
But you may read them just the same.
My thoughts that from above did flow
Are dull to you, perhaps, and slow.
But what of that? Read on see
What foolish things reside in me.
A fool sometimes may teach a sage,
A king may learn from simple page;
And, after all, who cares what source
He something learns, by chance or force,
If that same something serves his case
And causes him to win a race?

Again, if you get burned within
The lids that close the thoughts herein,
Just take it nice and go right on
Until some thought begins to dawn
That cools you off and makes you smile,
Or heats you high and makes you "bile;"
For, if you're cool, you're then content,
And if you're hot, my shaft is sent—
Is sent to where it well is needed,
To where I trust it will be heeded.

Now, White and Black and Brown and Red,
And Saffron, too, if't must be said,
And Rich and Poor and High and Low

And Good and Ill and Friend and Foe,
And Thick and Thin and Great and Small,
And These and Those and One and All—
I write to you and hope you'll heed;
I give you food and hope you'll feed;
I give advice and hope you'll heed;
I've made a start and hope you'll lead;
I've said the word—you do the deed,
And you and I both reap the meed.

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A JUST, SIMPLE AND ORIGINAL DISCUSSION

—OF—

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTCION.

To all whom it may concern, or who may concern themselves with it, this is to make certain that I, Joseph Burritt Sevelli Capponi, partly of the State of Texas and partly of the State of Florida, do hereby undertake the job of telling to the world what is the matter with the Negro of these United States of America, and how, by the help of his friends, he is to take his medicine and effect his cure.

It may seem rather startling to hundreds, and perhaps thousands and millions, of critics,

theorists, reformers, soothsayers, astrologers, magicians, and other bipeds, that I, an unknown and unheard-of animal, should propose to solve a problem which has already sent many to the dust howling, conquered and without hope.

But when we remember that the deep things of this world and also of the world to come, are often hidden from the wise and are made known to the foolish; and, also, when we remember that simple, bare-headed, bare-backed and bare-footed common sense is often the straightest road to the shining pearl of Truth, then it is that we may be willing to receive and accept the stubborn fact that a poor, simple and homeless Negro may tell the world in general, and his race in particular, how the latter shall burst his shell and step out into the clear sunlight of racial manhood.

It seems that it has ever been pleasing to our Heavenly Father to direct and control the affairs of men by means of the crudest instruments, and thus we find little David, with sling and stone, slaying the mighty giant of Gath; poor and unlearned fishermen carrying the Gospel of Love to dying men, and a carpenter's

son born on straw and among cattle becoming the King of the Jews and the Savior of the world. Therefore, haughty-minded reader, be not too slow to believe that your unworthy writer may be the chosen vessel filled with and bearing to you the glad tidings of a new era and the rich blessings soon to fall upon a new generation.

But not only is the creature from whom these words are flowing, simple and obscure; but the words themselves, which clothe his thoughts, are also plain, odd and undressed. Perhaps it were possible for me to pore over the midnight of Grecian mythology, to dig into the depths of Roman philosophy, to pry into the mystic phases of German spiritualism, or to sip from the gilded goblets of the Frenchmen's grace and lore, and thence evolve high-sounding phrases, rounded periods and most learned epithets. I might dip my pen in the green of the Gulf and write upon the blue of Heaven, in letters of emerald couched upon beds of diamond, and then step aside and point mankind to the beautiful symbols I had wrought, and sit down and smile upon the compliments I might receive, and then lie down

and die without hope, because I had failed to accomplish one useful thing for my race, or one act of love for my God.

Thus it is that I care nothng for empty honors, for baubled praises and for whitewashed flattery; but I do care for the health, wealth, progress and salvation of the world. I love music and poetry and flowers, but you may put it down where it will stick that neither of these has ever yet worked a sum, solved a problem, demonstrated a proposition or milked a cow. And, be it known, that I would rather work out the sum of life and find my answer in the sanction of a just God; solve a problem of right and wrong, and thus guide the thoughts and actions of my fellows; demonstrate a proposition of abstract truth, and thus teach men to reason aright, and milk a cow and pour her liquid flesh down the burning throat of some starving wretch, than to be able to sing like a nightingale on a lonely heath, talk poetry in a thousand rhythms, or strew the face of the earth with down of choicest flowers. Let others write for fame and the laudations of men, but it is my part to write in order that errors may be corrected and that truth and

justice may be seen in their native splendor. Even now, there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of books, booklets, pamphlets, periodicals and other printed talk that are not worth their weight in smoke, and are only useful for the purpose of whiling away the time of a brainless horde who could easily have found something else worse to do. And why is this so? Simply because there are some who will persist in writing for the public in order that their names may be spelled in black and white; and others there are who will always be glad to read any trash that is written, and thus fill up their vacant minds with the dirt and filth that seep from the intellectual back yards of such writers.

Let me tell you, my readers, no man, woman or child in this world has ever had anything worth saying or worth writing, and wanted to say it or wanted to write it for the good of his comrades, and actually tries to say it or tries to write it, except God loosens his tongue so that he can say it, or moves his pen so that he can write it, and blesses either tongue or pen, so that the world will accept it and be benefited by it. If anybody will only peel off the

checkered bark of prejudice, passion, selfishness, foolishness and deviltry, and go down into the solid core of truth, justice and common sense, he will be able to write the world up with less trash, bosh and humbug, and with more good logic, sound reason and practical truth.

But, through it all, people are generally inclined to think and act as they please, and hence there will always be more folly than wisdom, more nonsense than sense, more laughter than tears. Therefore, since others are thinking and acting as they please, I will also do the same, and will express my thoughts in my own way, according to my own belief, and regardless of the contrary views of others and of the poisoned arrows of criticism which now lay sheathed and poised for my appearance. But, however clumsily I may build my sentences, however stupidly I may choose my words, or however strangely I may set forth the substance of my argument, I am certain that the truly good and the truly great and the truly wise, who are kind enough and able enough and willing enough to look through the

rind will find wholesome meat, or to crack the nut will find savory kernel.

After all, grammatical arrangement and rhetorical finish are only the baby's gown, and the deep thinkers of the world want to tear off the gown and see the naked baby, note the size and beauty of its dimpled limbs, observe its symmetry and plumpness, and feel sure that it is a real, live, active and promising child, and then they will herald abroad the news that a new babe is born, and will give praise to the parents and shout glory to God.

So, let the substance of this little volume be true and just and right, and I will trust God to clothe it as He pleases, and wise men to search for it as they will, and fools to be blinded by its light and be baffled by its logic.

Again, were I to imagine that these lines would only bring me before the public eye, surround me with friends, overwhelm me with flattery, and put gold into my pocket, without helping to raise up the weak and oppressed, and give them strength, or lift away their burdens and give them ease, or without helping humanity to march on toward the realm of Truth and toward the temple of Justice, I

would simply throw down my pen, close up my fountain of ink, set the burning end of an exploded match to my scribbling and try to find something else to do.

But I write with a sanguine hope that some good may be done in the land that gave me birth. For I write because I feel, because somebody's dearest interest is at stake, and because I want to correct error, set people aright, lift up a race, improve the world, and glorify God. These, verily, are the objects which force me to attempt what otherwise I would never have dared to attempt; for, as I have hinted before, the world is already filled with useless writings, and indeed I do not wish to swell the tide of so disastrous a sea.

Thank God, I have a purpose in this discussion, and I believe that my purpose is a good one; and, hence, I will proceed to reach after and grasp hold of this purpose as best I can, trusting to the good sense of true men and to the righteousness of a just God to back me up in this matter. With nothing before me save ink, pen, paper, Webster and the Bible, and with nothing within me save an honest purpose, a true heart and the fear of God, I launch

out in my frail bark upon the treacherous deep, with Hope perched high on my brow and Courage buried deep in my breast.

> How, where and when
> It will all end,
> Is more than I can tell;
> But God doth see
> Whiche'er it be,
> Whether ends it ill or well.

I have thus far told you, or rather hinted to you what I propose to say, how I propose to say it, and why I propose to say it, and now I will say a few things concerning the sayer and then proceed to say what I have proposed to say.

In the first place I will tell you that I came tumbling into the world something over thirty years ago, somewhere among the glassy lakes and the orange groves of the sunny State of Flowers. By my own mathematical calculation, I have concluded that I possess one eighth Spanish blood, two-eighths Indian blood and five-eighths Negro blood coursing through my veins, arteries and capillaries. Therefore, I am somewhat mixed in my make-up, which mixture I trust will not cause my present argument to be mixed.

It was said that I was a very promising child, an interesting youth, a brilliant young man in college, and—then it all stopped!

The early promises were never performed, the interest was never paid, and the brilliancy was beclouded with Egyptian darkness. At a green age, I wrote verses at ease and threw them away; solved problems in algebra for the fun of making x's, and built a thousand air-castles and cruelly tore them down again. In imagination, I liberated the black slaves of Brazil; I formed African Republics with Negro rulers and subjects; I was the greatest orator that the world has ever seen; I figured as the bravest hero in a hundred battles, and, occasonally, I died triumphant in the Christian Faith and was carried in chariots of gold to the shining Courts of Glory. In fact, I was a quiet, unassuming, deep, rash, daring and adventurous youth, caring for the opinions, criticisms and mandates of no man, sect or creed, but led and guided by my own native and decidedly peculiar sense of right and by my own deductions of reason.

After leaving Biddle University with my degree of A. B. C.'s, I spent ten years straddling

a fence, looking on both sides, smiling, smoking, joking, playing, dreaming, planning, resolving, hoping and postponing. I managed, however, to get down off of the fence long enough to serve the Oracles of Blackstone and to be enrolled as an attorney at law in the great State of Texas, and to practice at law in the peninsular State of Florida for the period of six long—weeks! Those who know me best seem to think that my strong points consist in taking after-dinner naps, eating three square meals a day and drinking milk in all of its various forms and stages. As to my disposition, I will tell you in a few words, that I despise hypocrisy, ceremony and lying. I think the majority of the world are wrong and that the whole ball needs overhauling and mending in both church and state; and furthermore, as I differ very largely from the vast majority of mankind upon various questions of the day, I have the fool-hardiness to imagine myself as belonging to that blessed minority who are always right. Hence, I take it that I am always right; so does every other poor devil think he is right. But, if every other fellow thinks he is right and

I think I am right, I am like everybody else, and, thus, on the side of the vast majority. Now, the majority were thought to be wrong; and, if I am on the side of the majority, I must also be wrong. So, I am wrong, after all! Well, it is a pretty hard thing to tell who is right and who is wrong. Perhaps, we are all partly right and partly wrong, and we disagree with each other when the right part of the one comes into contact with the wrong part of the other, or when the wrong part of the one comes into contact with the right part of the other; and we agree with each other when the right part of the one comes into contact with the right part of the other, or when the wrong part of the one comes into contact with the wrong part of the other. Hence, contrary to the law of magnetism, the general rule in this case is, like parts attract and unlike parts repel. In other words, "birds of a feather flock together." So much for that. Turn it over, spread it out, press it down and take it for what it is worth. But, mark this: we are all miserable sinners, and, may God have mercy on our souls!

The crowned heads of Europe and the dusky savage on the plains, are both possessed of one heart, one passion and one sin. Jealousy, hatred, pride, deceit, selfishness, lust and a host of other monsters creep upon the earth and worm their way into and among all classes, conditions and races. Sins and crimes may differ in form and color; but they flow from a common source, and God hates them all alike. The highly-scented and rose-tinted dude, with spotless shirt-front and glittering diamonds, is often inferior to the sooty and begrimed chimney-sweep over whom he proudly struts.

The gay and powdered belle, rose-lipped and lily-fingered, disdains to lisp in accents kind to her aproned but often superior sister. The Upper Ten and the Lower Five are, no doubt, classed side by side on the same page of God's great book, with this difference only: the names of the former are doubly underlined, indicating that they are to receive double punishment—one for committing the same crimes as the latter, and the other for their white-washed hypocrisy in trying to conceal them. But no man has any right to boast over his fellows and to imagine that he is better than they are,

or that he will have more favors of God than they will. Hence, let not the rich and great teach themselves to believe that in God's sight they are any better than paupers and tramps, nor let these last fancy that, because of their poverty and hardship, they may somehow win the favor of a righteous God.

Such, my dear readers, are the words with which I introduce my subject and myself to your learned and experienced minds, and now we will go on together through these pages which follow, trusting that we may know each other better and that neither you or I will ever live to regret the time spent in having written and perused the contents of this little volume.

CHAPTER II.

ALL MEN ARE EQUAL.

There are commonly said to be five races of men, which classification some have compressed, so to speak, into a metallic ball of three distinct parts or races, and this ball, according to my view, may be melted, cooled down and hardened again into a ball which is

homogeneous in all its essential parts, and, therefore,one and indivisible. I mean to say that, notwithstanding the learned and elaborate discussions of naturalists, ethnologists and anthopologists with reference to the various classifications of the human family, it is my belief that man is a unit and that, in sound reason, there is but one race. If the term "race" signifies a line of descendents, originating from one common root or source; then, since all families or divisions of mankind originate from Adam and Eve as earthly parents, man must constitute but one race and is, therefore, a unit. The whole question, perhaps, will turn one way or the other upon the meaning attached to the word "race," which may be narrowed or widened so as to leave out or take in certain qualities of more or less importance. But, I do not care a fig-leaf about mere words, and if the scholars of this age prefer to say that there are five races of men, why, I will not object, as this is of trfling importance and, in no way, affects the force of my present argument. For, supposing that there are five races, then the term "race" is conditioned by such accidents as form, color, hair and features and,

thus, has nothing whatever to do with the essential elements of the man himself. The same is also true of any other classification. So, under each of the race theories mentioned, I am at liberty to hold, and do hold, that mankind is a unit.

We are told that a unit is a single thing, but, like man, I hold, it may admit of several "races" or kinds; namely, abstract, concrete, denominational or fractional. It may also admit of different forms, features and colors; for example, we may conceive of a red line, a blue line, an oval, a square or a prism. But, you will understand that each of these objects or conceptions, is a unit. Why? Because they all express to our minds the idea of one thing, and each of them is numerically equal to the other. Man is a unit. Why? Because man is an immortal soul and each soul is spiritually equal to another. Has one soul certain qualities not possessed by another? Will one soul live a thousand years, another a million and another forever? Is one soul capable of joy, and another not? Can one soul know what will happen at sunrise a hundred years from to-day, and another not able to know it? Is it possible

for one soul to see objects in a curved or broken line, and impossible for another? I think not. On the other hand, I think it true that all souls are equal; for God breathed the soul-principle into man with one and the same breath, and man then became a living soul. Furthermore, I hold that all men are created equal; that all men spring from a common origin; that all men possess the same elements and that all men are immortal. Does any human being doubt the truth of these propositions? Reader, do you not believe that all men are created equal; that they are formed from the same kind of sperm-cell and germ-cell; that they are brought forth into the world with the same natural powers and with an equal capacity for development? I do not refer, understand, to hereditary influences, or to the earliest possible impressions, which will reasonably produce different effects upon different individuals; but I refer simply to man in a state of nature with equal or with no advantages, either by inheritance or by circumstances. I will not enter upon any extended discussion in order to demonstrate the proposition that all men are created equal; but will only point you to the Declara-

tion of Independence with which all are familiar and which is known to contain the words and adopt the truth of the proposition aforesaid. Now, the men who framed the words and gave birth to the sentiment contained in this grandest of all public documents, were men of sound sense, solid reason and right principles, and we would all do well to endorse their work and accept its potent truth.

Do you doubt that all men spring from one common origin? The Bible tells us plainly that the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground. Now, the dust of the ground is the origin of the first man, Adam; but all men are the descendants of Adam and, therefore, all men have their origin in the dust of the ground, which, indeed, is a common origin of all men. There are only two elements which have been mentioned as the producers of the first man; namely, the dust of the ground and the breath of God—the former constituting the material origin and the latter constituting the spiritual origin of man. Here, some may say that this is true enough with reference to Adam and his descendants; but, suppose that all mankind have not descended from Adam, and that

the origin of some races may have been different from and inferior to that of Adam? In reply, I will simply say, let this truth-seeking inquirer first point out an origin of any part of the human family which is different from that of Adam and I will take the chances to prove that both origins must coincide.

To those of my readers who do not believe that the scriptures are true, or who do not believe that there is a God, this argument will have no weight. Yet, as a parting shot, I will state that those who do not believe in the truth of the scriptures, cannot believe in a God that is worth much, because man cannot know Him, nor does He reveal Himself to man, and, therefore, His name is but an empty sound. Hence, those who do not believe in the truth of the scriptures, are essentially non-believers in the existence of a true God. Thus, both classes coincide and believe that there is no God. Now, then, since you do not believe that there is a God, the First Great Cause of the universe, you do not believe in the existence of the universe. But you, yourselves, are a part of the universe, if you are anything at all, and since

you do not believe in the existence of the universe, you cannot believe in your own existence. Then, if your reasoning is right, you do not exist, and, therefore, you need no proof of the common origin of man. But, if your reasoning is wrong, and you do exist, then you believe in God and the scriptures and, therefore, must agree with the views I hold.

Thirdly, all men possess the same elements. The truth of this proposition may be justly inferrred from the discussion of the preceding one. Man, having been formed of the dust of the ground, and having been vivified and immortalized by the breath of God, must have in him dust or matter and breath or spirit. And since matter and spirit are the only elements found in man, we reasonably conclude that all men possess the same elements.

Fourthly, all men are immortal. I do not refer to the material body, which is only the house wherein man lives while on earth, but I refer to the soul which alone is man in the truest and most enlightened conception of that term. Do you doubt that men are immortal? If you do, you must also believe that death ends it all; that

the statement that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment," is a biblical lie; that God is a fraud and a fool and that you "are of all men most miserable." Do you believe that there is anything else upon the earth except man that has a soul? If you do, point it out to me at once and I will throw down my pen, rush up to it, fall down before it and call it—Man! Then, if we all are created equal, have a common origin, possess the same elements and are immortal, I take it to be sufficiently demonstrated that mankind is a unit and all men are equal, each to each.

Now, perhaps, there may be some big-headed blue-blooded and weak-kneed son of a king, or son of a king's son of some one of the so-called five races, who is going to swell up and pout out, because I say that all men are by nature equal. This creature will, no doubt, imagine himself to be better than his brother, because he happens to be rolling in wealth and luxury, while his brother is sweating under toil and oppression; or because he has rubbed his head against college walls and comes out with a long tail of degrees, while his brother signs his name with a Roman cross and makes an arithmetic

with his fingers; or because his ancestors at some point in the ascending line once sat upon a royal throne and waved the sceptre of power, while his brother's forefathers have from time immemorial contented themselves with greasy footstools and have been ruled by the rod of iron; or because his skin is white, his nose is high, his lips are thin and his hair is straight, while his brother's skin is black, his nose is flat, his lips are thick and his hair is wool. They tell me that during one period, the crowned heads and the royal families of Europe actually believed that they belonged to a superior race than that of the peasantry and the rabble, and hence they set up and put into practice the doctrine of the "divine right of kings," against which the iron Cromwell dealt such terrible and crushing blows. To all this kingly crowd, who claim that they are born superior to the masses, I will state that they now constitute a stale and withering minority; for the world is learning fast that courage and virtue and wisdom are the only elements of greatness and superiority, and that it is a noble part for those in high places to recognize the humble but true-hearted commoners as brothers, and to stoop

down and give them a helping hand. Thus, we find to-day that the best and the wisest of the land have undertaken to establish and protect the liberties of the common people, the rights of women and the interests of the poor and oppressed nations of the earth. Indeed, I honestly believe in the universal brotherhood of man as strongly as I believe in the eternal fatherhood of God. Furthermore, I believe that the time is fast approaching and its front guard is even now looming up in the distance, when the principle of absolute and unconditional equality of mankind will spread over the face of the earth like a mighty sea and when he, who so far lags behind as not to adopt and act upon this principle, will sink down upon the pebbly bottom of the deep, while the swelling tide of progress will sweep on over his head. Understand, however, that when I say that all men are by nature equal, I do not mean that their bodies, forms, colors, features, accomplishments, idiosyncrasies and adaptabilities are identical or equal; but I do mean that the invisible, intangible and incomprehensible germ which God Almighty has planted somewhere within the mysterious structure of

a human being, and which is called the human soul, has always been and will always be an indivisible unit and equal in all of its eternal possibilities. This germ or principle is man himself, and it is man in this sense that is cretade equal; that is formed in the image of God; that does not admit of five or any other number of sub-divisions, and is the creature for whom Christ died and whom all other earthly beings should honor and obey. And it is only when this doctrine of the equality of mankind shall have been warmly grasped and thoroughly practiced will man learn to treat man as a brother, and this great old world of ours will swing around on its hinges without the least friction, and the Creator of Heaven and Earth will look down upon the chilren of men and pour out the "oil of gladness" upon their heads. But, while I believe, and others believe, that all mankind are by nature equal, yet I believe that none of us believe that all mankind can be grouped togther in the same class, and are thus equal in their conditions. For, I believe that facts will show to any sane man with eyes opened, that there are many classes and conditions of men, which classes and condi-

tions, I hold, have been brought about solely by external circumstances and not by a difference of germ-powers. The painted savage who knows nothing save his arrow, tomahawk and war-whoop, has certainly not advanced so high in the scale of intelligence and morality as the cultured Caucasian whose mind has been trained to reason, whose heart has been touched with the love of God and whose hand has been taught the wonderful craft of the ages. The conditions of men, therefore, admit of many degrees, varying all the way up from the most primary rudiments of mental power to the very highest feat of intellectual effort that now crowns the world of science and of art. This indeed shows the progressiveness and capabilities of the human race, and, perhaps, the unlimitable grasp and scope of the human mind. Is there any end to the exercise and development of the soul? Is it not possible that man will continue to increase in knowledge and skill as the tardy ages roll by? If so, what glories may yet reveal themselves unto us! To what dazzling heights may we yet ascend! To what mystic depths may we yet explore! To what marvelous breadths may we

yet expand! "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Now comes the question all at once from a thousand throats, "Why is this difference in the condition of men, if all are by nature equal?" To this knock-out blow, I take great pleasure to return this idem: Why is the difference in the condition of the prancing steed and the scrub pony; the luxuriant forests of the tropics and the stunted shrubbery of the poles; the sledge-hammer muscles of an athlete and the flabby flesh of an anchorite; the wealth and influence of one brother and the poverty and disgrace of another; the symmetry and beauty of a sculptured image and the revolting roughness of a shapeless quarry? The steed and pony are both horse-flesh; the forests and shrubbery are both vegetation; the athlete and the anchorite are both men; the two brothers are both born of the same parents; the image and the quarry are both stone. Then, anxious inquirer, marvel no more about the unequal condition, yet

equal nature of men, than you do about the unequal condition yet equal nature of a thousand things about you. Do you not know that the Creator has made every creature with capabilities to develop themselves or of being developed by others? Progress, growth and development run through creation, and every species of the handiwork of God points to a higher state and by slow gradations is moving on or being moved on toward that higher state. Why, man, even the cold rocks wedged in the mountain side and hoary with age, are coming nearer to the eye and heart and brain of man and, along with all else, are keeping pace with the grand march of civilization.

Again comes another interrogatory: "What is the cause of this development, and why is it so unequal?" Go ask the Wind, the Sea, the Rain, the Storm, the Mountain, the Stars, the Rivers; go ask Industry, Economy, Application, Virtue and Faith in God; go ask Accident, Fortune, Chance, Circumstances, Opportunities and Necessities; go ask all of these and then go ask Nature's God, and they will answer you. God created man and created the earth with a thou-

sand attendant circumstances; why this is so, we cannot tell and no man dares to say. Man stood up and stepped out into the Garden of Eden, and thence multiplied and scattered over the face of the earth. A rock, a stream, a wind, may have changed his direction, may have bent his mind, may have been a pivot upon which he either turned upward to heaven or downward to hell. The fertile basin of the Nile or the Tigris may have developed a nation; the sandy deserts and blasting winds of Ethiopia or the barren plains and frozen hills of Scythia may have produced a wandering horde. Place one of three twins upon the ice-bound shores of Greenland, the other upon the sandy desert of Sahara and the third upon the genial soil of Europe, and, were it possible for them to live at all, they would each develop their germ-powers into different directions, upon different subjects and unto different degrees. The frozen snows of Greenland may freeze out the ambition of the one; the sultry sun of the desert may dry up the energies of the other, and the temperate breezes of Europe may fan into a burning blaze the dormant powers of the third. And this is nat-

ural: for the winds, the showers, the mountains, the trees, the flowers, and all the other elements of Nature affect our senses; direct our thoughts; develop our powers; give birth to our inventions, and help to make if not completely make us what we are and what we hope to be. Especially was this true in the childhood days of the human race, when Providence, in His own mysterious way, was distributing this new creature over the face of the earth and was adapting him to the various physical conditions then existing in the Universe. And, not only do the elements of nature affect the conditions of the human mind and help to produce the different stages of human progress, but these same conditions and stages are also occasioned by the application of man's natural powers to the elements of Nature, or, in other words, they are occasioned by toil, patience, sacrifice, economy and ambition. Thus it is, that one of two equal men, with equal chances, by dint of labor and application, will often ascend to heights far above the other, who, seemingly, has buried his talents in the earth and has really drifted backward in the royal path of life. This is in-

deed too plain to require any further discussion, for anyone of us may see illustrations of this fact every day of our lives if we will but open our eyes and look around us.

Now, applying these principles to the various divisions of mankind, we find the Caucasian race, at this time, the head, hands and feet of the world. They have filled up the world with books and these books with thought; they have filled our homes with luxuries; they have glided over the sea with wings of sail; they have run over the land with prancing steam, and they have flown through the air on pinions of gas. They can boast of military strength and splendor and they can sing of daring deeds crowned with immortal glory. From them, the light of the gospel and civilization has streamed into the darkest corners of the earth, and to-day, wherever men breathe the breath of life, some representative of this progressive race is found, controling, directing and leading others either upward to the starry skies or downward beneath the dark, cold earth. Therefore, it is the utmost folly for the black man, the brown

man or the red man to rear and pitch, because I now state that the white man has out-stripped the other divisions of the human family and is able to sit down upon a gilded throne, wave his magic wand and bring the rest of the world to his feet. Do you not think so, reader? Do you not think that Great Britain and Germany and France and Spain and Russia and Italy and America and the Kingdom of the Devil can ride rough-shod and iron-footed over sun-burnt Arfica, rice-eating China and the sea-girt isles of the Pacific? Why, certainly they can; but certainly they will not. Very well, we will all agree that the white man is on top, for the present. How did he get there? Well, to start with, the white race was blessed with the original dispensation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Secondly, he drifted into fertile valleys conducive to progress, and thirdly, but greatest of all, he was industrious, earnest, daring and ambitious. This race undoubtedly started out at the beginning with sleeves rolled up or without sleeves and with club or sword in hand to get as much out of this world as possible, and that, without regard to the rights and feelings of others. Is this not so, Mr.

White Man? Did Pharaoh of Egypt care anything about the sweats and groans of the children of Israel as long as they continued to make bricks and plant corn? Did William of Normandy care much about the oppressed condition of the conquered Britons as long as he could rule in feudal power and keep them crushed under foot? Did Henry VII. of England exercise any special care for the rights of the Red Man to the soil of North America, when the Cabots returned and told him of their wonderful discoveries? Did George III., the obstinate monarch of Great Britain, regard and cherish the God-given rights of the thirteen colonies? And, even while I write, do the First Class (?) Powers of Europe care anything about the natural rights of the untutored tribes of Africa, as long as they can find savory food upon African soil, with which to glut their own insatiable maws? Why, of course not, and every reader of history knows it.

Is this course of the Caucasian race right? Ah, "there is the rub." I am no moralist, and, besides, in this discussion I am not dealing much with the moral and spiritual side of man. I leave this matter to the theologians and to

God. But I will say this. The method and disposition of the white race, in this particular, are undoubtedly the straightest and shortest road to worldly power and honor; but, in God's sight, it may be the blackest sin and the deepest wrong to oppress a weaker brother, stride over his prostrate body and march onward to the summit of terrestrial glory. But, here, we will drop the right and wrong of this question and proceed to something else which lies more directly in our present pathway. The fact that the white man is on top still glares forth as bright as ever, and I am not the kind to pick a quarrrel with him or to pray down curses on his head simply because he has outstripped me in the race and has won the prize. I think it more fitting that I should learn a lesson from my experience and gird up myself for the next race which is at hand. It may not have been fair for the winner to have tripped me up and then run right on to the goal; but, after all, there is no use of fretting over it and fussing about it, for this will only make a bad matter worse. Therefore, let that race which is now enjoying the distinction of being nearest to the top, march onward and upward,

and let us who are in the rear take quick-step and finally gallop to the front, helping to bear aloft the banner of Progress and to grease the wheels of our old world so that it may roll around faster and roll over quicker toward Truth and Light and God. Then, indeed, will white and black and yellow and red and prejudice and jealousy and oppression and hatred, be swept away in the purifying breezes of a universal reformation, and, everywhere belting our earth, shall be seen and felt the five zones of Union, Liberty, Equality, Humanity and Christianity.

O, Spirit of Heaven, speed the glory of that morning when stubborn man shall bow to the better teachings of his nature and to a more perfect interpretation of Thy will, and when he shall "shuffle off this mortal coil" of strife and warfare and prejudice and oppression, and shall recognize and practice the golden and God-given principle that all men are equal and have the same joys, the same pains, the same follies, the same feelings, the same passions, the same life to live, the same Hell to shun, the same Heaven to gain and the same God to serve!

CHAPTER III.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS HE?

In this chapter, I shall discuss somewhat the condition of the Negro in the South; not in detail, but in a general and summary manner. The man of black has passed through considerable hardships and very few softships during his sojourn on American soil. Every schoolboy and every schoolgirl knows that from 1620 to 1865, a period of two hundred and forty-five years, the Negro has had his nose to the grindstone and the white man has been turning the crank. I mean that the black man, for two hundred and forty-five years, has plowed, hoed, chopped, cooked, washed, walked, run, fought, bled and died for the white man; not because he enjoyed it or gained by it, but simply because the stronger man was on top and had him down, and for the time being, he had to grin and bear it, or strike and die in a pile. Further, we are told that not only has the Negro expended all of his physical being from the cradle to the grave for the support and ease

of his white master; but that, in consequence of his relation, his intellectual and moral powers were also stifled, dwarfed and distorted, and thus his whole being was degraded and demoralized. That such was the work of American slavery, I think all unprejudiced minds will affirm; hence, no reasonable white man is going to gainsay what I have said, nor will any sensible black man fly into the face of my statements and give them the lie. For common reason and general experience will tell any and everybody who has a grain of either, that hard-down, tool-like, physical labor; the frequent use of the lash on naked hide; the lack of books and schools and teachers; the absence of an intelligent form of Christian worship; the separation and pairing of men and women like cattle, and lastly, the submissive and cringing customs of plantation life, are, and must be, conducive to the utter degradation of any human being of any race on earth. Such indeed would be the effect upon men of enlightened minds, if for a long period, they were ruled by the iron hand of oppression, and were cut off from every exercise of the mind which tended to improve and ennoble it. But, when we re-

member that the colored man entered into the domain of slavery, an ignorant and uncultured savage with an inheritance of thousands of years of heathendom, and if we admit that he was going down the scale of intelligence at every successive generation during the period of slavery then it must necessarily be admitted that he emerged from that debasing institution a miserable specimen of humanity. And so he did, and so would any other branch of the human family. The human body is a beautiful and intricate piece of machinery; the human mind is a great kingdom, having its throne and its scepter; the human soul is immortal in its duration and boundless in its capacity; but mark you, that machinery may be so overworked and broken and burnt and twisted until it shall lose its beauty and become repulsive; that mind may be so dullen, be-clouded and weakened until its throne shall be demolished, its sceptre broken and its royalty changed into dung-hill; and that soul may be so bounded and oppressed and tormented and besmutted until it shall lose its pristine grandeur and shall be made to eke out a worthless and miserable existence throughout all

time and, perhaps, throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity.

Now. let us see what the status of the Negro as he came forth from the dark and gruesome cell of slavery and entered into the vestibule of the Temple of Freedom. Financially and materially, the colored man had nothing except an inexperienced brain, untrained hands, access to manual labor and low wages, discouragement and prejudice from without, dissension and jealousy from within, and a cold, but curious world to gaze upon him and shrug its shoulders and say, "I told you so."

Physically, he was tough, rough and muscular; his hair was thick, knotted and nappy; his feet and hands were large and thick; the expression on his face was submissive and worried; his gait was wabbling and ungraceful and his physical courage, though normal on all other subjects, actually paled into trembling shadow when confronted by a white face. Just here, some well-dressed Negro Chesterfield of to-day may wince and rant, and swear that I am overdrawing the result of slavery upon the physique of his race;

but, if this creature will only call himself back and remember that I refer to the masses of the colored people fresh from the cotton-fields of the South, and that I exclude him and his pa and his pa's pa, who have always lived "like white folks," I think he will change up and allow himself to agree with me. Have any of you ever seen a "cullud pusson" at any time after the war in the 60's and 70's, walking along the dusty highway with a stick across his shoulder and a bundle at the rear end of that stick; with torn hat, hickory shirt, sleeves and trousers rolled up, bare-legged, bare-footed, singing, sweating and raising dust? Have you ever accosted such an individual, drawn him out upon the subjects of ante-bellum days and "de white folks?" Have you noticed the cloud in his mind as to dates, causes, reasons, inferences and conclusions? Have you noticed the lower tone, the uneasy mien, the furtive glance toward the hedge or up and down the road, when you introduced the subjects of the white man, the "Negro's rights, or the Republican party? Have you noticed the harmless, arch-innocent, submissive, timid and appealing expression of the face; the unkempt and knotted hair; the

face dripping with sweat which he wipes off with a hanging end of his shirt-sleeve; his large cuticled feet with nails glistening in the sunlight—I say, have you observed all these things? If you have, you will not say that I have overshot the mark. Reader, such, no doubt, was the condition of the average Negro immediately after the war, and for a number of years thereafter. Some silly, shallow-brained white man's imitator may profess to feel ashamed of the picture I have drawn and curl up his lips in scornful corners and rear his oiled crest high in the air whenever the past states and experiences of his worthy forefathers are opened up to him. But, in diametric opposition to this "kid-glove" recollection of our ancestors' condition, I take great pleasure to tell you all that I respect and honor the original representative of pure African blood, whether in the garb of road-duster, cotton-picker or trinketed prince. Again, I say unto you, that I can peer beneath that temple of shade, those frosty naps, that humble visage and find more love, more faithfullness, more true nobility than I can ever decipher from that flimsy, painted and super-

ficial Negro copyist of the white man's style, who to-day infests our street corners and other public places in our midst. Let me tell you, fellow-citizens, if the Negro succeeds at all, he must succeed as a Negro and not as a mere imitator, or pliant tool in the hands of other races. Let it be known that I love the Negro's melody, the Negro's humor, the Negro's pathos, the Negro's wit and the Negro's blackness, because these are original and God-given and they can never be destroyed.

Next, let us consider the Intellectual condition of the Colored Brother. I will say that the Negro's mind, immediately after the war, was indeed a dark and almost empty region. The presentative faculty, memory, cunning, deceit and an inferior kind of inventiveness were about the principal powers cultivated and developed during the period of slavery. Thus, he could easily remember the spot where two roads crossed or where one road forked; he could tell you precisely on what log he got religion, and whether or not it was on a cloudy or sunshiny day; he could put on his best face and talk "in" with "de boss,"

in order to undermine a fellow-workman, and he could adroitly and without previous preparation, trump up an explanation of the disappearance of a fat gobbler or a promising shote. If he noticed a dog on his back whining a doleful ditty, and a few days thereafter Pompey's little boy, who had eaten too much green corn, happened to die, he would carefully treasure up that incident in his mind and ever afterwards declare that it is a "bad sign" for a dog to get on his back and whine, "kase somebody'll die, sho!'" In justice to the Negro, I must state that this is by no means an indication that his mind is inferior, or that he is naturally superstitious or imbecile; but it is only an example of the degrading influences of a long process of slavery. For the mind of the Negro had never been trained to observe carefully, to classify, generalize, deduce and conclude; in other words, his reason and judgment had not been brought into activity, and therefore he would jump to irrational and absurd conclusions without sufficient premises or data to support his simple vagaries. The same is true of all minds affected by the same environ-

ments and dwarfed by the same damnable inheritance.

As to the Moral condition of the black man, it might be said that he was rather in a low state.

It is, perhaps, but fair to admit that he would occasionally disturb the equilibrium of the Eighth Commandment; that he was deceptive and often inclined to downright falsehood; that he did not possess the highest regard for the sacredness of the marriage relations, and that he did not place a very high estimate upon female virtue. Hence, we often found him slipping "up," or rather down into some insignificant yet degrading muddle; "churched" in some ecclesiastical council; or arraigned before some civil tribunal of justice.

Here, I will say again, that it was no more imbedded in the Negro's nature to be immoral than in any other race, and that any other limb of the human family, be it as white as driven snow, or as red as crimson, would have been in the same moral state as the black race, if it was subjected to the same conditions. Even as it was, it might be said that the enlightened races of the earth were equally as guilty of the

same acts of immorality as the Negro I have just described. There was this distinction, however: the black man lifted a hen off of her roost, or a pig out of his pen; the white man embezzled his thousands and swindled his millions in the craft of lawful trade; the black man failed to estimate the true value of the virtue of his own women, the white man failed to estimate the true value of the virtue of women of other races; the black man drank his "red eye" and staggered around in public places with empty pocketbook and mouthful of big words; the white man drank his champagne and fine whiskey in club-rooms and in private parlors, and was taken home in a closed carriage.

Thus, the Negro, because he was poor and ignorant, practiced a low and public immorality; while the white man, because he was rich and intelligent, practiced a high and private immorality. Both kinds of immorality are equal and one, just as the Negro and the white man are equal and one. Human nature is always and everywhere the same, and "a man is a man for a' that." So, if any of my readers in this progressive Nineteenth Century is so dead

asleep or so strongly prejudiced or so grossly ignorant or so sadly incredulous as not to believe that all human nature is the same, I would respectfully advise you either to change your opinions on this line or close the book and say nothing. For, my whole discussion is based upon that principle as a foundation stone and it may continually rasp against your sensitive souls and make you sick, and I do not wish to produce an epidemic among you, for then the world will know you are guilty and will only laugh at your calamity; and, besides, as your disease would be a peculiar one, you may not be able to find any physician to prescribe for you or any remedy that will suit your case.

Spiritually, the average colored man was all emotion. The dark days through which he had passed, and was passing, spread over and about him like a thick cloud; the hope of the religion of Jesus Christ bursting through this surrounding darkness and upon his benighted and distressed soul, filled and thrilled every tissue and fibre of his being with sensations of fantastic delight, and then it was that he was lifted above and beyond the miserable

conditions of life and up into the imagined courts of eternal joys. Then he sruggles and leaps and plunges as if to loosen himself from his earthly coil in order that his soul may feast forever upon the glories and beauties of his Heavenly vision. Thus he shouts and "gits 'ligion," and his "soul feels happy." and he knows that he is a "child of God," and he has given unto him a "little white stone," and he is "gwine to heben sho is you born!" These truly, are some of his favorite expressions when in this ecstatic state, and these expressions and those gesticulations really constitute the corpus of his religion. For, after these bodily and verbal demonstrations are made in open church, his religious part has been essentially performed, and now, satisfied that he has been "born agin," he goes forth breaking the Sabbath with idle stories, courting other men's wives, deceiving his neighbors, ignoring his debts, drinking his whiskey and often committing raids upon the personal goods of another. Of course, this description was not literally true in every case. For I sincerely believe that there were some few who were true as steel, and, as far as they

knew, were genuine disciples of Christ. And even now, while my pen moves, I believe that they are shouting around the great, white throne in Heaven, casting their glittering crowns at the Father's feet and crying out "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!" Further, I believe that a greater proportion of our people were saved in Heaven at that day than others more enlightened, because they served God with the clearest light they had and in the best way they knew how, and, after all, that is all we can expect of any one, and, as far as we know, it is all that God expects.

In this way, I have briefly outlined somewhat the condition of the Negro immediately after the war, which gave him his freedom. This race has been ejoying the blessings of liberty for thirty years and has rapidly improved its material, physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual conditions; and, perhaps, considering the difficulties with which it has been surrounded, it has improved as rapidly as might be expected of any race. Therefore, the Negro's present condition is far better and much more

advanced than that which I have just been describing, although much of this description will still apply to his present status, which fact will be more readily noticed in a subsequent chapter. However, it will give me pleasure to state that the colored people of the South, at this time, own thousands of broad acres of land; hundreds of thousands of solid American dollars; several flourishing and profitable corporations; numbers of good schools, Seminaries and Universities: many successful Doctors, Lawyers, Clergymen and other professional men, and, in general, it may be said that this race is surely marching upward to a higher plane and, with the help of God and the co-operation of good men, it will soon take its place in the front ranks of civilization.

Thus, it seems that the Colored Brother has at last passed through the dark days of slavery and the trying times of reconstruction, and is still alive and on Southern soil, and, furthermore, is fast improving in the knowledge and practice of civilized life. This undoubtedly proves to the world that this black-skinned and curly-headed race has a wonderful power of

endurance and, like the children of Israel, thrives and multiplies rapidly, even under the most terrible opprssion. The Negro has been a faithful and profitable slave for over two hundred years; he has bowed his head for the white man's blows; he has bared his back for the white man's whip, and he has suffered untold and untellable humiliation and agony for the white man's ease and gain. Although "he was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." When he was left on the plantation to support and protect the wives, daughters and children of the Southern warriors, and though it was in his power to burn, pillage, murder and drain the South of its precious life-blood, he—the noble creature that he was—stood at the entrance of his master's dwelling, as firm as a mastiff, ever ready to die in defense of "missus and de chillun." Was there ever virtue of a higher order than this? This was not human, for man will wreak vengeance when the time is fitting; it was divine, for God is slow to anger and swift to mercy.

And again, after the war, we are told that men would disguise themselves in gowns and cloaks and caps and horns, and arm themselves with whips and pistols and rifles, and break into the peaceful huts of black men in dead of night, while slumber was sweet to the soul, arouse the slumbering inmates, whip them until the blood would run like water from the gaping wounds, or stretch them between the heavens and the earth until their necks were broken and their souls had gone to God, or set them off within range and riddle their poor black bodies with the rifle's bullet. Yet, through it all, the Negro "opened not his mouth."

My readers must understand that I do not bring up the deeds of those dark and bloody days in order to call forth sympathy for the Negro, or stir up hatred for the white man; but I merely mention these things to show the marvelous power of uncomplaining endurance that is possessed by the black race. It is not in the scope of this little volume to resurrect the "bloody shirt and wave it dripping with gore before the eyes of the whites and blacks, in order that they might rush upon each other and drench the land with fraternal blood; but it is

rather its mission to draw a curtain over the sins of the past and allow the myrtle of peace to poise itself between them in the peaceful calm of everlasting friendship. In concluding this sketch of the Negro's enduring power, and incidentally of the white man's treatment of him, it might be said that those who are inclined to look through the eyes of other portions of mankind, may find but little, if anything, to justify such a course of action practiced by the Southern whites upon the Southern blacks; but, on the other hand, those who look upon this same treatment through the eyes of the Southern white man and consider his training, passions and prejudices, may find for such treatment many palliating excuses, if not complete justification. No doubt other races, if placed in the same situation as the white people of the South, would have treated the Negro in the same manner. And, I verily believe that this self-same patient and long-suffering race, which I have just been describing, would have lorded it over the white man with equal cruelty and oppression if circumstances had placed him where the white man stood and the white man in the position that

he himself occupied. For, we are all weak and liable to do wrong, and each of us has his own peculiar share of human frailties. Therefore, let no one be too hasty to note and condemn what he happens to think is wrong in others; but let him rather search his own heart, reflect upon his own actions, find his own wrongs and set them right, and discover his own errors and correct them. Perhaps, some persons may think and say that I am not pitching into the Southern whites deep enough and with sufficient "blood in my eye," along this line. To such fire-eaters, I will reply that I am not writing these lines as a Negro, for the Negro, or as a white man's Negro for the white man; but I am simply writing it as a man for Humanity. Therefore, if anybody or any race thinks I am going to write up one side and write down the other without regard to right or truth, he is sadly mistaken. This is the grand trouble between the races of the South to-day—there is entirely too much one-sided business. The white man sees in himself too much, and fails to see the best qualities of the Negro; the Negro fails to see his own defects, but is continually finding something wrong in the white

man. Each race should now learn to see more sparkling virtues in the other, and to find that in itself is lodged the tap-root of much of the seeming wrongs and abuses that may have been perpetrated against it.

Now, although the Negro has so patiently endured his burdens and his disadvantages, and has passed through his darkest days and is rapidly improving in the elements of nationality; yet, it seems that even now he is not perfectly satisfied with his lot, nor is the white man of the South exactly satisfied with the present condition of things. It seems, then, that on the part of the Negro there is something else lacking—some hankering after certain positions or conditions for which his soul is still earnestly panting. Man is by nature endowed with certain internal elements for which there must be found certain external counterparts suitable and satisfying to those elements. Thus, he loves life and strongly desires to protect it; hence, he has an arm strong enough to strike and wisdom to manage that stroke in defense of that life. He has implanted within his brain a strong desire to know and to search

after truth, hence, the powers of his mind are of sufficient grasp to investigate all subjects and the lap of Nature has space enough to furnish materials for his investigations. He delights to worship and confide in a Supreme Being; hence, in all states, in all climes and in all ages he has either found, made, imagined or had revealed unto him an Almighty Being before whom he bows in dust, and whose will is his most sacred law. Therefore, because of such an inward desire and such an outward realization, the Negro, although he has done well, and is apparently happy, is yet nevertheless unsatisfied and is seeking for the exercise of some power or the gratification of some sentiment hitherto beyond his reach. Some, perhaps, may say that the Negro is perfectly contented with his present lot; that he is always careless, cheerful and happy, and that he is a creature who tamely submits to the inevitable, be it hard or soft, and that therefore he is eminently fitted for his past and present conditions. I will say to this, while it is true that the colored man has a remarkable capacity for adapting himself uncomplainingly to any and all circumstances, however severe they may

be, yet silence is not always an equivalent of consent, and, amid the "whips and scorns" of life, he often feels the "Divinity that stirs" within him, and then he stands up and looks out into the hazy distance with a longing hope for a better day. He may clap and whistle and dance on the depot platforms and upon the hard pavement of the street corners; but at home, around his humble hearthstone, in groups at church, or in local halls and in his State and National conventions, he is constantly lamenting his hard lot and his lack of opportunities, and often plans, resolves, petitions and appeals to others for recognition and assistance.

What does it all mean? It simply means that the colored man is a human being, and although flattered by others and persuaded to believe that he is moving on nicely; yet his powers must not be confined to any prescribed limits, his mind must not meet any wall across the line of its progress, through which it dares not flash a ray of light, and his soul, like the feathered songster of the air, wants to rise on wings of ambition to the most distant heights and bathe

itself in the glowing light of a million worlds. It is not a free body that the Negro wants—thank God he has that. It is a free soul for which he groans, and when the chains of steel, which now bind his grandest aspirations to the humblest stations of life, shall wane into threads of straw. then will he be free indeed, and his groanings will cease and his soul, as to its temporal condition, will be thoroughly satisfied.

The history of the Negro has been a peculiar one. From the darkness of Ethiopia, where he roamed over the plains and through the forests in wild and untaught savagery, to the ungenial shores of the New World, where the white man and the powers of Darkness held him in bonds of iron for nearly two hundred and fifty years, and, then, having been brought safely through the perils of warfare, he, by some fortunate stroke, was ushered into a state of full-fledged citizenship! Now, he is arrayed in citizen's apparel and yet not enjoying a citizen's privilege; enrolled as an American, and yet not at home on American soil; protected by the Constitution of the United States and the arms of the nation, and yet handled

by a stronger race at will and prevented from enjoying those rights to which the laws make him entitled.

What, in truth, is the Negro of today? Is he slave, alien, parasite or citizen? The slave, both body and soul, is controlled by a master; but does not the white man control the body and limit the spirit of the Negro? An alien is one born without the jurisdiction of the United States and over whom this government has no power; but is not the Negro, as a race, born under the jurisdiction of the Kingdom of Slavery, and is it not true that the government of the United States is powerless to protect him in the exercise of his just rights? A parasite is a creature, either animal, or vegetable, that hangs on and depends upon some other creature from which he derives a scanty and uncertain existence; but is not the Negro mechanically hanging on to this government, and is he not depending upon the white man for employment in order to secure the necessities of life? A citizen is one who enjoys the freedom, the priviledge and the protection of a free city or a free government; but does not the Constitution declare that "all persons born

or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside?" The Negro is surely a strange mixture of human possibilities, and his condition and opportunities are equally as strange. Is it too much to hope that, out of this peculiar condition, God, who is at the helm of the Universe, will yet bring this race on to a realization of great things and to the possession of high places? Never yet has the Negro made a record of himself on the pages of the history of civilization, and may we not hope that his history is yet to be written in indelible letters on tablets of adamant?

Only let the Negro be original; let him be free and independent; let him be true and brave and noble; let him trust in the righteous God of Heaven and the land that gave him birth will yet live to be proud of his efforts, to respect and honor him and to adopt him in the family as a returned prodigal who had spent his early life in "feeding swine."

Black man, fear not. Your glory will ere long burst upon you with all the radiance of a noonday sun. Be ready; be watchful; and "quit you like men."

CHAPTER IV

THE FIVE PILLARS.

In the preceding chapter, I have somewhat described the past condition of the colored man; his great power of endurance and his longing for free air. I have also stated that, not only is the Negro himself dissatisfied with his present lot, but that the white race, because of the Negro, is also dissatisfied with the condition of affairs in the South; and hence they are both frequently suggesting plans and advancing theories whereby this state of things may change for the betterment of all concerned. Thus, it seems that both Negro and white man instinctively feel that the former is not exactly in his proper sphere and that something ought to be done to place him aright, to adjust the relations between the two races and to improve the general condition of the South. If then, we take it as proved that the black man is not yet enjoying that state which he desires to reach, and toward which he is striving, it now behooves us to look into this matter more carefully in order that we

may more clearly understand his troubles, the nature thereof, the causes therefor, and, finally how these troubles may be removed and he be made truly happy and prosperous. In other words, we want to diagnose his case under all the light of sound reason and impartial justice; probe with keen instruments to the core and search for the seat and origin of his disease, and then subsequently write out a prescription adapted to his ills and which, if filled and followed by himself, will effect his cure and bring him to that state of healthfulness for which his innermost soul is now craving.

From these preliminary remarks, it will be seen that, in my present work, I will make it my duty to tell to all the world, both great and small, what is specifically the matter with the black man; the primary cause of his present unsatisfying condition; and, finally, I will tell, as best I can, what this race must do and what others must do for and with said race in order that all these troubles may be rolled away and the whole country be benefited thereby. Now, then, if the Negro is sick there is something wrong with his physical or mental

mechanism; if he is in trouble there is something wrong with his relations to the external world; if he is dissatisfied, he must either be sick or in trouble or else imagines himself to be in one of such states. Well, we will say that the Negro is mentally sick, in trouble and is also dissatisfied; and that all this is so because of the facts that his own mechanism is out of order, his relations with the external world are in bad shape and he imagines himself in a far worse condition than he really is. We will say, further, that he either fancifully imagines or reasonably believes that the white man of the South oppresses him; closes the avenues to the choicest places against him, and does not tender to him that encouragement and recognition to which he thinks he is entitled. This imagination or belief, resting upon and hanging over his mind from day to day like a black cloud, sickens him, baffles him and produces in him that longing for the uplifting of that cloud and the ushering in of a healthful and invigorating stream of pure light.

Then, the great thing that is troubling the Negro, and that is also rendering the white man dissatisfied and is disturbing the peace

and retarding the progress of the South, may resolve itself simply into the real or imagined condition of the Negro himself and the relations existing between him and the white man. Here is the situation to a pin's point. The Negro thinks that the white man of the South hates him and is prejudiced toward him because his skin is black and his hair is short; he thinks that there is nothing wrong with himself which should cause the white man to ignore him or to keep him relegated to the back-yard. Therefore, he thinks his present state is due altogether to the white man of the South, who is the roaring lion in the pathway of his progress by which he cannot pass, and near which he is afraid to approach. On the other hand, the white man, having been accustomed to buy and rope and work and whip the Negro like oxen, cannot bear the idea of seeing these oxen in the garb of men, with brains in their heads and souls in their bodies, taking a part of the reins of the government and occupying a few high places of honor in the land. Thus, the Negro continually abuses the Southern whites because they do not open their bosoms and tell him to jump in, and the

white man is continually ignoring the Negro, holding him back from and keeping him out of any position of honor for which he may happen to be qualified. This desire for recognition on the part of the black man and the consequent failure to receive it from the white man; this ignoring of the black man on the part of the white man and a consequent desire to keep him down and out, and this constant wrangling and confusion between the two races—all tend to create, first, that dissatisfaction among the Negroes to which I have already referred; secondly, that peculiar, disgusting sensation of the white man toward the Negro and toward the general condition of affairs, and, lastly, that conservative and non-progressive state into which the South has drifted and from which it is just now beginning to emerge

Now, to satisfy these desires, to adjust these differences and to put on a safe and harmonious basis the entire condition of the South, is the great problem before the country, and is now the nut that I have undertaken to crack, and which, by God's help, I intend to crack and give you, my countrymen, the kernel. Now, in order to crack this nut with my naked

fist, I first must draw off at a great distance and gather all the momentum and secure all the directness of aim that I possibly can. Therefore, I am going to discuss in the first place what are the essential qualities that a people must have in order to become a nation, and to be regarded by others with feelings of respect and recognition and to be received by them on the common ground of equality.

There are five great pillars which I shall rear up, upon which a nation can safely rest, flourish and secure a high place in the history of the world. These are Union, Integrity, Wisdom, Courage and Ambition. By union, as used here, is meant oneness of plan, purpose and action. In order that a people consisting of different individuals, families and communities, may succeed in some great undertaking, they must acquire this principle of union. They must think and act as one man. They must all have the same object in view and must use the same means to secure that object. Suppose a general wants to capture a certain fort and has an army of a thousand men which are necessary to accomplish this work. Suppose this army of a thousand men are divided

into ten companies of a hundred men—all brave, armed and ready for the siege. Suppose further, on the morning of the attack these ten companies disagree among themselves and secret plans are formulated, unknown to the general, and having in view different and conflicting objects. We will say that three companies have decided to open fire upon the fort at eight o'clock; two companies have decided to begin firing at nine o'clock; two other companies have decided not to fire at all, and the remaining three companies have decided to fire on the other seven companies at half-past eight o'clock. What do you suppose will be the result? Do you think that fort will be taken? Let us see. Now, if it requires a thousand men to make the capture, it is evident that three hundred men, who begin to fire at eight o'clock are insufficient to do the job. But at half-past eight three hundren men are ready to fire upon the seven hundred. Now, two hundred of these seven hundred men will not fire at all, and, therefore, there will be left but five hundred men—two hundred of whom will not begin firing until nine o'clock—to fire upon the fort and also

to repel the counterfiring of the recreant three hundred. Thus, if each man retains his composure and strives in an orderly manner to carry out the secret and conflicting instructions given him, it is plainly seen that the fort will not be taken. But, adding to the disadvantages of a lack of union, the surprise and confusion naturally arising on such occasion; it is still more certain that the fort can never be taken with such an army. Why? Simply because there is a lack of union. That is all. The men may have been brave enough, skillful enough and well enough armed; but no union was among them and they failed. Just so with a people or a race. If there is a lack of union, either as to time, means, purpose, end or action, it can never succeed. One illustration, and I shall have erected my first pillar. The thirteen colonies of America were simply one body with thirteen arms, and every arm dealt terrific blows upon the cheek of John Bull, and after seven years of constant slugging, the said John Bull retired from the ring, a sadder but wiser man. And, foremost among the qualities that achieved this glorious victory was Union.

But a people must possess Integrity in order to become a nation. Integrity is virtue, uprightness, reliability, honesty, truthfulness, genuineness, moral soundness and freedom from any corrupting motives. Integrity is the solid oak with broad branches waving in the balmy air and strong roots bursting through the loamy soul. A people, then, must be morally sound from head to heel and from heart to hide in order to rise to lofty heights and to maintain these heights when once they have been secured. Many a man has fallen into the mire and slime of degradation because of some moral weakness which he had not the will-power to overcome. Thus, when a people begin to practice falsehood, deceit, hypocrisy, revenge, selfishness, intemperance and prostitution, their fate as a nation is sealed forever and soon they must fall to rise no more.

It is said that the flourishing states of Greece and Rome, which in their days had topped the world, lost at once their vaunted powers when their virtue had been besmirched with the filth and scum of those ages. Unbridled vice will drag kings down from their thrones and soil their once crowned heads with mire; but virtue

will lift paupers up from their footstools and plait a chaplet of flowers about their heads and place a sceptre of power within their hands.

And, now, I set up the third pillar, which is Wisdom. "Knowledge is power." But wisdom is greater than knowledge, for wisdom includes knowledge and the due use of it. Wisdom also includes that light which comes down from above and illumines the minds and hearts of men in such manner as all the treasures of the world can never do. That nation is wise that knows all science, all art, all literature, all jurisprudence, all philosophy, all theology and then rightly applies this knowledge to the practical and proper things of life. Those who walk in wisdom's way will one day shine as the noonday sun, and will shed their dazzling light into all the remotest corners of the earth.

England, perhaps, with her colonies and her independent descendants, is to-day among the foremost, if not at the top, of the world's category of nations. Why? Because her literature and language are read and spoken all over terrestrial creation; her numerous inventions are employed and enjoyed wherever

man treads the earth and breathes the air; her brilliant minds flash their light among all nations, kindreds and tongues, and lastly, because she possesses that superior wisdom that comes from God, and which the world can neither give or take away. No ignorant people can ever hope to rise high in the estimation of an intelligent and criticising world; but they must be satisfied with lower stations and inferior places and with the position of servants and "dumb-driven" cattle. Just so sure as sunlight is stronger than darkness and drives it away; so is Wisdom more powerful than Ignorance and will one day hurl it from the four corners of the earth. No people will be respected and ought to be respected, who is too lazy or too unconcerned, when the opportunity is within their grasp, to acquire any knowledge above their fellows and to apply that knowledge toward their own advancement and toward the improvement of all the nations of the world. It is man's duty to gain wisdom, to acquire power, to teach his fellows and to lead them to nobler lives. Therefore, in order to become a great nation, a community or a people must

first get wisdom, which is one of the surest means to that end for which they seek and one of the strongest pillars that support a national existence.

My fourth pillar is Courage. The story of the Spartans will never die, and the daring deeds of Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon and Wellington and Grant and Lee will live green in the memory of a thousand generations. The savage bravery of the Red Man of the American forests has won for him an admiration that time shall never efface.

And so, through all the ages, wherever stout hearts beat and bold brows gather, there will always be found some faithful admirer, bowing at their feet and showering upon them praise, honor and admiration. Courage will infuse fresh blood into the sagging veins of the patient; courage will raise up the head of the dying warrior on a field of battle and cause him to shout words of cheer to his faltering comrades; courage will lift up a degraded and unnoticed people and cause them to stand erect at the very threshold of the world's most splendid temples; courage is the crowning virtue which the Ancients made a god, and which

men of modern times will ever honor as long as the stars glow in their sockets and as long as the earth turns on its axis. That timid and cowardly race who stands trembling by, while the brave are cutting their way to fame and to fortune, must content itself with the slop and the garbage which others have thrown away to their swine and dogs. It is indeed the brave hearts and the daring minds of this world that can hope to march into Kings' Palaces and up to Royal Thrones amid the glare of swords and the shower of bullets and the roar of cannon. It is, therefore, as true as sunlight that no people under heaven can ever grow into a flourishing and honored nation except the blood of heroes course through their veins and fires them on to noble deeds. But a people must not only possess that physical courage which nerves them for the perils of the battle-field; but they must also have that mental courage which will urge them toward the accomplishment of Herculean tasks for national improvement and which will sustain them through all the obstacles and failures of time. And, beyond these, they must also have that

moral courage which will fortify their souls in the hour of temptation and enable them to stand firm as the hills and to come off with the laurels of a thousand victories.

My fifth and last pillar is Ambition. By this term, I mean that proper degree of desire to excel, which prompts an individual or a people to aim toward and to strive for high places and great possessions, and which urge them to out-strip all others around them by all honorable means within their power. Under this head, I will also include Race-pride, a principle which causes a people to think highly of themselves and to believe that they have no superiors on earth; a principle which produces a high-toned, dignified and progressive nation; a principle which has brought the English peoples to the top of the world's civilization and, has caused them to be honored, perhaps, above all other races. It is a true statement that no creature can ascend higher than his ideal, but there is a possibility that he may go up to that height. A people then, must have high and grand ideals; they must not be satisfied with low places and primary stations for all time; they must demand

and obtain great things, when, in their very natures, they are not adapted to small things; they must reach high and get what they reach for, because they really deserve it, and not because they simply desire it.

I have placed Ambition last in line because it is the gas that sets the balloon out in mid-air and causes it to float in space and rise beyond the clouds; it is the breeze which spreads the sail and drives the stately ship onward through the maddening billows and wafts her safe into port, and it is the feathery pinions of the warbling songster with which she rises on bed of air and bathes her plumage in the mist of heaven. Ambition! Thou hast made an Alexander; thou hast made a Napoleon; thou hast made a Cromwell; thou hast made a Wellington. Indeed, thou, in some one of thy many forms hast made every man that is worth the making, and without thy rasping spur man would sink into an idle, worthless and degraded wretch. A people, without ambition as defined herein, although possessing Union, Integrity, Wisdom and Courage, may yet be satisfied in humble places and make no shining mark in the

world's history. Have you not seen many a man that has great powers lying dormant within him and splendid opportunities lying unused at his feet, and yet that man basks in the sickening sunshine and dreams of better days, or lolls lazily in the cooling shade and drowses his precious time away? Thus, also, many communities and peoples have frittered away centuries because, forsooth, they lacked the heat of ambition to expand their latent forces and to direct them toward the realization of man's highest hope and to the consummation of man's chiefest end.

These, dear readers, are my five pillars upon which a great nation may be superstructed and which have more or less supported every nation that stands today as first-class powers of the world. With these five pillars, or principles, no people can long remain obscure. The human mind is so constructed that it is bound to appreciate and recognize sterling qualities in anyone, or in any race, regardless of color, form or hair. If the pig-tailed inhabitants of China had developed the qualities of the Englishman and, as a consequence, had marched to the summit

of power, while the latter had built walls around their country and had enclosed both their feet and brain in moulds of wood; then indeed would the world bow at the feet of the Celestials and sing their praises in verse and rhyme. Black would have been White, and White would have been Black, if Black had aroused her dormant powers and had now straddled the world, while White had buried her talents in the earth and was now at the foot of the nations. After all, intrinsic worth measures our market-value and mere shadowy face-values unbacked by something substantial will depreciate before the eyes of the world as surely as stars, loosened from the stays, will fall to the ground. Therefore, those who are on top have gotten there by merit, and those who are at the foot have either buried or misused their talents, while others "fought to win the prize and sailed through bloody seas."

CHAPTER V

WEIGHED IN BALANCES AND FOUND WANTING.

We have already seen what are the necessary elements required to produce a successful Nation capable of winning the respect of the rest of mankind; now, we are ready to take another step onward in our discussion, which shall be to find out whether the Negro of the South possesses these elements.

Is the Negro united? Let us see. To be united, is to be one in purpose, means and action. Are we, as a race, one in purpose? Have we black people of these United States ever yet in our history had one great purpose toward the accomplishment of which, every man, woman and child of us, have directed our energies and powers in a complete union? It has been said that several times during the period of slavery, Negroes have attempted to plot an insurrection and to effect the murder of their masters in order that they may gain that God-given liberty which is by nature theirs. If these plottings

were true at all, it is certain that they only meant a feeble, fluttering and merely local attempt to throw off the yoke of bondage, without either wisdom on the part of the leaders or union on the part of the race. When the civil war that drenched the fertile soil of the Sunny South with crimson blood, broke out in all its wild fury, and when the Negro by united effort could have arisen as one man and slain the families, and destroyed the homes, and ended the rebellion of the South, he satisfied himself with an occasional runaway to the Union forces, and thus would have thrown away forever this golden opportunity to breathe the air of freedom, had not the government been able to save the Union and to sever the captives' chains.

After the war, has the spirit of union ever welded together in one band the efforts of this people? Today, let one man, or body of men suggest colonization of the Negro to the shores of his native land; will he or they succeed in getting every individual of the race to fall in line and rally in union to such giant undertaking? Will there not rather be a weak, faltering, child-like effort on the part of a few of the

race; while thousands, and perhaps millions, will wag their heads on their necks and roll their eyes in their sockets and swear by their ways and actions that they will not move an inch? Again, if one man, or a body of men should step out and declare that the race should no longer endure the white man's bullet through their bodies, and the white man's rope around their necks, and that they should rather meet this dominant race in open battle, or by secret strategem, and die in defense of their liberties; think you that there would be a union among the race and that they would rally as planets around the sun, to the execution of so daring a deed? Suppose, again, that a scheme be generated whose purpose shall be to settle the Negro in some Western State by purchasing so much lands therein until the Negro's vote shall control its government and the Negro's influence will drive out the white man; do you dream that united effort in this direction would be secured and that every individual of the race would work with might and main to reach that end? To all these questions, and to a hundred others of a like nature, we all instinctively answer, No! Then, reader,

has the Negro of this country ever united in the past to accomplish one great act, or to dare one heroic deed? If he has, then for heaven's sake, show me when and where and how. I do not know the history of the Negro race in the South as well as you do, perhaps, and I have no books at this writing to which I may refer for facts; but I was born and matured on Southern soil and confess that I have never yet seen or heard of united Negro effort of a national scope, and with a grand and noble object. I have seen colored people unite to some extent in voting the Republican ticket; but I do not refer to such a union, brought about by the solicitation and persuasion of others, and which is, therefore, not a race action in a proper sense. But, granting that the Negroes did unite on this line—a statement which is not true, for every Negro did not vote a Republican ticket—what indeed was the object of such a union? It was hardly greater than an expectation of receiving a few inferior offices; or of obtaining protection against the Southern whites; or an expresssion of some sort of an appreciation for, and a gratitude toward a party that they sup-

posed gave them their freedom. But I do not refer to such an imperfect union, with such a simple and uncertain object. For I am now speaking, or rather writing, of a union that is strong as death, and with an object as lofty as the stars. I understand that some Negroes have united locally on certain plans more or less worthy; but I do not refer to these efforts, however commendable they may be. I mean race union, having a national purpose of a high order; I know of none, and I do not believe you know of any, and I further do not believe that there has been any such union as I have described among our people. I have often thought, in a younger day, that almost any plan that had been suggested by our leaders for the solution of this race, would have succeeded if the Negroes had thoroughly united on some one of them and welded themselves to the execution thereof with the firmness of death.

Well, there is no need of my writing any more on this point; we are not united, as a race, as far as I can see, upon anything except—complaining! We cannot even unite on a day for celebrating our Eman-

cipation Anniversary; for some celebrate the 19th of June, others the 1st of January; while others, still, do not celebrate at all. We can not all unite in showing our appreciation of a grand offer of a Building for Negro Exhibits at the Exposition in Atlanta, which will soon take place; for I understand that some among us do not want a separate building; others will take the separate building, but cannot endure what they are pleased to style the "Jim Crow" cars in which they must ride to the "Gate City;" and there are yet others who will take advantage of neither the Building or the "Jim Crow." but will remain at home and do nothing. Lastly, but not least, we are not united on a name. In fact the American Negro is, to-day, without a name. Are we Africans, Ethiopians, Negroes, Niggers, Black People, Zulus, or what? Let us have a name, fitting and applicable only to the Negroes of the United States, and let us choose this name ourselves and not take one coined for us by others. My colored friends, if you ever expect to make a history for yourselves, either in this country, in Africa, or in the grave, you must make up your minds to unite, and unite like men. You

must determine to pull through to victory in one noble phalanx; or to step down into your graves like heroes. If you cannot do this, then throw up your hands in everlasting despair!

Next, is the Negro a race possessing integrity? Is he of sound morals? Is he free from corrupt motives? Does he possess a high sense of honor? In the first place, integrity demands that we should be truthful and reliable in all of our dealings with each other. Now, I have noticed, in my limited experience, that our people, as a rule, are not as reliable and truthful as they ought to be, or as a high degree of integrity demands. We often create debts and do not expect, or have no future plans, to liquidate them; we enter into obligations and fail to meet them according to their terms; and, in a word, we do not in general transact business matters upon the principles of rigid honesty and fairness. Why, I know, today, several ministers of the Gospel among us who owe money, and will neither pay it or come up like men to their creditors and render any satisfactory explanations. But of all persons, our clergy ought to be men of sound hon-

esty, and, if some of them are not, what may be expected of the laity? I know of leading men of our people, who will go among the ignorant classes and, by getting up lodges, running excursions, organizing societies, establishing or representing corporations and companies, or by resorting to some sort of emigration scheme, will rob the masses of their hard-earned dollars and go on their way rejoicing as if nothing wrong had been done. I have known of committees authorized to collect money for charitable and religious purposes who will proceed to solicit subscriptions and raise funds in accordance with instructions, but who will also retain a portion of such collections for their own personal benefit and turn over the remainder with the understanding that this was the total amount collected. Preachers of God's Gospel have been also known to appropriate to their own use and comfort a portion of big-rally moneys or of the proceeds from contributions and church festivals, and then go right on preaching the doctrine that "You may take all the world, but give me Jesus!" But not only are there numerous instances of dishonesty; but there is also

among our people a great tendency to deception. A "sister" in the congregation may shout until she is hoarse, or until she falls on the floor in a dead swoon; and, then, during the week, may live a life of immorality and disgrace. A "brother" may bow his head at the end of every period in the sermon and cry "Amen!" with tears in his eyes; and then leave the church and drink whisky, or "run after" other women and neglect his own family. A business or race meeting of some kind may be called and the hall may be crowded with laughing faces; speeches may be made amid deafening shouts of applause; names may be enrolled, or hands may be raised in endorsement of the proceedings and obligations of such meeting. Yet those who have been the loudest in their applause, or the first to tender their approval and to make fair promises, may, in a few days, be the first to withdraw their consent and, perhaps, the foremost to work against the enterprise.

Furthermore, we are not only guilty of deception, but we do not, as a race, seem to have a very high sense of honor. I have seen a group of colored men stand by and grin,

while one white man was beating or otherwise mistreating a Negro boy or girl. I have known colored men who will allow their sisters, daughters or wives to be insulted, and, then, not attempt to offer them the least protection. I have known colored women to rejoice at the moral downfall of a young and tender girl just budding into womanhood. I have noticed a group of colored men stand around saloon corners with cigar stumps in their mouths and bad whisky on the inside, and talk disrespectfully of every woman that passed by. I have witnessed school children run over and trample upon the weaker ones on the play-ground and laugh over and enjoy their sobs and tears with the keenest delight. Laborers undermine each other in order to get work; women slander their fair rivals in order to secure lovers; husbands beat their weak and often worthy wives; divorces and separations are nearly as frequent as marriages in some communities; and thus, in one way or the other, in some place or the other, at some time or the other, we are continually hearing of some act among our race which bears no mark of honor. And, at this point, I am constrained

to say, that it seems as if our sense of honor is far keener when aroused by our own race than when aroused by a member of the white race. For I have known Negro men on excursions, or at festivals, who were so sensitive, or who had so much honor(?) that another Negro could scarcely dispute their words or talk to their wives or women; but these same cowardly wretches would allow white boys to spit in their faces, kick them across the streets or maltreat their female friends and relatives, and take it like yelping curs, or like bumps on a log. This goes to show that when Negro men pull their "guns," or draw their knives or raise their canes upon each other, they do not make this assault in order to protect their honor; for, if they did, they would assail any man, white or black. It rather shows that they are ready to raise a row among their own people, because of a fool's belief that this bullying spirit will puff them into great heroes, or because of a cowardly disposition to oppress and impose upon timid and defenseless persons.

Thus have I given a few illustrations tending to prove that, in my estimation, our people do not yet possess those whole-souled and manly

qualities which are necessary to make a great nation. You will understand that we have many individuals amongst us who are persons of integrity; but I hold that a large majority of our number are lacking somewhat in this respect. Many a person among us may apparently be moral, and may be pleasant neighbors and ordinarily good citizens, and yet may not possess that species of integrity which I conceive to be especially important in the structure of a Nation. This species of integrity to which I allude may be best summed up in the word Honor—a term which I have used before. It seems to me that a keen sense of honor will urge every one who possesses it to dare the noblest deeds and to execute the most heroic actions. It will cause him to protect the weak, the virtuous and the innocent; it will cause him never to desert a friend in trouble or in need; it will cause him to stand by his word and to perform his obligations though the heavens fall; it will cause him to mete out justice to every creature; and, lastly, it will give him that manly and her that womanly spirit and cast which will impel them to choose death rather than surrender their principles to the damna-

ble passions of hell. That captive who is condemned to die and who obtains a respite from his conqueror and is allowed to see, for the last time, the beloved face of his darling wife, and to pat the curly locks of his only child, and then, remembering his faithful promise to return, abruptly leaves his home, his wife and child, marches boldly into his dungeon and places his head on the chopping block, furnishes indeed a most worthy example of Honor in its highest and purest sense. Black men, do not satisfy your minds by saying that you are as moral as white men, and that if they were in your positions they would be no better than you are. No race should be your criterion. You should pitch your ideals high up and fast by the throne of Heaven and strive to reach them with every nerve within your bodies. It is true, the white races have their weaknesses as all men will have and apparently must have; but I think I lie not when I say that they excel our people in this golden virtue of Integrity. And, if they do not excel us in this quality, they can better afford to exist without it than we; because they have already made their mark in the world's history, but we, poor

devils, have done comparatively nothing to make the world wiser or better for our having lived in it. Therefore, if we wish to soar to the stars; we must first cleanse and strip ourselves of every stain and weakness that tend to baffle our efforts and drag us down to earth. We can rise, and we will rise; but, listen! we will never rise until we become men and women of honor; and, if we are already such, as some may think, then indeed is our day near at hand and the victorious shouts of our foremost, will soon be heard in the land.

Do the Negroes possess wisdom? Let us see. Wisdom, as is generally defined, includes both knowledge and the proper use of it. First, then, do we possess knowledge? I do not mean simply the power to know but also the product of the diligent exercise of that power to know. It is granted that we have the same power to know as other races; for we have already found that all men are created equal. But, have we diligently exercised our powers to know, and consequently do we possess the product of this exercise, which is knowledge? Well, to go right to the point, we certainly did not execise our mental powers while roving through the

bull-rushes of Africa, and I am still more certain that we did not train these powers while hunted by hounds and driven by the lash, in America. Then, when and where and how have we so trained our intellectual faculties that we may now boast of knowledge? The when must be during the period between the years of 1865 and 1895; the where must be within the boundaries of the United States of America, and the how must be in the public schools and, later on, in those Higher Institutions of Learning so kindly established for our special benefit. But is it possible that a race unused to wisdom's way and stunted by centuries of heathendom and slavery, can gain the knowledge of the ages, in thirty years? Is it possible that the Negro can acquire knowledge right here on Southern soil, when they tell me that he is debarred from all places of profit and honor, whereby he may be impelled to his greatest efforts and wherein he may have the opportunity to drill and increase his most brilliant powers? This is impossible; and so we find it. The colored man of the South has done well—perhaps, as well as any other race could have done under similar circumstances; but he

has not done well enough to give him that place in the field of knowledge which will win for him that recognition for which he now seeks. For, you will understand that when I use the term knowledge, I do not mean, simply, a mastery of Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and a smattering of Latin, Greek, Science and Philosophy. I do not mean a parrot-like recollection and repetition of certain deductions already drawn and certain facts already discovered, by other minds.

I mean the proper assimilation of the present store of knowledge in the world, handled, directed, improved and applied, in that original and peculiar manner which is distinctively native to the Negro. By wisdom, I mean that proper application of this assimilated knowledge to all the practical affairs of a nation, which can never fail to gain the respect of men of all ages and of all races. The great difficulty with our race to-day is, that we strive to imitate the white man too closely. It seems that our chief aim is to be like 'de white folks." We copy the white man's dress; his style of speech; his gait of walk; his music; his oratory; his language; his thoughts and his ac-

tions, in general. We have nothing original except our Jubilee Songs, our broken English and our color; and some of us are fools enough to be ashamed ofthem. I do not object to our using the white man's knowledge, for all generations build upon the foundation of their predecessors; but I do object to that ape-like imitation of the white man which tends to destroy the individuality and originality of the Negro. One writer once said that our lamented Fred Douglass was a white man in every respect except his color and hair. This, to my mind, was no special compliment to this worthy man. The dignified Indian and the conservative Celestial can preserve their national impress; but the Son of Ham satisfies himself with a servile imitation of a superior race. Thus it is that we have not that knowledge and that wisdom which a people must have in order that they may stand as a first-class power of the world.

Again, we should not flatter ourselves to believe that the Negro's mind is superior to that of other races, as some of our people believe. We often hear that a certain Negro Doctor is the most skillful physician in the city; that a certain Negro lawyer is shrewder than all the

white lawyers in a given district; and that the Negro children of a certain school, excel in scholarship all the white children in the same direction. We Negroes generally say such things and often some white man will join us in order to encourage us and, perhaps, to mislead us. But, friends, do not let us fool ourselves in this matter. Our talents are not superior to those of the white man; they may be different from his, but not superior thereto. For all men are created equal. And, practically, we are not yet up with the whites in intellectual development; and, therefore, it is all bosh to talk about our being their superiors in this respect. If our greatest men were white, the most of them would occupy only an ordinary place in the ranks of that progressive race. A Negro who can draw a picture, chisel out a piece of statuary, or write verses with rhymes, are exaggerated into great artists, sculptors, and poets; but where are our Michael Angelos, our Raphaels, our Shakespeares, our Miltons, our Longfellows, our Edisons and a host of other shining marks which adorn the gilded pages of the history of the white race? As yet, we are only twaddling

infants that now and then catch and make use of a noble thought, a glowing word and a high-toned act, from those around us. We have not yet begun to draw upon the natural resources which lie buried beneath our apparently simple exterior. Now, mark you, I do not intend that these statements shall cast any shade upon the brilliancy of any of our illustrious men; for, after all, the work they have achieved with their disadvantages are comparatively as brilliant as that greater work accomplished by others with far greater advantages. Again, these statements are not made with a view to discourage the masses of our people and thus hinder them from attempting great and useful things. On the contrary, I make these statements in order that we may know our true merit and capabilities; for it is indeed a sad thing for anyone or people to imagine that he or they have done a big thing while others smile in a corner of their mouths and think in their hearts that such being or beings are "soft" and "green." Let us understand ourselves and strive to mend our defects, correct our errors and battle for higher places and wider fields. In truth, it is not our part to sing

of our own greatness, while others see nothing at all great; nor is it our part to boast of our own glory, while it lives and thrives only in our own fanciful brains and the world recognizes it not. Brethren, we lack wisdom; therefore let us possess it. For, "wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all the getting, get understanding."

Fourthly, has the Negro courage? If he has, I am frank to say that he has failed, as a race, to put it into practice. Is it courage to cross our hands for the chains of slavery, bow our heads for slaps and kicks and bare our backs for the lash and the hickory? Is it courage to allow others to insult our wives and our daughters in our presence and not lift one hand toward their defense? Is it courage to allow any race, however strong and powerful, to trample us under foot and grind us into powder, and to use us for gravel-walks and foot-balls? If this is courage, then talk no more of the bravery of the Indian on the plains, who, rather than to submit to the white man's mastery, prefers death on the gory battle-field, in the glorious sunshine or under the shadow of the stately forests. If this is courage, then

sing no more of Tell, who laid his life on his country's altar as a sacrifice for his country's glory; and silence forever the glowing tale of Winkelried who bared his breast to glistening bayonets, while he made way for his country's army and met death for his country's liberty. If this is courage, blot out forever any mention of the heroic struggle of the Thirteen Colonies, who preferred death in honorable battle to slavery with its degrading peace.

Nay, nay, my countrymen, the Negro's submissive endurance is not courage, and the world will never live to call it courage. It is noble to suffer severities sent by the hand of Providence, and not complain thereunder; but when men seek to take from us our just and natural rights, then it is fitting that we strike and strike like giants. But, again is it courage, in this glorious nineteenth century, to blame the Southern whites for their treatment toward us; to whine and whimper for protection and help; to curse the hand of Fate; to hold back our forces, and to die in the mud and slime of despair? No, sir! Courage smacks of sterner stuff than that. All peoples have had their obstacles, their hardships, their enemies,

their superiors, their struggles, their failures and their successes, before they had won their way to a nation's glory and to a nation's power. It is the part of cowards to magnify a hill of inconvenience into a mountain of impossibility; to imagine every power on earth is against them, if it does not take them up in its arms and caress them; and to prefer that peace which comes through a degraded humiliation to that strife which brings on a glorious emancipation. Just here, I will say that Negro historians have found quite a number of black heroes in the different wars of our past history; but I fear that many of such heroes appear far greater in the eyes of such historians than they do in the eyes of the world.

Let us be brave and heroic, not as a few isolated individuals, but as a people; and then let others sing our praises and not we, our own. Words cannot make a brave people, if the world cannot see their bravery or feel its effects. Reader, by advocating bravery, do not think that I am urging the Black People to "take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them;" I am not urging them to

plunge like horses into the din of battle and die in mad dispair; I am not advising war and bloodshed and death. For, verily, verily I say unto you that the time for warfare is past, and we shall never hear the boom of the cannon, or see the flash of the sword, or witness the flow of crimson blood, between and among the two races of the South. The bugle of peace is sounded and the two races of this beautiful southern land, must sheathe their swords; must hang up their rifles; must bury all hatred and prejudice, and come and reason together like rational creatures. For, the Lord hath spoken it. But, Black men, we need courage. We need it to help defend our common country from the public enemy; we need it to help us forego the follies and pleasures so prevalent among us, and to apply our powers to study and to labor; we need it to enable us to attempt and to prosecute giant undertakings until we gain the victory; we need it to aid us to resist wrong and temptation, and to fight for and die in defense of right, though the heavens fall and the devils howl.

I tell you, men, there is no quality on earth which will earn respect and admiration sooner

than courage. The school boy, who enters the campus amid the cries of "Fresh Fish!" and "Greener!" and "Countryman!" and all that sort of thing, throws a bombshell into the midst of this jeering, cowardly crowd; if he step out and knock down their leader and stamp him into the earth. The quiet man of nerve, who stands erect and holds back a hundred cursing, rebellious prisoners, ready to rush over him and gain an entrance into free air, performs this miracle by nothing else except that true and manly courage that is born of noble minds. That tender, delicate maiden who is assailed by some degraded wretch and who stands up in dignified womanhood, with flashing eye and lips compressed and prefers a thousand deaths to dishonor, is more powerful than a score of men and is certain to blast the lustful designs of her beastly assailant. Truly, there is something in the eye of the hero that causes the base hearts of assassins and wrong-doers to quail and quiver like a leaf in the breeze. All men admire courage and will express their admiration with warm faces, cheering words and beating hearts: all men despise cowardice and will make known their

disgust with repelling faces, angry words and cold hearts. Those men and women who are willing at all times to dare deeds of peril for the sake of humanity, and who are also ready to strike in defense of those just and God-given rights to which we are all entitled, will never fail to win the respect and honor of their fellows and, in times of adversity, will ever find a friend to soothe their troubled brows and pour a drink of cold water upon their parching tongues. Yea, my friends, courage is needed in sorrow and in pleasure, in health and in sickness, in wealth and in poverty, in business and in religion, in life and in death; it is needed by the individual, the family, the community, the State and the Nation; it is needed by the Chinese, the Indian, and the Caucasian, but greatest still by the American Negro.

It is more greatly needed by the Negro of this country, because he has hitherto shown so little of it that some are inclined to believe that he has none of it at all. But, white man, do not think that the Negro has no germ of Courage. Rest assured that the germ of Courage has a place beneath the black skin as well as it has beneath a skin of alabaster. The trouble is,

the Negro's sense of honor has not yet been developed and, consequently, his courage has not yet been called forth. He evidently has the seed of courage, fellow-citizens, but this seed needs cultivation; and, mark you, when the Negro becomes refined, no race under the sun will show greater or sublimer courage than he. He certainly has not shown courage in submitting to the humiliation of slavery and to the oppression of another race; but all this happened when the Negro's better self had not been developed, and when he bore an insult simply because it did not affect him as it does now, and it does not affect him now as it will at some future day. So, remember these things, dear readers, and govern yourselves accordingly.

Lastly, has the Negro Ambition? Is he desirous of excelling others in anything great? Does he despise degradation and humiliation, and will he never rest until he raise himself out of and beyond them and plant his footsteps upon the sun-lit summit of Power and Honor? Ah, my friends, here is a great defect in the colored man of this country. We are too easily satisfied; our ideals are far too low; the place of

servants suits us; the kitchen and the back-yard are our homes, so to speak; and we will whistle and dance from sun to sun, if we can only get a pone of bread and a piece of meat-skin to chew, and at night a place whereon to lay our heads. This is true. It may not suit you and it may not suit me; but I tell you it suits hundreds and thousands of our people. Listen! The majority of our race in the South, will be satisfied if they can get enough to eat, enough to wear, a house in which to live and a few extra dollars to spend. They would like to go on excursions; they would like to enjoy Associations, Conferences and Camp-meetings; they would like to smoke, drink, gamble, fight among themselves and live fast lives and have a good time; but, if not aroused by some worthy leader, they would care no more about patriotism, business, higher education and other sources and positions of responsibility than a crow cares about Sunday. That is just it in a nut-shell; and there is no need to make a long story short.

Ambition! Ambition, indeed! Think you that the average hotel-flunkey has any higher ambition than to dress well, migrate from

place to place, and hold "a good hand" with the women? Think you that the average street-loafer has greater ambition than to "shoot a good pool," hold a lucky hand at cards or sport the plumpest "chippy" in town? Think you that the ordinary railroad-hand, farm-laborer, or street-jobber, care a picayune for the tariff, the free coinage of silver, the Hawaiian policy, the Cuban revolution, or the final destiny and status of the Negro? Tell me, do you think any of these classes feel any humiliation when their employers say, "Boy, come here!" "Clean my boots, Nig!" or throw a "quartah" on the floor for them to pick up; gives them a second-hand coat or a pair of shoes; curses at them, and sometimes kick them around? Does the blood in these persons' veins boil; do they raise themselves up, look their employers in the eye and show a burning spark of manhood, when they are thus treated? No, indeed; they do not. They grin and whistle, clean the boot, pick up the "quartah," take the "cussin" and dodge the kicking. Personally, I would rather own five acres of land with a log hut in the centre, and dig in the soil and fish in the creek and shoot in the air for my living than to dress

in broad-cloth and feel that I am somebody's hobby-horse and that he can never treat me as a man.

But, let us go up a few steps higher among the better classes of our people and let us see what is the extent of their ambition. Well, a little higher up, we find our people in possession of their own homes; doing some of their own business; teaching schools; preaching the Word; and, apparently, getting on very well. But, even here, what is their ambition? Those who have homes, scarcely want other real estate; and now their highest object is, perhaps, to get a piano or an organ; to purchase a large clock, some furniture or a horse and buggy; to take in boarders; run a soda-water stand or manage a small grocery. Of course, this is all very good; but the hang of it is, they seem to be satisfied at this, and here they stop, without the least ambition to direct their energies to anything higher or greater or more profitable. I have known communities who could join their means together and run a saw-mill; but, instead of doing this, they are satisfied with building neat cottages with lumber sawed by white men. I have seen

three or four colored men in a certain district able enough to open up and manage a clothing store and grocery establishment, large enough to supply the entire settlement; but they seem satisfied in patronizing a little cheap shop run by some poor "cracker" or "wandering" Jew. whom that settlement are able to buy and sell again twice over. Further than this, what is their ambition in a political or national point of view? Well, in the first place, they will want to vote; but how, they do not know. They will be guided in their voting, either by some white man or by some leading Negro who is in turn influenced by white men—so white will be pulling at one end of the string, after all. Do they want office? Yes, but they scarcely aspire higher than the position of policeman, alderman in a small town, or some tool-like deputy. Well, this is alright, except the last-named office; but, you see they are inclined to make these inferior offices the object of their interest in politics, and if they fail to get such offices or to receive any silver or favors for their votes, they will hold that they have been cheated out of their rights and that there is no use for them to vote at all.

Now, is this object high enough for citizens of a great country like this? No, indeed; statesmanship should aim at a good government, a worthy set of officers and wholesome laws; a perfect protection by that government and a strict execution of these laws, by those officers. These are some of the objects of the true statesman. But, the voter is a statesman; and, hence, these should be the lofty objects of the Negro voter. If the white man votes for office and favors; let us be superior to him in this respect and vote for the country's welfare. Furthermore, we should not vote to please any man, or to gain money or win friends any more than we should vote a certain way for the promise of a few inferior offices. Our ambition should be of that pure kind which directs us to excel by honorable means. We should form our ideal of statesmanship upon a right and lofty basis and work heroically to realize its accomplishment. While I write, several Negro newspapers are begging and clamoring for a few lower offices for their colored friends, and are quarreling with the city governments because they do not appoint Negroes to certain small positions.

Now, I honor those papers for their race interest; but I do not approve of their methods. If my ambition in voting extended no further than to obtain a few petty offices; I would stay at home on election-days and let others swop their votes for dollars. Certainly, qualified Negroes deserve some of the best gifts of the people and they ought to be appointed or elected to positions of honor; but the appointment and election of Negro officers ought not to be the soul of our political ambition. These honors ought to be the result of our wise and honorable statesmanship rather than that of a wiry and wormlike manipulation of our vote and influence.

Our political plan should be to train our voters to cast their votes intelligently and to teach them that integrity which will place them above the reach of corrupting influences and to instill in them that courage which will enable them to vote their sentiments without fear of any man. We should discharge our public duties honorably and with a manly spirit; and when once our intrinsic worth is discovered, it, of itself, will secure its own reward and reflect great honor upon the posses-

sors. Yes, I sincerely believe that a proper degree of ambition will lift us out of and above our present ways of thinking, talking and acting, and we will then begin to breathe a purer and more invigorating atmosphere. Another thing, ambition will give us Race-pride; for then we will not feel ourselves inferior to any people, but will try to excel them in a right way and by lawful methods. By Race-pride, I mean that high conception of one's own race that will cause him to feel that his race is equal to any race on earth, and will cause him to honor, protect and defend it from all attacks made upon it by others. Now, of all races, the Negroes of this country possess this quality least. The black man feels and he foolishly teaches his children to feel that he and they are inferior to the white man, and that they will never and can never be the white man's equal.

Is this not the very height of folly? You white men certainly cannot respect such a creature as this; for, if a man loses respect for himself, his respect for anybody else is not worth anything. And I believe you are just high-toned enough not to care a fig for any such milk-and-water

kind of respect. Now, to show you that our people think themselves inferior to the whites, I will give you a few illustrations. I suppose many of you readers have heard Negro parents telling their children that they will "never be like white folks and there is no use to try;" that "a nigger will be a nigger as long as he lives;" and, whenever a Negro does something low and crooked, they will often exclaim, "just like a nigger, you can never expect any better from a nigger." Again, they will often hold up their little black babies and admiringly hail them as "little white ladies," or "little white mannies." They will also often teach their children to prefix the terms of "Mr." and "Miss" to young white boys and girls; while these same children are permitted to call persons of the same age among their own race as they please. The black man will also rely upon and be governed by the opinion of any ignorant white man in preference to that of some very intelligent and reliable colored men. Furthermore, some of our people are inclined to look down upon a coal-black Negro, and they will often refer with pride to their color, if a shade,

or even a half of a shade brighter than others in their company. I once knew a Negro who was black as a crow and well educated, and yet he would not associate with black women, and he finally married a woman who was as white as any Caucasian. We are all more or less familiar with the average Negro's love for a "yallar gal;" or a "gal wid long har."

They tell me that, in some communities, the colored people prefer bright-colored men to preach in their churches and to teach their children. And, thus, from these illustrations and a hundred others which might be mentioned, we can see that the Negro considers himself naturally inferior to the white man and that he has very little respect for his own race. This is indeed one of the greatest defects among our people and it shows the utter degradation to which we have been dragged by the customs of a life of bondage. How in the name of the devil can we expect a high-minded race to respect us and admit us into high stations of life, when we ourselves acknowledge our own triflingness and inferiority and teach them to our posterity? For my part, I would be glad if

every one of us was as black as the ace of spades and possessed of brave hearts, bright minds and a lofty ambition. It is no honor to our race to have white blood in our veins. If the mulatto is more intelligent, braver and better than the full-blooded Negro, he is probably so because of the white blood in his veins, and the Negro race gets no credit for it; if he is no more intelligent, no braver and no better than the full-blooded Negro, then the white blood is of no finer quality than the Negro's blood. Thus, in both cases, the Negro will only get credit for what he is, and the presence or the absence of the white blood will neither "make" or "break" him. But, according to my mind, it is far better to rise or fall as pure-blooded Negroes than it is to rise or fall as a mixed race. For, in the former case, we must stand upon our merit and be credited or debited accordingly. But in the latter case, if we succeed, others may say that this success is due to the white blood in us; and, if we fail, they may say that this failure is due to the black blood in us—whereas, in truth, the black blood may have caused the success and the white blood, the

failure. Well, we are all mixed up now, and I am willing to let the "tares and the wheat" grow together, as it would be downright foolishness to try to separate them at this time; but, for heaven's sake! let us be true to our color and let us make Black our ideal instead of White.

And, right here, I will say that this spirit of despising our own race and holding up the white people as gods or demi-gods, is perhaps the primary cause of these rapings and consequent lynchings in the South; for, I believe that there are among us some ignorant, degraded black hounds who would be willing to die and go to hell if they could only first touch the hem of a white woman's garment. We lack Ambition, and a high-minded race pride; and you must not forget it! So, hear me, we will never amount to anything until we drill into our youth and generation this great element of Race-ambition and Race-pride. If we fear that this cannot be done and believe that the race will never be taught to hold itself superior and to aim higher; then rest assured that with all of our property, with all of our learning and with all of our style, we

will never become a Nation and we will always be treated by our white brother as tools and underlings and not one of us should utter a word of complaint. Now, reader, in a crude way, we have investigated the condition of our people by finding out if they possess those elements which are necessary to produce a nation. And what is our verdict? Let us reason. If those five pillars which I have set up as the foundation of a great people are not the pillars necessary to the superstructure of a Nation; then the fact that the Negroes of the United States are not supported by these pillars or are not contemplating the erection of these pillars or have not in them the materials and skill to erect these pillars, is no proof that the Negro is defective in himself and will therefore fail to become a Nation. But, on the other hand, if these five pillars which I have set up as the foundation of a great people, are in fact the pillars necessary to the superstructure of a Nation; then the fact that the Negroes of the United States are not supported by these pillars or are not contemplating the erection of these pillars or have not in them the material and skill to erect these pillars, is positive proof

that the Negro is defective in himself and in his present condition will fail to become a Nation.

Now, a few words about these five pillars, which may also be termed principles or elements. Are there any other elements besides these five which are necessary to produce a Nation; or which may be used as substitutes for the ones that I have set up? If there are others, pray tell me what are their names and what is their importance and whether or not they may be included under some one of these five heads? I claim, then, that these pillars introduced to you are at least the principal, if not all, the pillars necessary to rear up and sustain a Nation of the first class. Assuming this to be granted, the next thing is, has it been proven that the Negro is defective in these important and necessary elements? I think I have shown pretty clearly that the Negro is defective in each of these elements, and I think, further, that facts will bother any one to prove otherwise. Again, if you admit, as I have supposed above, that these five elements or pillars are necessary to the existence of a

Nation; then you will also admit that they are the primary cause of the existence of a Nation and that the one cannot exist without the other any more than the sun can exist without light or the light without the sun. For, if the sun could exist without light; then it is not the source of light, and hence it is no sun. Because the sun is light itself and is the source of all light existing within our Solar System. Cause and effect are inseparable and the one cannot help producing the other; nor can the other help being produced by the one. Fire cannot help burning me any more than I can help being burned by it if I cast myself therein. Thus, those who possess these five elements, must of necessity be a Nation, which state of being a Nation is only the effect of the possession of these five elements. Now, is the Negro of the United States a Nation? I mean, of course, is he a people developed and abreast with the foremost of the world's civilization? If he is; then there is no race problem and this book is trash and I am a fool. If he is not a Nation; then he cannot possess the five elements of a Nation, and he is therefore defective in all of his parts, which was to be proved.

This, my black brother, is just the point I have been striving to make, and now since I have reached it; you may consider that I have drawn off with clinched fists, and I trust that, at some stage in this book, I will crack that nut of which I have already spoken, and lay out the kernel plainly to the views of all. Now, if we ourselves are defective and if we have not those primary elements which are necessary to produce a great Nation; then, pray, what is our duty in this case; what is our attitude toward our neighbors, and what are the steps to be taken to extricate ourselves from our present condition in order that we may obtain that contentment for which we are longing?

These are questions which we all should strive to answer and upon which, within the remaining pages of this little volume, your humble writer will endeavor to flash the feeble light of his Reason.

CHAPTER VI.

MEDES AND PERSIANS.

It is natural for man to be selfish; to get all he can; to oppose others that are between him and his objects, and to take advantage of the condition of others in order that he might better accomplish his own ambitious schemes. The Negro, having been shown to be a race lacking in the exercise of those principles which combine to make a strong and progressive people, the white race, with every nerve strained and keen to make use of every and all means tending to aid them in accomplishing their purposes, fell upon the Negro as one of those means. In other words, the Negro having either buried his talents or having abused them; it was left to the ingenious white race to utilize for their own glory this wrecked remnant of humanity in the shape of the Black race. And this is right in Reason; although it may be wrong in Revelation. It is right among men; but it may be wrong before God. I say

it is right in Reason; because what one man does not use or does misuse, ought to be turned over to another who will use it properly and use it to the advantage of all concerned. If I have several gold dollars and am using them to close up cracks in the floor; then it is the part of wisdom that some one should take them from me, use them in their proper places and with them purchase for me a hat or a coat that I may need. Perhaps, it is Christian to teach me how to use those dollars to my own advantage; but it is human to use them to the advantage of the discoverer.

Where all persons are supposed to know what is their interest and how to pursue it, as the case is in all civilized communities; no private citizen has any legal right to take anything belonging to another and appropriate it to his own use, even if the original owner is misusing it. But, in all civilized communities, the wise and active are nevertheless using the ignorant and controlling them in such manner as will redound to their own interest and welfare. Now, let us suppose a case of two races, both of which are created equal, from the same origin and by the same God. The one, either

having had an advantage as to circumstances or having used its talent and opportunity for high and worthy ends, had become a great and flourishing Nation; the other, either having had a disadvantage as to circumstances or having abused its talent and opportunity for low and unworthy ends, had become a degraded and useless horde. Is it natural to suppose that this great nation is going to share up with this worthless horde, and put them on an equal footing with themselves? Is it not more natural to suppose that the Nation will take advantage of the horde's weakness and ignorance and march on to loftier heights? Is it not a teaching of Scripture that the talents of the unworthy servant shall be given unto him that had earned the greatest number of talents? "Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which have ten talents," is the scriptural command.

Hence, it seems that the principle of utilizing the remnant of an unworthy people for the benefit of a people who had used their talents properly, is not only reasonable but may be also in accordance with the teachings of a Righteous God. So, in keeping with this

idea, the white race reduced the Negro into slavery and afterwards subjected him to all the humiliation belonging to that estate. The white man kept the Negro ignorant by preventing him from the use of books, and he made him cowardly by use of the whip and the shot-gun. He did these things not because he loved the Negro less; but because he loved himself more. He did these things from policy: for, he knew that if the black man was educated and allowed considerable privilege; he could not then hold him in slavery. Therefore, the whites thought that this treatment of the Negro was necessary to hold him in such place as was most convenient to their own exaltation.

And, since the war, they are still adhering to their old policy, namely, to get out of the Negro as much as they can without allowing him to enjoy any more of the blessings of this country than is possible. They are pursuing this policy now, not because they really do not wish the Negro to enjoy the sweets of life; but because they imagine that if the Negro was permitted to enjoy high and honorable stations, they themselves would lose something on that line.

Now, I do not claim that slavery is a "Divine Institution;" although it may seem to some of my readers that such is my opinion. I have said that it was natural and right in reason that one individual or race should use another individual or race that did not have sense or grit enough to use itself. Thus far, the whole affair is merely human. Therefore, the condition of slavery is a human and not a Divine Institution. And, so far as the Scriptural teachings show, it is rather that God merely suffered these relations of Dominion and Servility, instead of commanding or even sanctioning them. But I am no authority as to scriptural interpretation and so I will leave that matter to Theologians and Biblical Commentators. I am looking on this question before me with reason and common sense applied to solid facts. I am not soaring into the air after theories out of sight; but I propose to stay on the ground and tell the thing as I see it and believe it. Therefore, I do not blame the white man for coming upon us like the "rushing of many waters," or like the Medes and Persians, and taking possession of our thrones already shattered by our own hands

and breaking our sceptres already rusty and decayed with age and idleness. What the white man did, we would have done if we had their opportunity; and any other race would have done the same thing if they had the white man's ambition and the white man's advantages. Why, then, are we continually laying the blame upon the whites for our present humble and dilapidated condition? Do we not see that we ourselves are to be blamed for our own degradation in allowing the white man such an opportunity to bind us hand and foot? I do not know, and you do not know, how or when or where our ancestors fell from their original state of equality with the white race; but the fact remains that they did fall and did allow themselves to retrograde until they were found easy preys for the prowess of the white man. The whole affair is simple enough: there is no hidden mystery about it. We simply grew careless and trifling, and another race came in and took our lands, destroyed or weakened our powers and made us "hewers of wood and drawers of water." That is all there is in it. We are sometimes inclined to look upon our condition—past,

present and future, as the work of God, the White Man and the Devil. We blame the White Man and the Devil for slavery and its concomitant evils, and we fold our arms and expect God to bring us into "green pastures" in the future In other words, the White Man and the Devil are responsible for our past and present; God is responsible for our future, and we are not responsible at all. I tell you it is high time that we leave off foolishness, and come right square down to brass-tacks. I believe that God is with all races and will help those that help themselves, and therefore I believe that He helps the White Man more than He does the Black Man; for the White Man does more for himself than the Black Man does. Coming on down to the present time, are we to blame the White Man of the South because he claims that this is his country and is not willing that we should govern and run it to suit ourselves? Shall we censure him because he has not thrown wide the doors of every department of his kingdom and bid us enter and share in the enjoyment of his most valuable ornaments and choicest luxuries? Are we to criticise and abuse him because he

is holding us off from what he conceives to be the work of his own hands?

My dear friend, if you had toiled for years to plan, construct and adorn a beautiful mansion—all with your own diligent study and skillful hands—and, after you had completed it, an uncultured, boorish, ignorant, idle and trifling fellow should come up and ask you for admittance into your marble parlors and for an equal share of your oldest wines; would you, as a human being, admit him and share with him as your equal? Would you not rather say to him thus: "Sir, these giant walls were reared by mine own hands; that beautiful moulding was the result of mine own midnight study; I, from mine own coffers, have paid every farthing for the erection of this costly mansion, and therefore I must enjoy these luxuries with my friends with whom I associate and whose thoughts have aided me much in this giant task. But, pardon, sir, upon what right do you seek admittance into this crystal palace? What have you done to prove your ability, your skill and your intrinsic worth? What claim can you present to us that shall entitle you to an admission here? I know your

history. You once had most brilliant opportunities to conceive and erect just such Temple as this; but you permitted your opportunities to pass by unused, your powers to crumble into clay and your right hand to "lose her cunning." You have allowed another race to chain you in degraded slavery for two hundred and fifty years, and now that you are free and have been enjoying your liberty for thirty years, what evidence can you produce to prove your fitness to partake of all these rarities and to move in the circle of my learned and polished friends?

'Tis true, I believe that you are advancing; that you have done much to elevate yourself; but, friend, do you hope to reach in the brief period of thirty years that dazzling height unto which my friends and I have been diligently climbing, for lo! these many centuries? Go thou! Begin rather at the foot of the hill where I began; toil night and day and cease not until you have achieved some great thing whereby you may earn my admiration and prove to me your worthiness, and then will I swing wide these gates of pearl and bid you welcome!" Is not this language natural? Is

it not in harmony with human nature? Ah, then, Black Man, abuse not, curse not, despise not your former masters because they have hitherto debarred you from positions for which you have vainly sought. These whites who have once held you bound in iron bands, are a proud, high-minded and powerful people. They admire courage and ambition, and will give them due recognition; but, on the other hand, they despise cowardice and weakness, and will trample them under foot. Show them once that you have spirit and progressiveness, and they will honor you; but exhibit only your lower and degraded qualities and they never will recognize you. And this is just as it should be. For my part, I do not wish to be taken for one whit more than I am; I do not desire to be carried into great places which my powers are too weak to maintain; I do not care to be carried on the shoulders of others into glittering palaces I do not deserve. Most assuredly, I want to be recognized according to my true worth: if this is great, I shall expect great things; but, if this is small, I shall expect only small things. The sentiment and the verdict of the world are not so wrong, after

all. We all join in and declare that the English peoples are at the front of our marching columns, and if the matter was looked into, you will find that they are more meritorious and have done more for mankind than the other races. If the world by silent sanction agrees that an individual or a race should be honored and should be regarded as the leader or leaders of others; rest assured that there is some intrinsic value in that individual or that race which the world has almost instinctively discovered. True, "there is many a flower that is born to blush unseen and to waste its sweetness on the desert air;" but, in such cases the flower has not been ignored or misunderstood, it has simply been unknown. The world cannot pass its opinion until the subject be placed before its scrutinizing eye, its practiced ear and its throbbing heart. Hence, we all are generally recognized according to our several abilities; and this ought to satisfy the most of us. Therefore, we have no right to blame any one for our present dependent condition; but, if we are inclined to be cynical, and must blame somebody, why, blame ourselves. Here, a question presents itself to me and may pre-

sent itself to others; hence, I will state it and expect an answer. "Mr. Writer, you say that the Negro has no reason to blame the white man for overcoming him and using him as a tool, while he was doing nothing for himself; how is it now when the Negro is trying to do something for himself and his country, the white man prevents him and treats him unfairly?" In other words: "Why does the white man mob and lynch the Negro? Why does he cower and intimidate him and debar him from all the most profitable and honorable positions in the country?"

Here is my answer. The Negro has long ago lost his reputation in the eyes of the white man. For many years he was considered no better than a good mule or a faithful dog, in the white man's estimation. Now, after emancipation, the colored man was made a citizen, with all the rights and privileges pertaining to that estate. And right here, I will say that this giving of citizenship to this people when they were unprepared for its duties or unable to protect themselves in its exercise and when the government itself was unable or was unwilling to

protect them, was, to my mind, one of the greatest mistakes of our country. The Negroes have gained nothing by the right of suffrage except a great deal of excitement, some little experience, a few dollars for trading off some of their votes and a few inferior offices; but by it they have lost the lives of some of their best men and have been beaten, frightened, driven off from their homes and have gained the enmity of their white neighbors. It is therefore decidedly my opinion that a gradual admission into full citizenship according to the advancing intelligence and courage of our people, would have prevented all this clash and conflict between the races and would have tended to produce harmony and prosperity throughout the South. But, returning to my answer above, I say that the Negroes, having been given the ballot, the white man determined that they should never enjoy it in such manner as to get the reins of government into their own hands. From this determination of the white man to keep the Negro out of the management of the government, came most of the whipping, clubbing and shooting that were received by

the blacks at the hands of the whites. Now, I do not think that the whites thus maltreated the Negro because they actually hated him and wanted to destroy him; but they treated him thus because they thought that the Negro was out of his place when he had business at the ballot-box or was seated in official capacity. And he was out of his place; for no man of any race fresh from the gall and yoke of bondage, is intelligent enough or manly enough to have the power of the ballot placed into his hands. Those members of our race, to-day, who have no better sense than to vote a certain ticket because Mr. White Man tells him to vote it, or who have no more "sand in their craws" than to vote for a certain candidate because Mr. White Man threatens to turn him out of a job, if he does not so vote, have no more right with the ballot than a Chinaman has in the Presidential chair. But, we have been learning politics for thirty years and if some of us are not yet fit for the exercise of the right of suffrage, what think you of fitness immediately after the war? The hang of it is, some how or other the Negro, when emancipated,

got it into his head that this land and government belonged by rights to him and that he could step at once from the auction-block into the White House. He did not know that he was yet only a baby and that it was necessary for him to grow and gather strength before he could run around and play with other children, and, furthermore, that it would take years for him to mature and be able to come into contact with men. I think the colored people were simply misled into this folly by the government which made them full-fledged citizens long before they had feathers. Well, I do not blame the government and, of course, I do not blame the colored people for their innocent presumption. For, the situation was new to all concerned, and it was very natural that mistakes could have easily been made. So, in a word, the entire treatment of the Negro was caused and kept up by the fact that he demanded too much in the beginning, before he, as a race, could maintain his desired position. The Negro wanted as big a place in the government as the white man; and the white man was determined that the Negro would never reach his desires under the past

and present circumstances. The Negro, therefore, was "knocked out" and the white man still holds his own, the same as ever. Personally, I do not blame the white man; the Negro was too fast, and did not present himself in the proper attitude.

Well, how about lynching in these latter days? I object to lynching because it generates a disrespect for and a lack of confidence in the law of the land which should always maintain its power and majesty. I object to it because it is unlawful and unconstitutional. I object to it because of the danger of putting a supposed criminal to death on insufficient evidence, and upon the passionate decision of an excited and unreasoning mob. I object to it especially if one race is lynched for crimes which are passed unheeded if committed by members of another race. Keeping in mind these objections, I will say that, if it is right to put a man to death at all, for any crime, lynching, provided that the real criminal is lynched, and lawful hanging, are nearly about the same in my view, and, perhaps, in God's sight, there is no difference between them. A sheriff springs the

trap and the condemned man is hurled into an awful eternity, and the witnesses retire with a sigh of relief. Now, this sheriff has intentionally and deliberately killed a human being. What right had this sheriff to kill this man? O, he was authorized by a warrant of execution signed by a judge before whom the criminal was tried in open court and convicted by a jury of twelve men. Is that so? But who gave that judge and this jury the right and authority to decide that a man should die? O, they are only executing the law of the land which says that a man who commits a certain crime shall be sentenced to die, after a certain process of investigation. Is that so? But, pray, what do you mean by the law of the land, and whence does it get its authority to put a man to death? By the law of the land, we mean our Constitution and the Acts of our Legislatures, both of which are constructed by representatives elected by the people; hence, the law of the land derives its force and authority from the people. Very well. Now, suppose the people of any given community appoint a commitee to investigate certain offensive crimes, and they find the

criminal and he is adjudged by that committee or by that community to be guilty of a crime that is punishable with death, and that the community in convention assembled, strings up the criminal and puts him to death; is this not done by the people, and if, as you say, hanging is done by the authority of the people, what then is the difference? In principle they seem to be the same; but in policy they are not. Lynching is contrary to the general law of the land, which the lynchers themselves have sworn or consented to obey; and it is, therefore, degrading to the country and ought to be stopped. I heartily agree with you, my friend, lynching is a great evil and ought to be stopped. But the lynching of black men by white men will never be stopped until the Negroes learn to give the whites no cause for lynching, and the feeling between the races of the South is changed for the better. In the meantime, it will be found to be as natural for a man to strike in defense of the virtue of his sister or his daughter or his wife, as it is for the sun to shine, the winds to blow or the rains to fall. The lynching of Negroes just because they are Negroes,

if such there be, will cease at no great distant day; but, lynching in general, which, at its worst, can be nothing else than murder in some one of its forms, will perhaps continue until the last trump shall sound. So, let us not grieve because now and then some trifling Negro is found swinging to a limb; but let us rather concern ourselves with those deeper questions which lie at the bottom of many other evils beside that of choking men. For, mark you, the Negroes' souls are being choked, which, indeed, is a far greater calamity than the choking of their throats. Now, reader, do not imagine that I place but little stress upon the lynching of my people or the lynching of any people; for, if you think so, you are badly mistaken. In fact, I despise lynching; and especially that lynching which is resorted to, because the victim is a Negro. For, I believe that if lynching is good for one, it is good for all; and, if it is bad for one, it is bad for all. And, furthermore, I heartily deprecate the lynching of any man, however trifling he may be.

But, I am now concerned with a subject which is of far more importance to the Ne-

gro than that of lynching; because this subject will tend to remove those conditions which now render Negro-lynching possible. Therefore, I dismiss for the present any further discussion of this crime. Again, there are many of us who go wild over the Separate Coach Bill, because of which white people are not allowed to ride with black people and black people are not allowed to ride with white people. Now, friends, like the mighty St. Paul, I will say that "none of these things move me." Riding with a well-dressed white man or white woman does not make me braver, wiser or better; nor does riding with a poor, ragged Negro, with a pillow-slip of old clothes by his side, make me any the worse. Another thing: I once thought that the style in which some of our people travel, was disgraceful and I confess that I was at that time fool enough to feel ashamed of them. But, now, I feel my "heart new opened," and I speak the truth when I say that I am ashamed of no honest and brave Negro, however ragged and uncouth he may appear. I am in this world to respect and honor my people, if they are men and women of integrity, as long as

I draw breath, and can move a muscle. And the time shall never come when I shall slight one of my blood simply because he is poor and ragged and dirty. He is a Negro, and, if honest and brave and true, he is as grand as any prince in Europe, or any millionaire in America. But here is what I am ashamed of and what really makes my stomach crawl, and that is this: to see a well-dressed Negro swell who spends one-half of his life in a white man's kitchen, or around a white man's table or shaving a white man's face, and who is simple enough to believe he is a white man and, therefore, despises his race and wants to ride in a white car and crave to marry a white woman, and has done absolutely nothing to elevate his race, but has spent his whole life in trying to prove the inferiority and degradation of the Negro. Now, if this does not fit anybody; just consider it an imaginary case and pay no attention to it. Before I leave this point, I will say that the Negroes, of course, ought to have exactly equal accommodations in travelling as the whites; for they pay the same fare and are entitled to the same returns. I believe, however, that this is the

intention of the law; but I am sorry to say that all the roads do not comply with its instructions in this respect.

How about the prohibition of intermarriages between the races? That is alright. But, it does not go far enough; for it ought to prohibit white trash from running after Negro wenches and Negro wenches from running after white trash. I am in favor of seeing what the full-blooded Negro can do, before the mixing-up process begins. In regard to the white man's debarring the Negro from positions of honor, I will say that, as a race, we have not yet shown our competency for anything very great. There are few individuals amongst us who are worthy of honorable positions; but the race is not judged by them. It is judged rather by the average; and our average Negro is not yet competent to hold places requiring large experience and immense responsibility. Our average Negro is careless, irresponsible and generally unfit for the requirements of important matters upon which are hinged, perhaps, millions of property and thousands of lives. Of course, this comes from the fact that we have not been trained to business methods

and have not been accustomed to the weight of heavy responsibilities. But, I am not now explaining the causes of our present state; I am only showing what our present capacity is, and the result of it. Besides the foregoing reason, the white man, as I have said before, has long ago become disgusted with, and lost confidence in, the ability of the Negro, and is now generally unwilling to give him credit for what he really can do. You all understand that. I have acquaintances, to-day that may have pretty fair ability; but, some time in the past, they have acted so shabbily that I have lost confidence in them, and now I scarcely believe that they are capable of even one worthy act. So it is with the white man and the Negro. Furthermore, the black man has not yet presented himself in the proper attitude before the white people of the South, in order that he may obtain what he requires and what he deserves. As I will give my opinion on this line in some other portion of this volume, I will forego any further discussion on this point, at the present time. On the whole, we have hitherto made a sad mistake in sizing up the position we hold in this country.

This is in truth the White Man's Country and the White Man's government and we are only a scion grafted into this white trunk; and it is yet a question before us whether this scion will live and grow, or whether it will wither and drop off. This whole question, I think, will depend upon the constitution, the hardihood, the vitality and the adaptability of this young scion. We have already shown our toughness to take punishment. Now, the world wants to see the power and feel the force of our right hand blows for a place and name among the civilized nations of the earth. Some of my colored readers may not like it because I say that this is the white man's country; but it is his, all the same, and any puffing to the contrary does not alter the situation. The white man has discovered this country, has conquered it from the Indians and has developed it and made it what it is. Hence, it is his by discovery, by conquest and by labor. And, he has not only made the country what it is and is therefore entitled to it; but, indirectly, he has made the Negro what he is and, by analogy, ought to be entitled to him(?) But, of course, I do not hold

any such foolish doctrine as that. Now, then, Mr. Black Man, what are you going to do or say about it? "Well," says some one, "we Negroes, have toiled in the South for the white man, and our muscles have made the South what it is, and, therefore, we ought to be entitled to the South, if no more." Very good logic, sir; but, not deep enough. How could you claim what you have earned for the white man, when your ancestors either sold you or allowed you to enter into slavery and silently consented by action, if not by words, to the terms of slavery, and thus, making you yourselves the property of the white man? And, if you were the property of the white man; how could you, being property, own property in your own right? You, my brother, were a chattel when you aided in building the South; and, as a chattel, you had "no right that a white man was bound to respect." But, you will say, "Who made us chattels?" "Did not God make us men?" True, very true. God made you men; but you threw away your manhood, and men made you chattels. How is that? Again, some will say that the constitution of the United States made us citi

zens and, by virtue of that instrument, we have as much right to this country as Mr. White Man. So we have; but a right to a thing and the power to hold, maintain and enjoy that right are two different things. Besides, white men made the constitution which gave you this right and can also amend it tomorrow so that you will have no right. Then, where will you be? Black men, let us understand our situation and govern ourselves accordingly. We, as yet, have nothing to boast of; and the sooner we understand it, the better. So, be it known that this country is not ours; but let us earn an equal right to it by an equal effort exerted for its welfare and for its development. As for myself, I always want to know how I stand, what rights have I, what powers, what hopes, what fears; with whom have I to contend, their rights, their powers and their will. Then, if I have rights, I am willing to die for them; if I have powers, I am willing to use them; if I have hopes, I will try to realize them; if I have fears, I will try to remove them.

But, on the other hand, if I have no rights, I am candid enough to ask for them; if I have

no powers, I am patient enough to wait for their acquisition or development; if I have no hopes, I will endeavor to create them; if I have no fears, I am hopeful and happy.

In concluding this chapter, wherein I have touched upon that great people who have ruled over us for more than two hundred years, their manner of behavior toward us, the causes and occasions of this behavior, and our true relations with respect to this people, I will say that it is not my intention to discourage my people from cherishing a high hope for the future, nor to encourage the white people to glory the more in their present position. By this course I have taken, I trust that the black man may see his error in the past and be willing to present himself in the future in a more becoming manner; and that the white man, because of this better presentment of the Negro, may realize the true worth of the race over which he has long ruled, and be willing, thenceforth, to accord him that place for which he seeks and for which he will, no doubt, prove himself capable. Both races have undoubtedly made mistakes in the past, and now, indeed, it is high time that they

both should call themselves back and be glad to do all within their several powers to generate that harmonious feeling between themselves which shall certainly redound to the prosperity of the South, the welfare of our entire country and the glory of a righteous God. We all have our sins and commit our errors, and we should, therefore, be far more on the alert to feel and pick out the beam that is in our own eye, than to chastise our brother because of the mote that is in his eye.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOOTING IN THE AIR.

It has been seen that the white man has held sway over us for many years and we have no right to complain about it because it is the work of our own hands; or, in other words it is the result of our own negligence and triflingness. But, since the war, the colored man has done much to elevate himself and to show to the world that he has yet some spark of manhood. Not only has the Negro himself taken measures to ameliorate his condition; but others have interested themselves

and have given their advice and expressed their opinions as to how he shall be benefited. Hence, there have been several plans set forth to solve the so-called Negro problem; but that venerable problem is still before us with its wonted vitality. I shall now proceed to state some of these plans which have been formulated for the purpose of lifting up the Negro, but which have utterly failed to accomplish the end whereto they have been devised. Some of these plans have died before they were born; some were born and died in early infancy; others lived and matured but died and bore no fruit and one is still living in letter, but dead in spirit and will remain dead until the trump of a New South shall resurrect it into life eternal.

One of the first plans thought of but died before it was born, was the plan of Miscegenation whereby the Negro and the white man would so intermix that in a few generations, the former, being the weaker race, would ultimately be eliminated and thus the country would effectively get rid of the Negro and nobody would be injured by the operation. This plan has never been actually

attempted or put forth into action; but it has been thought of and written about by certain wise persons who, in this way, contemplated a solution of the Negro Question. This scheme, if carried out, would have been, perhaps, a pretty sure method of getting rid of both the problem and the Negro, as well. It would have been very much like a doctor curing his patient by giving him certain kinds of medicines which will produce death, and, thus, he will get rid of both the disease and the patient. While the theory of miscegenation has never been put into any systematic practice; it seems that many of the degraded classes of both whites and blacks have undertaken of themselves to carry out its mandates. And I verily believe that, if these classes had been turned aloose upon each other in this direction, there would soon have been left neither Negro or white man; but rather a low and degraded mixture of both—the scraps and drippings of two great races. But so repugnant was this idea of mixing up, that the legislatures of the various Southern States, fearing something might happen on this line, enacted laws prohibiting inter-

marriages between the whites and blacks and, thus, legally, placed a quietus upon the operations of this now exploded theory.

As I have said before, I do not object to the law prohibiting intermarriages; for I am opposed to the Negro's mixture with any race until he shall first have proven his ability and competency, as a pure, undiluted and unadulterated Negro. Of course the time will come when it shall be regarded wrong and inexpedient to prohibit any man or any woman from giving vent to his or her own individual inclinations, be the object of their affectons what it may. But the law is wise, for the present, as a check upon certain inappropriate tendencies to which the society of the South is just now liable. Miscegenation was not only unpractical, unnatural and repugnant; but it was also absurd and unreasonable. For, it is the height of folly to attempt to ameliorate the Negro's condition by changing the Negro into a white man. The country, by this method, may get rid of the Negro and the trouble of trying to improve him; but when the thing is done, where is the Negro? Is the Negro made better? No. Why

not? Because there is no Negro. In order to ascertain whether or not any being is made better, there must be at least two states of the same being compared with each other. There must be a given state taken as a standard of measurement, and another state of the same being with which the standard is compared in order to ascertain whether or not this latter state is better. Now, the Negro's condition, at the close of the war, was the state which was taken as a standard of measurement. But, according to the miscegenation scheme, there would not have been a second state of the Negro which was to be compared with that standard. Why? Because there would not have been any Negro to have any state. Now, if there was no state of the Negro, at all, there could not have been any better state of the Negro; and, if the Negro did not enjoy a better state, he was not made any better by the operation. Hence, this scheme would not have made the Negro better and, if its originators thought it would, they were very illogical indeed; and if they did not think it would have made him better, then they were selfish, for then their object

was to get rid of the Negro and to save the country the trouble of training him up and making him an intelligent and worthy citizen.

For all these reasons, this plan utterly failed and it is now buried forever and forgotten even by those who once thought it plausible.

The next step I will mention that has been taken to give the Negro a push up the hill, was that of Special Legislation by the general government for and in behalf of the Negro. First, the colored man was led to believe that "Uncle Sam" was going to be the common dispensary of all good things, including even that famous and fabulous "40-acre-and-a-mule"-gift of which so much has been said. Now, a gift can be made either an excellent thing, an indifferent thing or an injurious thing. I may give a horse to A, who is a bright and honest youth, and this horse may become the source of A's subsequent wealth. I may give another horse to B, who is a kind of "happy-go-lucky," harmless and unambitious sort of fellow, and this horse may not be of any practical benefit at all to him. In other words, the death or

disposal of said horse may leave him the same shiftless creature he was at first. Again, I may give a third horse to C, a wild, wicked and reckless young man, and he may ride the horse on an expedition of robbery and murder, and, in this act, may be killed. So it depends very largely upon the recipient of the gift as to whether or not it will be a blessing or a curse. Now, then, suppose Congress, immediately after the war, had enacted a law giving to each Negro a mule and forty acres of land; how many Negroes do you suppose, with the business experience they then had, would have taken the proper advantage of this gift? Not many, I will warrant you. In all probability, some sharp white "Cracker" would have traded away that mule, and some cross-road grocer or city saloonist would have "worked" a mortgage on that forty-acre tract of land; and, soon, the bulk of this valuable gift would have been in the hands of the white man, and the persons for whom it was intended would have been left precisely in the same material condition as before, only a little more sad and a trifle more wise. Again, this gift, instead of producing a whole-

some effect upon the energies of our people, would have been like pouring down the throat of an invalid a swallow of liquor, which would excite and exhilerate his sensibilities for a short time and make him believe that he is well again; but, after the reaction and the collapse incident thereto, he would fall back upon his couch exhausted in body and depressed in mind. Merely giving a man something without that man's first having a capacity to retain, reproduce and utilize that something, is simply dipping up water out of the ocean and pouring it into a stream, for the curiosity of seeing it run back into the same ocean again. Nothing has been created, changed, enlarged or bettered; the ocean only retains its former volume and the stream is not increased. A gift, therefore, may be a happy surprise, a pleasurable token of friendship, a something with which to curry favor or a worthy act of charity; but it is not the thing whereby to improve the condition of an indolent, inexperienced and incompetent individual or people. There is, however, nothing better or more encouraging than a little necessary help, when given to one who appreciates it, who un-

derstands what to do with it, and who has the will to use it in the proper way. So, the time to help our people is when it is found that they are earnestly, honestly and intelligently putting forth every effort possible to help themselves. This time will soon come, and then one of the grandest opportunities will be afforded mankind to aid in bettering the condition of this struggling people. But the best aid that can be given to any one or to any race, and the aid that the Negro needs, is not cash and property; but it is smply removing all restraints and barriers from the path of progress and open unto him any position of honor for which he has diligently prepared himself. From the foregoing, it is seen that mere giving the Negro real estate and personal goods without increasing his capacity and thrift, could never have solved our great question; because it did not aim to make the Negro better or more able to cope with the great task before him.

Again, there were some who clamored for a legislation by Congress tending to protect the Negro in the exercise of those inalienable rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States. Suppose, then, Congress

had passed such a law, and, in accordance therewith, had sent soldiers armed with musket and sword into Southern territory to protect the Negro voter at the ballot-box, and to intimidate the Southern whites so that they in turn could not intimidate the Negroes. Think you that this act of the Government would have rendered the Negro fit for the due exercise of those political rights to which he was entitled by law?

See here a moment. Here are two boys and a man, A, B and C. A is weak, untrained and timid; B is strong, brave and active; and the man, C, is, of course, stronger and possessed of more influence than either of the boys. A wants to get his ball which was given to him by C, and which now lies on the ground at the feet of B. B does not want A to get the ball because he is angry at C for giving it to A, and also because he thinks that he himself has the better right to, and should have the exclusive use of, the ball. A does not know very much about the true value of the ball, neither does he know how to use it properly; but, being urged by the others standing around who also have certain axes to grind, he makes a feeble

attempt to get the ball. But B, being so much the stronger and the more experienced, prevents him from getting anything like a full possession of the ball. A is now in a terrible dilemma: he is urged to get the ball by those who do not want to help him; and, then, whenever he attempts to get it, B would kick and strike and stretch his eyes so, that, to tell the truth, A is actually afraid to proceed any farther with his rights. Now, at this point, C comes up and holds B back so that A can get get the ball without any harm or danger. A, taking advantage of this opportunity, snatches the ball and begins to play with it, tossing it up and catching it, kicking it backwards and forwards, and cutting up all sorts of childish freaks with it. But, take notice that while A is thus enjoying himself in the superlative degree, being under the impression that every day is Sunday, and while C is doing all the hard and dangerous part of the work for him; he himself is not thinking of fortifying his resources or gaining strength or developing courage and skill, either for the purpose of using the ball to better advantage or protecting himself in the use thereof. He is simply

floating in grease, and that is all he is doing. Presently C, coming to the conclusion that A must surely by this time be strong and brave enough to defend himself, and that B has now decided to allow A to have a share in the use of the ball, and, besides, because he has something else of more importance to look after, loosens his hold upon B and goes off to attend to other matters. What takes place now? Do the boys get on together smoothly? Not a bit of it. Do you suppose that B is fool enough to allow A to "float," while he himself is out in the cold, and now there is no wall between him and A? Why, no! Is A now better prepared to protect himself in the use of his ball, and to meet B manfully and equally upon the battle-field, so that a peaceful solution and compromise may result? Of course not. Then what is going to be done? Wait and you will see. B, although very quiet while held back by the strong arms of C, now raging with mortification and humiliation, looks about him, and spies A playing carelesssly with the ball. This very sight maddens him, and, immediately stepping up to A, accosts him thus, in bold and

rough accents: "See hyar, pardner, I reck'n you hev tossed thet thar ball around 'bout long enuff. You hev had a fat thing while thet darned, brass-buttoned and blue-coated son-of-a-C was hyar a 'tendin' to other people's business. But I reck'n yer time has come. So, skin out o' this; and be blamed quick about it!" And, stepping up nearer to A, he kicks and strikes him to his heart's content; and, returning to his place with the ball, takes out a cigarette and puffs it and looks out placidly and dreamingly on the distant lanscape. Poor A is now sitting down at the foot of the hill, at the top of which we have just now left B. He is sobbing lowly and the tears are trickling down his dirty face, and he is nearly half-dead with fright and despair.

This picture, my friends, is only a miniature counterpart of what would have actually happened if the United States had filled the South with troops and protected the Negroes in the exercise of their rights, as some had desired them to do, and as they did attempt to do in a certain way, which they wisely abandoned. Thus we readily see that governmental protection of the Negro would have done no

good; because it tended to paralyze the energies and weaken the powers and lessen the experience of the Negro, and, at the same time, to arouse and kindle the hatred of the South toward the Government, and to increase its prejudice toward, and its contempt for, the Negroes. The Government would have finally grown tired of this protecting business; would have withdrawn her troops and left the Negro to the mercy of the hot-blooded Southerner, and thus the condition of affairs would have been far worse than ever before. This scheme, therefore, proceeded upon two erroneous principles: First, it undertook to force the sentiment of the South into certain channels against its will; and, secondly it treated the Negro as if he was a mere dummy, and, thus, cut off from him all opportunities to test the situation for himself and to experiment with his own resources. In a word, the scheme totally ignored the principles of human nature, and seemed to have labored under the belief that legislation can create sentiment, deal out capacity and regulate the prejudices and passions of men. No law can force a free, brave and enlightened

people to think and act against its will; neither can any law force an ignorant and timid people to maintain an equality with a superior race. These things must be left to the inner workings and movements of the human heart, and they will as surely adjust themselves as the revolution of the planets and the laws of gravitation.

Again, supposing the Civil Rights Bill, which enabled the Negro to enter any public place of entertainment and receive the same accommodations as the whites, had not died in its infancy, what do you suppose would have been the result? Do you think everything would have moved on smoothly, and that the Negro would have been ultimately benefited? We will now see. Let the average Negro of the 60's and 70's, fresh from the cotton-fields and corn-hills of Georgia and Mississippi, or any other Southern State, donned in jeans and hickory, with coat untorn, new hat and creaking shoes, shaved, combed and a few hard-earned dollars in his pocket, enter Charleston, Columbia, Atlanta, New Orleans or other city of the South, on matters of business. Let him go up to the desk of a first-class hotel,

enroll his name, pay his bills and take his rooms on the second or third floor, where the gentle breezes may kiss his ebony cheeks and pass through the rigid curls of his shining hair. Let him enter the dining-hall, carefully examine the bill of fare, make his choicest selections, give his peremptory orders, settle himself down, brace himself back, push up his coat-sleeves and prepare for the deglutition of an extra square meal. After despatching the contents of the dishes before him, wherein he has demonstrated his capacity for taking in food, let him enter the saloon, quaff his champagne, puff his Havanas, and then address himself to his luxurious couch where sluggish Lethe soon holds him fast in her death-like grip and brings before his mental vision happy scenes of Paradise and the New Jerusalem, in which blessed state he longs to dwell throughout all the rolling cycles of eternity. The scene is indeed beautiful, and, O, how our hero must enjoy it! But, let him sleep in peace. Disturb him not. Let the curtain fall upon him, and softly retrace thy footsteps and leave him locked in solitary bliss.

Now, behold the darker and truer side of the question before us. Look! The curtain quivers! Some one is pulling at the peaceful draperies or is fingering the cords which give them motion. The curtain rises slowly; and now the foot of the stage is exposed to view! The curtain is up and we gaze upon another scene. It is dining hour in one of our large hotels of the South. The hungry guests are pouring in from all sides and crowding around the tables. All classes and conditions are there—wealthy planters from the sugar districts of Louisiana, red-faced ranchmen from the broad prairies of Texas, high-spirited cavaliers from the rice plantations of the Carolinas, and hot-blooded scions from the aristocratic families of Georgia—all mingle in social glee amid the ring of knives and the rattle of dishes. The meal is over. The men are rising from their seats and are beginning to pass out into the adjoining halls and lobbies. In doing so, one bright-eyed youngster with raven locks dangling carelessly over his brow and a mischievous smile playing around the corners of his lips, happens to stumble over a Negro who is still munching away at his meal in a

secluded corner of the room and hitherto unobserved. "Well, Jim Crow, what are you doing here?" are the words that ring out sharply from the lips of this devilish youth. At these words, the ladies, having now for the first time noticed the Negro, rush from the room with their hands thrown up in horror and disgust; while the gentlemen look at each other with a cunning wink and gather around the negro, who, by this time, has lost his appetite and is sitting in mute silence, as huge, shining drops of perspiration find their way down his sable cheeks. "Say, Bill, this is a genuine specimen of the 'Massa Lincum' variety, is he not?" inquires a dandy-looking swell from Columbia. "What shall we do with him?" he asks. "This seems to be a harmless fellow, but 'pears to me we ought to make an example of him so that we won't be bothered any more with this blasted Civil Rights Bill," puts in a great big ranchman from Texas, as he throws back a large, wide-rimmed felt over his forehead and exposes to view a broad, red face and a pair of bold, glittering eyes. "Well said, Texas," remarks a planter from Louisiana, with a double watch-chain across his broad

chest. "We'll teach Uncle Sam that he can't come it over us in this style. Come, boys, what shall we do with him? Say yer prayers, nigger!" The negro is mute as a sphinx; but, some how or other, there is something about him that shows considerable "sand," and he does not quail worth a cent. At this point, the youngster with the mischievous smile about his lips, stimulated by the remarks of the older men, steps up to the Negro and slaps him across his face with all his might; but this blow only tilts the Negro to one side. Smarting with the keen blow he had just received, the Negro springs up, stands erect and confronts his cowardly assailants, but not retreating a step. "By George! boys, the Nig has got grit. Hit him agin, Dave! We will teach the black brute that Niggers are not made to eat with white folks." These words are spoken by the ranchman; this time, with a sharp and angry ring. This last sentence is scarcely out of the Texan's mouth before Dave had kicked the Negro full under the chin, thus causing him to stagger back and reel over, but he did not fall. The Negro, now in full rage, with clenched fists and eyes darting fire,

rushes forward and, with one blow of his naked fist, lays Dave out on the floor. "Come on, white men; I can whip the last one of ye, one by one. All I ask is fair play and no weapons; for I am not armed." These noble words come from the quivering lips of the Negro, who now stands as firm as the hills. The humiliated Dave, picking himself up, and now pale with anger, reaches for his hip-pocket, and, although the Texan, who had now begun to admire the Negro's courage, makes an attempt to prevent him, he, nevertheless, succeeds in drawing his six-shooter and fires. The ball strikes the black hero fairly between the eyes; he sways backward and forth; then gradually sinks down and finally plunges forward on the floor, with the red blood gushing from the hole in his head and making a pool on the thick rug on which he now lies, breathing out his life in short, quick gasps. "By Gad, Dave," exclaims the noble Texan, "you shouldn't oughter pulled yer iron to sich a brave feller when you seed that he was dead game and didn't hev anything to shoot." "Well, boys, it is all over with; and I hope it'll break up this damned law that tries to

make black 'uns ekal to white 'uns," says the aristocrat from Georgia. Whereupon, they all pass out of the hall, leaving the body of the Negro to be looked after by the hotel proprietor and the coroner. The inquest is held and the verdict rendered, as follows: "Frank Jones, a Negro, came to his death by a pistol in the hands of Dave Singleton, a white man, who fired in self-defense." And, now, the curtain falls and the scene passes from our view and we breathe again the pure atmosphere of Liberty.

Such, dear reader, is a scene drawn from imagination, but describing to some extent what would have really happened, if the terms of the late Civil Rights Bill had been carried out in the South. This enactment of Congress was later found to be unconstitutional, and therefore was rendered null and void. It failed to accomplish one thing to elevate the Negro or to make his condition more desirable; simply because it attempted the impossible, namely, to force the public sentiment of an intelligent majority into channels through which it had never run before, and which were altogether out of all proportion to the social

inclinations of the South. It is always a great mistake to try to compel men to think and feel and act in their own private and sacred domain contrary to their own native wills. We should never confine the proper range and exercise of any human soul, so as to have them coincide with any set and prescribed rule. The Southern white man has as much right to keep the Negro from his table, if he so desires it, as the Negro has to keep an Indian from his bed, if such is his desire. In concluding the discussion of special legislation for the betterment of the Negro, I will say bluntly that the Negro needs no special legislation. All that is necessary, is to treat him as a man, and not as a thing. Give him the full advantages of the general law of the land, and, as fast as he is capable, open to him the same avenues that are opened to any other citizen of the country. Throw him upon his own resources so that he may be induced to try his own wings and to test his own strength. The same freedom of spirit and the same voluntary flow of sentiment that I have asked for the Southern white man I also ask for the Negro. I draw no line between man and man. What is good for the

one is good for the other; and what is cramping and unnatural for the other is cramping and unnatural for the one.

Lastly, I do not blame those who have endeavored to obtain these special laws for the Negro; nor do I blame the legislators or the government. They have all, perhaps, advised and done what they presumed to have been for the best, at the time. And, now, since these intended remedies have all failed to accomplish anything for the black man; we all, I think, have learned a valuable lesson from the past and ought to be better prepared to think and dictate for the future.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Another scheme for bettering the Negro's condition was that of transportation. By transportation, is meant the digging up of the Negro, root and branch, from the soil of the South and transplanting him on the shores of some strange and distant land. Several countries have been mentioned as possessing a special adaptability for the reception and im-

provement of the Negro, among which, Africa, Mexico, and some of the Western States, were the most important. If I mistake not, this is the argument of those who have favored transportation; and, if it is not their argument, it is the best that can be said for them. Here it is:—This is the white man's country. He discovered it, he cultivated it, he built its cities, laid out its railways, launched its steamers, makes and executes its laws, manages its courts, and, in a word, controls its entire machinery. He has the power to lift up whomsoever he will and to thrust down whomsoever displeaseth him. He can destroy and can defend. His arm is all powerful, and it can strike terrific blows upon the head of the ill-fated Negro that chances to arouse his righteous indignation. His mandate is the practical gospel of this world, and no man with a black face dares to dispute his claims. He can set bounds for the black man, and say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." He is, indeed, the chief among ten thousand and altogether—a nigger-hater. Furthermore, this is not only the case to-day and to-morrow and the next day; but it will continue to be the

case on the Southern soil until Gabriel, with one foot upon sea and the other upon land, shall sound his awful trump and swear that Time shall be no longer. Thus, the Negro, cut off from all avenues, debarred from all privileges, robbed of all his rights, environed on all sides, burdened with almost unbearable loads, confronted with hideous monsters, nowhere to go for help, no eye to pity and no arm to save, is doomed, as long as he remains in the South, to eke out a miserable and hopeless existence; and, therefore, his only temporal salvation is to leave this country and wend his way to some land of peaceful bliss where he can sit under his own vine and fig tree and roll on the grass and puff cheroots to his heart's delight. Moreover, in a new country, the Negro, having no prejudice with which to encounter, no white man to kick him out of a first-class car, no hotel from which he may be unceremoniously ejected, and no office which is too high or too rich or too honorable for him to reach, has only to bask in the eternal brightness of his own splendor and reach out his hands for the munificent gifts of nature and they shall be filled.—Such, perhaps, is the

best argument that can be put forth by those who have advised and still do advise the transportation of the Negro.

Now, let us see what is wrong with this argument, and, consequently, with the scheme which is based upon it. In a previous chapter, we have shown that the Negro does not yet possess the elements required to develop and maintain a nation. If this is true, the grand cause of the Negro's failure thus far has been in himself, and not in any external circumstances. External circumstances are conducive to success and may furnish the occasion for the developing of a nation; but they alone can never produce a nation without the existence of the proper elements in a people themselves. You can no more make a nation out of the wrong material by transporting it to the most fertile lands, than you can make an Apollo out of a Thersites by transporting him to the moon. Just so with the Negro. You cannot make a nation out of the Negro, if he has not the required elements in himself, it matters not where you transport him. If the stuff is in him, he will succeed, wherever he is; if it is not, he will fail, wherever you may

plant him. Places and countries may help him; but they cannot make him. He must make himself, if he is made at all. To illustrate this, let us suppose a case: Here is a fellow named "No-good," living in the town of "Tough-luck." He was living there for thirty years, and his ancestors had been living there for over two hundred years. Now, Mr. "No-good," during those thirty years, has done nothing to make his community better, or even to elevate himself, to any great extent. His ancestors had done nothing to show their ability and enterprise during the long period that they had been residents of "Tough-luck;" for, during all this while, they had been slaves and tools of another large family whom they served in the most degrading manner. This man, "No-good," descending from this servile stock and claiming that this dominant family had everything in their possession or control, that they could do everything and did actually do everything against his interest, and that it was no use for him to try to be anybody in that town, concluded that, if he pulled up stakes and went off to himself, he would soon feed on clover, and be able to sit up "in de shade."

Now, "No-good" was a timid, ignorant, shiftless, unambitious and an unreliable sort of a fellow; yet he imagined that his failure in "Tough-luck" was due to the prejudice and opposition of the descendants of that family who once ruled over his ancestors. He did not once think that the trouble, after all, might have been in himself, and that it would be useless to change his location until he had first changed himself. At any rate, "No-good" picks up himself and, with his belongings carelessly done up in a white meal-sack, he jauntily starts out, one beautiful morning in May, upon a journey toward a distant prairie called "Hard-scrabble." At noon, our hero finds himself at the end of his journey, where he stops awhile at the hut of an ignorant fellow, who makes signs to him that he may come in and rest awhile. From his host, "No-good" soon learns that the country consists of very rich lands and that there is plenty of fruit and fish and game; quite enough to subsist upon with a very little tilling of the soil. He also finds that the inhabitants are ignorant and shiftless, and live generally in the open air or in little miserable huts made of sticks and mud.

For the country is very warm and there is but little need for shelter or clothing of any kind. The next day, "No-good" selects a suitable place and begins to erect a hut, such as he had seen built by the best people in that settlement. After completing his hut as best he can, he now begins to look about him for materials and utensils with which to open up a farm and make general improvements about his premises. For, it must be remembered, that "No-good" had brought with him the superior knowledge and advanced customs of his native town, and that he is far more enlightened than any of his present neighbors, who, in truth, are but little better than heathens. Acquainted with these customs and possessing this knowledge, "No-good" endeavors to make those improvements to which he had been accustomed in his lifetime. But he soon finds that he does not possess the tools with which to do anything, neither the ingenuity to invent or the skill to perform those things which are so urgently needed in a new country. He inquires after shops, hardware stores, factories and other places where ready-made articles are generally kept on hand for sale; but

all the answer he can get from the natives is a shrug of the shoulders and a foolish stare from their eyes. "No-good," being timid and easily discouraged, and without any means or encouragement, sits down, one day, in the shade of a tree; and, now sorely disappointed and utterly disgusted with life, begins to talk aloud to himself, in this wise: "Here am I, a foolish creature, who left the town of "Tough-luck," where I was well known and where the people were civilized, and where there were stores and machineries and tools and railroads and steamers and all the comforts and luxuries of an enlightened country, and came here on this wild and lonely prairie where there is nothing but grass and trees and heathens. After all, that Family of whom I was so much afraid, did not prevent me from gaining an independent living, if I so desired. They were even kind enough to give me a helping hand when I needed it, and were always willing to give me good advice. Had I properly used the advantages I had there, I would have been a hundred times better off than I am now. I really believe, after all, that my failure in "Tough-luck" was chiefly, if not altogether,

caused by my own negligence and triflingness. Another thing, if I wanted to come to this new country, why did I not wait until I had learned all the useful trades and sciences, and had saved up sufficient money to enable me to construct railways across these plains, launch steamers upon these rivers and build beautiful cities on these commanding hills. Fool! fool! that I am. If possible, I will rise up and go back to "Tough-luck," and turn over a new leaf, and, if ever I live to return to this country, I will come back a wiser and an abler man." And, suiting the action to the word, "No-good" puts his bundle over his shoulders and begins to trace his way back to his native city.

This picture of "No-good," my dear reader, is something more than imagination. I myself have known thrifty men who had sold out their homes and lands and cattle and horses, and had gone into new States where they fancied that they would become wealthy and independent in a few years; but, in a short time, they had squandered all their means, had failed in their expectations, and were finally glad to get back safe to the places from which

they at first had started out, without a home and without a dollar! Even while I am writing, my newspapers tell me that the colony of Alabama and Georgia Negroes who were recently transported to Mexico, are now in a bad condition; half of their number being sick and many have died, and all are desirous of returning to their native States. This transportation scheme has always failed and will always fail; because it is wrong in principle and faulty in logic. It proceeds upon the belief that the Negro's present condition is due altogether to the circumstances in which he is placed, and not to his lack of those elements which are absolutely necessary to make a nation in any country. First, instil into the colored man those principles which form a nation, and he will succeed in Dixie as well as in Africa. There is no doubt about that. But, will he become a distinct and flourishing nation in Dixie? No. A Negro government and a Negro nation will never be established on the soil of the United States; but there will be something better than that. There will be a National Government under whose Stars and Stripes the white man, the black man, the red

man and the yellow man, will all, one day, commingle together in harmony, equality and fraternity. If, at any time, the Negroes desire to set up a government with their own brain and brawn—an object which is, indeed, honorable and praiseworthy—then, after they have demonstrated their ability in this country, and have acquired those grand elements of which I have spoken, a portion, if not all of them, will naturally want to colonize the fertile valleys of Africa; and, there, in conjunction with the rising natives, may construct a glorious Republic to which all the nations of the earth shall be made cordially welcome. Some may ask, "Can the Negroes ever acquire those elements of which you write, in this country and in the midst of the overshadowing white race?" To this question, it will be said that the colored man has a far better opportunity to acquire those elements here than they can ever have in Africa or any other uncivilized lands. Let us take up these elements, one after another, and make my answer solid. If the Negroes are not united, where they claim they have a desperate and powerful enemy against whom to contend, is there any reason to suppose that

they will unite in a new country, where there is no supposed enemy? Fear, want and a sense of mutual protection are the causes of union; and, if we cannot unite even when sufficient causes are at hand to drive us into a union, we certainly will not unite when these causes of union have been removed. Next, if we cannot become a people of integrity in civilized America, where church bells chime, colleges abound, literature flourishes, charity smiles and examples glow and sparkle all around us; how, in the name of common-sense, are we going to become a people of integrity on the blasted deserts and in the gloomy jungles of Africa? Thirdly, any simpleton among us well knows that we have a far better opportunity to get wisdom here than we can ever have in heathendom. For, here, we have the treasure-house of the world's knowledge within our arm's reach, and all we have to do is to sit at the feet of the masters and drink deep from the "Pyerean Spring." Fourthly, it seems to me that this is the very place to develop whatever germ of courage we may have buried within us. We are among a brave people who have never yet failed to strike for

liberty and for those precious rights to which they think themselves entitled. This, indeed, furnishes thrilling examples, which ought to arouse any latent spark of courage within us. Besides, our coming into contact with this people, in all the affairs of life, requires courage of the first water;and, if we have any courage-seeds at all, they ought to grow and flourish in such soil as this. Lastly, ambition, as I define it, spurs one on to lofty heights and impels him to excel his brother in any honest and honorable manner possible. If so, why can we not be ambitious here since our situation so loudly calls for this noble spirit to lift us out of the mire of degradation and plant our feet upon the rocky summits of national equality and glory? Is it possible that the heroic grandeur of the white race so topples over us that our poor puny plant of ambition is shaded and grows sick and pale and withering? And is it to be expected that upon the fertile shores and within the sultry air of Africa that this little plant is going to take roots downward and throw out branches upward until it shall grow into a gigantic tree? I tell you, my friends, human powers thrive far better by

stimulation and encouraging examples than when surrounded by inactivity and degradation. It is the tendency of man to deteriorate, if there is nothing to call forth his activities; but he will expand and improve, if external conditions are of such nature as to draw forth his latent powers.

Another thing: I do not like this idea of running away from a country, simply because we have some shadowy reasons to believe, or perhaps only imagine, that the white man and the devils of hell are after us. All nations and peoples have had prejudices and opposition and superiority against which to contend; and we must expect to have the same hardships. Why did not the blue-eyed Saxon get up excursions and scamper away from the approach and rule of William of Normandy? Why did not the Thirteen Colonies bid farewell to the green mountains of New England and the red hills of Georgia because of the roar of the British Lion? Why do not the Irish abandon the Emerald Isle and betake themselves to some foreign clime, because of the bull-headed aristocracy and the injustice of the English Parliament? Why do not the

doughty natives of Cuba retreat from Spanish oppression and join themselves to the people of the United States, where the Eagle of Liberty screams aloud and stretches his wings from sea to sea? Nay, let us not retreat one step; but let us stand as firm as the hills upon the land that gave us birth. And, if fly we must, let it be when we ourselves have done our duty; have proven ourselves worthy; have knocked in an honorable manner at the door of the South for admission, and have had that door to slam back in our faces and have heard the click of the key as it turned in the door that had been locked against us forever! Then, indeed, shall it be well for us to "shake off the very dust from our feet for a testimony against them," and depart unto other lands whose doors are always open to receive and welcome any truly worthy people. But, fear not, black man, if we prove ourselves competent for the task before us, the South is humane enough to swing wide her gilded doors and bid us enter.

More recently, there seems to be another plan for bettering the condition of our people in America, and that plan is, to appeal to England and to European civilization in order

to enlist their sympathies and to win their influence in favor of the Negro in his sufferings and against the Southern white man in his course of treatment toward the Negro. Now, there is, perhaps, not a colored man, woman or child in this country who admires Miss Ida B. Wells (now Mrs. Ida B. Barrett) more than I do. I am not flattering her when I say that she is a grand and noble woman, and that she is doing and, I believe, will continue to do, as long as a spark of life glows in her body, all she can do for her race and country. Her energy and courage and determination are indeed a bright example for all Negro women of this day and generation, and they also furnish convincing proof of the ability of our women to do their share in helping on the solution of this great question before us. Yet, while I most truly admire this most worthy lady for her brilliant efforts; I feel positively certain that her labors to arouse England and the rest of the world in behalf of the Negro's cause, will directly accomplish but little. It has always been my opinion, expressed in a private way, that her work in this direction would go down

in the list with other ineffective schemes that have been advanced for the purpose of making our condition better. I do not know what object this great woman had in view when she undertook to paint the Southern white man, the Negro, the rope and a tree on blackest canvas and to hold up this tragic scene before the curious eyes of the crowned heads of Europe. If she intended simply to acquaint the world with certain features of Southern life, she has succeeded beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt; but if she hoped by this method to prevent lynching and thus improve the condition of the Negro, I fear that she and others who share her hopes, have been or will be sadly disappointed. Will this plan succeed? No. Why? In the first place, will the Negroes who have been lynched, bear an inspection? What I mean by this is, have these victims of the rope been innocent and worthy men? Have they given no cause or suspicion which should justify a highly-sensitive and hot-blooded race to defend the virtue of their women? Have the better classes of the Southern whites endorsed the lynching of any Negro that they believed to be innocent? "He

who seeks equity, must do equity." If we wish the sympathy and support of a reasoning and a righteous people; we must first see to it that we ourselves are clean and without stain Now, if the Negro victims were innocent, and this fact was known by the white men who have lynched them, then these lynchers were the most cruel and cowardly set of human beings in existence; but, if these victims were guilty of the crimes for which, it is presumed, they have been lynched, then they were indeed the most degraded specimens of humanity on earth. For my part, I do not believe that the Southern whites would lynch an innocent Negro; for, if they would be inclined to slay one innocent man, why do they not slay the whole race at once? If it is the intention of the whites to destroy the Negro and keep him crushed down forever; why do they not chop off the heads of the leading and progressive Negroes? Why do they not lynch such men as Cuney, of Texas; Jones, of Arkansas; Taylor, of Kansas; Cheatham, of North Carolina; Washington, of Alabama; Murray, of South Carolina, and Lee, of Florida? Would you, my reader, attempt to kill a snake by chopping

off a small piece of his tail in succession? Would you not rather sever his head from his body with one fell blow? Then, think not that it is the purpose of the South to kill Negroes for the sake of seeing their blood flow and hear their pitiful groans. I tell you that every Negro that has been lynched, has been hurled into the awful presence of our Eternal Judge because the lynchers either had or thought they had some reason to put him to death. These lynchers may have been fired on by passion and prejudice; but they, nevertheless, imagined that they had something of a just cause for their terrible deeds.

Now, do not dream that I am justifying the hellish practice of the lynch law. I have already stated that I object to it. But, I am now asking that the same justice be dealt out to the white man of the South that I ask for my own race. As I have said before, I draw no lines. Man is man, and any man is precious in the sight of God. Let us, therefore, consider well the strength of our case, ere we lay it before the scrutinizing eye of an enlightened people. Another thing, even if England does find that the Negro victims are innocent, and that the

South is in the wrong; what is she going to do about it? Is she going to equip armies and navies, sail across the Atlantic, invade the South and make the Southerners behave themselves? Do you think the Englishmen are going to do this? Do you think they are willing to do it? Do you think they are able to do it, even if they are willing? Ah! my brothers, do not fool yourselves into the belief that England is able to turn a straw on the American soil; or that she is willing to turn one, if she could. England is a brave and powerful and humane country and I have always honored her because she has despised slavery; but her past history does not show that she has been in the habit of spending money and spilling blood for the Negro's rights and the Negro's liberty. If such was her style, would it not be a good plan for her to brace up those Negro tribes in Africa, establish them into strong and growing republics, place the reins of government into their hands and offer them her protecting power, instead of cutting out the best buttered slices of that country and swallowing them down to satisfy the cravings of her own swinish appetites? When the

brave Zulu's heart was throbbing for his native liberty and he was ready to shed every drop of precious blood in his veins to procure that blessed boon; was it right and proper for the Great British Lion to shake his flowing mane in rage and pounce upon this handful of black heroes and crush them into a reluctant submission? When the Southerners were fighting for what they thought was their rights, and for what would certainly have held the Negro chained to the damnable curse of slavery forever; why did England allow war-ships to be built and equipped upon her soil in behalf of the South, when she knew that every nail driven into those powerful instruments of blood, was also riveting the Negro to the whipping-post and to the auction-block? The fact is, black brother, England cares no more for you and me than she does for any other poor devil; and she will only play the charitable part toward us whenever this does not conflict with her own selfish interests. Another point, it is a blamed hard thing for one man to leave his premises and go over into the yard of another man for the purpose of teaching or forcing him to do or not to do a certain

thing relative to his own affairs. In nine cases out of ten the intruder will get "licked," and if not, his advice and influence, unasked for, will not be worth the breath it takes to tell them or the ink it takes to write them. You can never do anything with a family fight; and the best way is to let each family settle their own quarrels. This trouble in the South is a family business; and we members of this family must adjust matters ourselves, and adjust them right on Southern soil. After we have straightened out our own misunderstandings; then others may come in and congratulate and encourage us. Furthermore, I dislike this habit of leaving out the man who, I think, is doing me dirt, and going to another fellow to tell him all about the dirt in order to get him to say that I am right and ought to have sympathy, and the supposed dirt-dauber is wrong and ought to have his ears pulled. I believe in telling a man what I think of him, to his face, and, if I am too scared to do that, then I will say nothing about it to any one; but "take it to the Lord in prayer."

Lastly, the Negro has resorted to the power of prayer, as another means to make better his

condition in the South. Now, I believe in the efficacy of an humble and honest prayer from a pure heart. I believe in the Omnipotence of God; I believe in the Providence of God, and I believe in a prayer-answering God. But, along with these beliefs, I believe, also, that God's dealings with men are based upon certain unchangeable and indestructible laws, among which are man's free agency, man's instrumentality and man's responsibility. Therefore, since man is a free agent, he can do anything he pleases, if it is within his power; since he is an instrument, he ought to do what is assigned to him; and, since he is a responsible being, he must suffer for not doing what is thus assigned. Now, these laws hold good, whether we pray or not; for they are not controlled and transformed by prayer, any more than the law of right and wrong is controlled or transformed by the grace of God. This being the case, prayer for a certain state or for a certain gift, availeth nothing; except, we, who pray, discharge the part assigned to us by doing something in order that we may reach that certain state or possess that certain gift. So, do not flatter yourselves with the

belief that you can kneel down with your knees upon the ground, with finger in your ears, with tears in your eyes, with a moan in your voice and with God on your lips, and pray off your troubles without doing anything to remove them, or pray on your blessings without doing anything to bring them. Remember that God's storehouse of knowledge, truth, power, grace, mercy and salvation are at your elbows, and He has given you the keys to every chamber therein; but, if you will not turn about, put those keys in their proper places, turn them in their locks, pull open the doors, and walk in and enjoy the rich blessings contained there, you will live out your appointed days praying and moaning for free grace, and, then, lie down and die without grace and without hope. They tell me that, during the days of slavery, our ancestors prayed earnestly for the halcyon days of freedom, and freedom came; but I am inclined to think that it came rather in answer to the prayer of the abolitionist, who both prayed and fought, than in answer to the prayer of the Negro, who prayed

and scratched his wool. It was Cromwell who said, "Trust God, but keep your powder dry;" and, he won.

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

Dear reader, I have thus briefly reviewed the principal plans that have been introduced for the purpose of making the Negro's condition better. There may have been others that I know not of; if so, they could not have been successful; for the same old question is yet before the public mind and still demands our attention. If there are any persons living who were the founders, promoters or admirers of any of these schemes I have mentioned, I will say to them that I have not tried to prove their plans erroneous, because of any malicious feeling toward such leaders and friends, or from any desire on my part to try to "play smart." On the contrary, I have said what I did say from the genuine feelings of my innermost soul, and

for none other object under Heaven than to set the truth out before the public, as I see it, in order that some good may be accomplished both for my race and for the country in which I live. As I am now about to set forth the views I have with reference to this great question, and which I shall not expect to be perfect, I ask that you and the rest of the world shall read them, think upon them, be your own judges and pass your own sentences. It is nearly impossible for any one individual to formulate a plan or scheme by which any great revolution may be effected. It is sufficient that he shall only deduce certain principles or draw certain outlines which may be further developed and perfected by abler minds and more skillful hands. Therefore, if I shall only be successful in furnishing to the world a bone of truth upon which others shall lay the plump flesh of use and beauty, I shall consider that I have at least accomplished some benefit for that people I love so well and for whom I have yet done so little. Hoping that you, my readers, have gone thus far without regret, and that you may be sufficiently

interested to continue the journey with me, until we both shall come to an end which may please us both, I now bid you and this chapter Farewell, until we meet again.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

In a former chapter, I have shown you that we, as a race, have not yet developed those elements which are necessary to build up a great nation; in another chapter, I have shown you that the white man has the rule over us and that we have no reason to blame him for his treatment toward us; in the last chapter, I have shown you that our leaders have already suggested plans whereby our condition may be made better, and, furthermore, I have shown that those plans have failed and that, to-day. we are precisely in the same situation as we have always been. Now, the question is, "What are we going to do about it?" I shall not in this chapter enter into a full discussion of my answer to this very important question;

but I shall simply outline the case preparatory to that discussion.

Let us see. Here we are about ten millions in number. We are chiefly in the South where once we hoed the white man's cotton and plowed the white man's corn. We are not enjoying all of the rights and privileges that we wish to enjoy; and upon this point, I think every Negro will agree. Whether we ever will enjoy them in this country, is disbelieved by many and not positively known by any one. Our past has been dark and cruel; our present is discouraging and unsatisfactory, and our future is hidden and unknown. Will it satisfy us to drudge on as we are and patiently wait for "something to turn up?" Are you fathers and mothers willing to die and leave your children in the same uncertain and dependent state in which you have always lived? Do you not wish to have this question settled in your life-time, so that you may "wrap the draperies of your couch about you and lie down to pleasant dreams," feeling that your posterity are marching onward to glory and to power? Do you not desire to be known in the world as something more than tools and cattle? Then,

for Heaven's sake, what are you going to do? What must you do? If, as some say, the white man of the South despises you and is doing all in his power to grind you into powder, and that you will never obtain your rights and a proper recognition in this country; if you are without fault, and yet are constantly liable to be beaten, to be shot down and to be lynched at the white man's discretion; if your condition is getting worse instead of better, and if you have cause to believe that the white man is treating you wrong and will never treat you right; then, Mr. Negro, are you willing to demand your rights and make the white man respect you, or walk out into the clear sunshine and fight and die under the blood-stained banner of Liberty? You, who say that you are treated wrong—are you willing to fight for your rights? Are you willing to pit yourselves—a miserable horde of undisciplined, disunited and cowardly men—against an army of battle-scarred heroes? No; I am certain you are not. Then are you willing and are you able to prepare ships and sail in a body to the sultry shores of Africa where you imagine that you will sit in the shade of the banana and

feast on figs and oranges throughout the rolling ages of time? No, you are not willing, as a race, to go to Africa, and I believe you could not do so very well, even if you so desired. Furthermore, if you did go, you would not make your condition any better; for such transportation was shown to be based upon wrong principles.

Then, what are you going to do? Let me tell you one thing, Mr. Black Man. If you feel that you are terribly wronged by Mr. White Man and that you are unable or unwilling to fight him on his own ground or to run away from him and hide in the jungles of Africa; then take a fool's advice and shut up so much talk. I am surely tired of this whining and crying and pouting and puckering about the white man's treatment of the Negro. You cannot pick up a Negro newspaper without seeing it filled with criticisms and abuses of the white man s treatment of some trifling Negro that, perhaps, is not worth the type it takes to write him up. Black men, have you not yet learned the make-up of the white man? Do you take him for a paper-man that is going

to be blown off the wall of social sentiment by a few weak puffs of Negro criticism? You are simply fighting the air; playing the child, and making a powerful enemy—that's all you are doing! You undertake to write up a lynching in your strongest words of disapproval, and before you run it through the press another Negro is dangling from a limb. You abuse the government to-day for not appointing a Negro official, and to-morrow a present Negro incumbent is dumped out into the cold air. You hold your conventions and draw up long resolutions, and before your work is made known to the public, the white man has done the very thing you have asked him not to do. In a word, your method is too light and flimsy and child-like. Our race must rise up like one man and do something, and quit talking bosh and expect the white man to listen and obey. Now, remember, you who believe that you are so greatly maltreated by the white man, ought to do one of three things: either fight like the devil, run like the wind, or shut up and take it like a dummy. Why, I remember when I was a boy, I delighted to tease some of my play-

mates just to hear them sob and see the tears roll down their little dirty faces; and then, afterwards, I would soothe them down and leave them smiling like the sunshine between the showers. Just so with the white man; he does many things to the Negro to hear him whine and to see what the North and Europe are going to do about it.

But, my Brother in Black, I do not and can not believe that the Southern white man hates the Negro and wants to trample him under foot, and that he stands ready with rifle in hand to shoot him down as he rises. I do not believe it, first, because there is nothing that prevents him from cutting down the Negro, root and branch, if he wanted to; secondly, it is my honest opinion that the treatment of the Negro is either directly or indirectly due to his own disposition and behavior; and, thirdly, I have too much confidence in the justice of the better classes of the Southern whites to suppose that they actually intend to destroy the blacks or to keep them down forever. Therefore, I propose neither to fight, run, cry or stand mute; and I cordially invite both white men and black men to join me in this matter,

and let us look at the situation as becoming men of reason and justice. I intend, fellow-citizens, to apply to my race that rule which I, or any other man of common sense, should use in the ordinary transactions of life. A race is only a large collection of individuals, and what is good for an individual is good for a race, and what is bad for an individual is bad for a race. Consequently, whatever plan I shall put forth as a remedy for all past wrongs, shall be what Reason and Right dictate to me as suitable for myself in my individual capacity; and, furthermore, it shall be what I honestly believe to be right. For, I am not writing upon this subject for fun or for a name; but I am writing my own thoughts and feelings in my own language, every word of which I heartily endorse. And, therefore, be it understood that I mean every word I say and I say only what I mean. But, before I leave this present chapter, I will say that we do need to do something for the betterment of our condition and for the welfare of our country. I lay down this proposition because some casual observer may suppose that we are improving day by day, and that time will work

a miracle and all of a sudden we shall wake up one of these fine spring mornings and find ourselves in the possession of all the rights and privileges we desire.

It is true that we are improving along certain lines; but it is equally as true that we are exactly in the same place we were thirty years ago, with reference to a harmonious settlement and a peaceful understanding of the true relations between the two races and how they both are to work out their destinies together on the same territory. We are improving in book-learning and property-getting; but we are neither on the road to a distinct nationality or on that which leads to a friendly intermixture with the white race. Hence, we must do something; and what we do, let us do quickly. Wise men have already made suggestions and have set forth several plans for the solution of this problem; but somehow or other, the results arrived at have never yet satisfied the conditions. And hence our great race-problem is yet unsolved.

But, fellow-citizens, the time is at hand; the opportunity is ripe, and we must strike now, or never. We should know no discouragement,

stop for no obstacle, and be baffled by no impediment. We are wiser to-day than we have ever been before; we have more friends than we are aware of, and, besides, "there is a just God who will fight our battles for us." There is, indeed, a great change soon to take place among the nations of the earth. Humanity is gradually but surely learning to recognize and to be governed by the grandest of all principles; namely, that "all men are created equal," and, therefore, entitled to certain inalienable rights with which no one should interfere. Men are also beginning to realize how sad a thing it is to confine free thought in old ruts, to limit the ambitious aspirations of the human soul and say unto any man, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." To-day, woman has more rights than she has ever had before; capital is beginning to recognize labor as never before in the history of the ages; men are growing more united and brotherly; and, now, there are more International Congresses called and a greater number of Inter-Racial Expositions held than were ever called or held throughout all the ages that have rolled by.

Lastly, Truth is shining with a brighter light; Justice is spreading her wings over greater space; Liberty is perched on higher summits, and God is filling all the dark corners of the earth.

CHAPTER IX.

WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION.

Summing up briefly what has been said in the foregoing chapters, it is found that all men, as they come fresh and unadulterated from the hands of God, are equal; that, by different incidents and through various degrees of application of their natural powers, some portions of humanity excel some other portions; that the Caucasian race is to-day at the top of the world, and that the Negro is at or near the foot of the world, as a result of his own lack of those elements which a people must have in order to rise up and become a great nation.

These propositions, I assume, have already been morally demonstrated, and upon them as a foundation, I shall now construct my scheme for the betterment of the condition of my race. Now, in addition to the above, it has been seen, also, that others who were far better informed than I am, have suggested certain remedies whereby the Negro might improve and become a great nation. Here, indeed, it is fitting that before I set forth the plan I have in view, I first show you why these preceding plans have all failed—which thing I have already incidentally shown in part; and, then, you may be the better judges as to the merit or demerit of the plan I advance. You will take notice that every method hitherto adopted or advised, whose object was to improve the Negro's condition, has resorted to a change in some external state, surroundings or influences, and has never concerned itself with any change in the internal status of this race. It is, perhaps, safe to say that these methods have been set forth, because the promoters thereof did not see, or did not attach any importance to, the fact that the black man himself has always been and still is the source and fountain of his

past and present dependent conditions. Hence, they did not deem it wise or necessary to suggest any improvement of the Negro himself, and then, afterwards, turn their attention to the changing of those secondary circumstances which might have helped on but could not have caused the Negro's condition. Proceeding, therefore, with the belief that the colored man was without blemish, that he was treated wrong and that everything around him was unfavorable and adverse to his improvement, they very naturally and, with such premises, very logically, turned their attention altogether to what was external, trusting that, if all hindering circumstances were removed, he would then rise and fly as a bird on her wings. Now if the Negro himself had in possession those noble qualities I have heretofore referred to; then surely would a removal of all external opposition solve this great problem and our race would soon reach the topmost rounds. But the fact of the case shows that these qualities are lacking in our people; and, therefore, even if those schemes which were formulated, had been extensively put into action, they would never have effected a proper devel-

opment of our race and made it a nation. In a word, then, those past schemes have all failed, because they did not aim at the source of the disease; but were only directed toward a treatment of the symptoms and the outward conditions of that disease. And not only did these schemes fail because they were based upon wrong principles, as indicated above; but they also failed because they proceeded by improper methods. I mean to say that the promoters of these schemes stepped over the proper source of help for the Negro and applied to other sources at a greater distance which were less able to render the Negro the practical help he so much needed.

Thus, wrong in principle and faulty in practice, it is no wonder that those plans have all failed to accomplish that object for which they have been intended. In contradistinction, therefore, to all former methods, I declare unto you that the source and cause of the Negro's present state, are found in his own habits, qualities and disposition, and, with God's help, I intend to set forth the plan of his material redemption, erected upon this proposition as a

foundation. Furthermore, I declare unto you that, whereas the promoters of those schemes have applied to the wrong source for help to better the Negro's condition; be it known that I shall turn my attention to a source which is near at hand and from which I trust that my race shall receive such assistance as can never be obtained from any other source. With that foundation upon which I shall build and with this method by which I shall build and with the co-operation of my readers and friends and with the help of God, I trust we shall at last arrive at a satisfactory conclusion of this whole matter.

In this present chapter, I shall lay out my plan upon that foundation which I have suggested above, which plan shall consist in directing the Negro to cure his own defects and to work out his own temporal salvation. And I shall reserve for some succeeding chapter the discussion of that practical help which has heretofore been ignored and without which our best endeavors must fail. Fellow-countrymen, I am no physician, but comon-sense tells me that the proper way to cure a disease is, first, to begin at the origin of that disease and cor-

rect the trouble there; and then proceed to aid Nature in patching up other tissues which are indirectly affected. More particularly, if A's toothache is caused by an improper condition of the stomach, I would not pull the tooth; but I would first strive to get the stomach in a healthy condition and then, afterwards, to allay any resulting irritation remaining about the margin of the tooth. For, if I pull the tooth and let the stomach alone, the bad condition of that organ will cause another tooth to ache, and so I might be compelled to pull one tooth after another until A is completely toothless; and yet A's general health will be as bad as ever, because the source of the trouble has not yet been removed. Now, it may seem that the white man is treating the Negroes very badly in this country by keeping them out of profitable employment and clubbing and lynching one or two of them every now and then; it may seem that the Negro will never make a mark as a nation on the American soil, because of these discriminations against him, and it may seem then that the only thing the Negro can do, to make his condition better, is to migrate to some other coun-

try, get up into the air or sink down into the earth. But these seemings or appearances are only the aching of the tooth; the cause of all of which is located, not in the Negro's stomach, but in the Negro's mind, heart, soul and entire being. Therefore, black men, cure your toothache by pulling up the roots of your disease!

The first thing you must pull up, is the root of Disunion. You want to be united in every good cause from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from the Rio Grande to the St. Johns. There must be no traitor in your band, but every man and woman and every child that is old enough to twaddle and lisp, must understand the great purpose of the race and be willing to die in the accomplishment of that purpose. Our leaders must be sound men and the masses must follow their commands like soldiers on the field of battle. There must be no "Smart Alecks" in this business; no "Big I's" and "Little U's." There must be no secret hole in the general pocket of the race through which any portion of the public welfare shall flow into the selfish "grabbers" of those in whom any trust is placed. No private interest must conflict with or be greater than that of

the race's chiefest glory and highest power. That recreant wretch who dares to undermine or to oppose or withdraws from or fails to comply with, those rules which have been decided upon to govern your forces and to direct your energies, must be hurled from your midst, branded with the curse of Cain on his brow. Your plans must work with the precision and uniformity of a clock. Every spring and every wheel must throb and turn for the common end and for the common good. You must marshal your Beats, your Precincts, your Counties, your Districts and your States; put them in harness in perfect order; draw the reins; crack the whip, and shout for them to move on. You must put your thoughts together, your words together, your means together and your actions together, and march onward as one man. The entire race must be one army, ten millions strong, with its brave commander, its subdivisions, its regiments, its companies, its outposts, its heralds, its scouts, its provisions, its tents, its armory and its banner. It must not be an army of destruction and robbery and rapine and bloodshed; but it must be one solid

phalanx of peace and progress, bearing aloft the royal standard of Union and Liberty, and marching proudly onward to the goal of an honorable Nationality. The words, "with malice toward none and with charity for all," must be perched high up on your manly brows, and you must go forth conquering and to conquer the errors and the wrongs and the prejudices of the world. Such, my comrades, must be your resolve. Now, come with me to a more practical application of this great spirit of Union.

First, let me suggest that you organize a Grand Union League, spreading over every square inch of territory within the borders of the eleven Southern States, or, if preferable, of every State in the Union. Let this League be composed of subdivisions in every county and precinct of each State, and let one law and one purpose run through and govern the entire organization. Let the primary object of this League be, to examine into, discuss, improve and develop every worthy interest of your race; and also to examine into, discuss, discourage and remove every degrading custom to which your race has hitherto adhered.

The effect of this organization in every hamlet and community is to bring the plans and purposes of your leaders home to the very doors of each and every individual among you, so that he may know his part and be aroused toward the performance thereof. Every member of your race wants to be enthused with this spirit of union and progress, for God expects every man to do his duty; and you must demand that every one do his part in the erection of this Great Temple of Nationality.

Again, I advise you to unite on the celebration of some certain anniversary, at which time you shall gather yourselves together in local and national Festivals; exhibit the results of your knowledge and your skill and your progress; read papers prepared by your own hands; discuss questions bearing on your own welfare and on that of the country; offer prizes, scholarships and titles of honor to your brightest youths and scholars; receive, listen to and examine reports of the various conditions of your people; criticise and disapprove of the improper states and customs as revealed by such reports, and formulate plans for their correction and for additional progress; and, in

general, attend to any matter which shall increase the common interest in, and arouse an ambition for, greater and higher strides for wisdom and power. And among other appropriate days which you may select for this Grand Fete, please allow me to say that there is none more fitting, perhaps, than New Year's Day, the day on which our immortal Lincoln touched the pen that severed the shackles of bondage from our limbs, and enabled us to leap for joy and sing praises to God.

By these brief suggestions in reference to the great pillar of Union which you must set up in order to become a great people, I hope you may understand somewhat the nature of my plans on this head. I shall now proceed to tell you what else you must do to work out your own salvation.

Secondly, you must be a people of sound Integrity. You must learn to mean what you say and say only what you mean. You must not make fair promises and have no intention of fulfilling them. You must not enter into obligations, simply because you are asked and without any means or inclination to perform them. You must look any man, white or

black, in the eye and tell him exactly what you propose to do; and, after you have expressed your intentions, let no one dissuade you from executing them. Let your naked word be your sealed bond. You must haul off your young men from around the dirty saloons and gambling hells and houses of prostitution; and gather them on the farms, in the schools, in the business houses, or in the apprentice-shops. You must teach them to appreciate and to practice a high sense of honor which will lift them above the low and beastly habits that so many of them now enjoy. You must demolish your bawdy-houses, or at least reduce them to such narrow limits that they will not remain the sore-spots of your people and swallow up the souls and bodies of so many brilliant young men and women among you. You must throw safe-guards around your women, and thus prevent them from yielding to the lustful solicitations of degraded men, and especially white men who may debauch your tender maidens but are not allowed by the law to redeem them, nor would they be so inclined if the laws were otherwise. Besides, your women must practice and esteem virtue as a pearl

more to be desired than rubies; and they must train themselves to repel the repeated sallies made upon their outposts by ruthless hands with intent to demolish their precious Temple of Chastity and drag them down to hell. You must purge your churches from whitewashed hypocrisy and deception, and instil in them the genuine piety of a practical religion which will make them better men and women, and cause them to become more reliable and useful citizens. In short, you must be virtuous, true, genuine, noble and reliable, and, above, all, trust God and do your whole duty.

In the third place, it is necessary that you acquire Wisdom. You must, therefore, crowd the Public Schools, the High Schools, the Colleges and the Universities; you must understand the scientific and literary professions; you must learn all of the useful trades and the various kinds of skilled labor; you must, in general, know and master all books, all nature and all men, and, supposing the white race to have suddenly lost its craft, you must be able, alone, to manage and control the machinery of the civilized world, with despatch, with smoothness and with success.

And not only must you possess all knowledge; but you must also learn to use it to the best advantage and for the highest ends. You must be economical, and must direct every resource into some profitable and beneficial channel. You must acquire and control property of all kinds, such as real estate, railroads, steamers, street-cars, mills, factories, cattle-ranches, fine-blooded stock, machine-shops, dairies, granaries, stores, drug-stores, tanneries, and, in a word, everything that is needed to supply the wants of a progressive people. You must quit your foolishness and go right down to hard thinking and deep planning and close business calculations. You must aid your white fellow-citizens to build up this country and help to make it one of the grandest sections of the world. I have told you before that this is properly the white man's country; but you must make it partly your own, not by talking about it or by resting your claims upon the constitution or upon your tool-like labor of the days of slavery, but by actually aiding to build it up and improve it as freemen and as citizens.

You must also study political economy and the science of government, and become wise and useful statesmen and publicists. You must be able to grapple with and solve all public questions, in the pulpit, on the platform and through the press and the literature of the day. The white man and your country need your services, and they will demand them if they are only found to be useful and worthy of recognition. Fear not; Wisdom is always sought for and she will never want bread. The time will soon come when Black Wisdom will be in as great a demand as White Wisdom. For, the brain and pocket of the world are getting too wise and too broad and too deep to cavil at the mere accidents of color and previous condition. And, now, I shall suggest some few means by which you may gain wisdom, in addition to your present opportunities; and, also, how you may increase your wealth by the exercise of your wisdom.

First, I shall be glad to see established in the metropolis of each county of the South, a large hall which shall be set apart for a Reading-room, Library and general Literary, Scientific and Art Departments, where our youths

of both sexes may pass their leisure hours in reading useful books, discussing public questions, cultivating refined tastes, pursuing special courses and developing their mental powers for the benefit of themselves and to the honor of their race.

Next, I want to see reared up a gigantic Negro University, situated at some central locality, salubrious and befitting. I want it built of the most durable material, with halls and rooms and departments, of exquisite workmanship and stupendous grandeur. Its ground must occupy a thousand acres and the turrets of its vast buildings must shoot up high toward Heaven. Every species of knowledge and practice known to the civilized world, must be taught within its walls. A young man or woman graduating from its courses must be able to earn an honorable livelihood by at least a half-dozen different methods; and more than that, they must go forth from this wonderful institution with sound principles of manhood and womanhood drilled into their innermost souls. These noble and skilled graduates must be the sparkling streams flowing through the land, making glad the waste

places of our continent. Every county and every city must be represented in this University by its brightest and most promising youths. This institution must not be denominational or sectarian or sectional, or, necessarily racial. All races, all communities all churches, all societies, all states and all countries must contribute to the support of this grand Machinery of Improvement. The South will help you, the North will help you, England will help you, Europe will help you, all Heathendom will help you and the Kingdom of Heaven will help you, and, thus, you cannot fail to make it one of the grandest and most glorious means to elevate your race, to improve mankind and to glorify God. Here, let me suggest that you make the Tuskegee Normal School a nucleus around and over which may eventually flourish such giant institutition as I here set forth. I only throw out this hint for what it is worth; your general views must prevail.

Your wealth will also be increased by your practical wisdom; for, then, your business talents will be trained and keen to take advantage of all your surrounding opportunities. You

will marshal your several means together by your spirit of Union and by the aid of your practical wisdom, you will have sufficient foresight to enable you to direct those means to the best advantage.

Right here, I will say that Firms, Corporations and Joint-Stock Companies are destined, in the near future, to bring untold wealth to the Negro Race. The Ocala Commercial and Bazar Company, of Ocala, Florida, owned, controlled and managed exclusively by Negroes, are doing much to demonstrate the Negro's ability in a business line; the Mississippi Loan and Buildng Association, of Natchez, Mississippi, is another instance of the same nature; and the Transportation Company, of Washington, D. C., is still another, and there are yet others scattered all over our Southland of equal, if not greater, importance, and teaching the same lesson. And, furthermore, I understand that a company has been recently formed in Jacksonville, Florida, whose purpose is to print and publish a daily paper styled, "The Daily American." This is, indeed, a worthy step and I wish it a glorious success. Therefore, join your forces together and take hold of

all enterprises of profit that are open to your thrift and sagacity.

Finally, forget not that Wisdom which cometh down from God and which is able to fit you not only for the discharge of your temporal duties; but will also prepare you for the reception and enjoyment of those spiritual glories which await you in the Great Eternity beyond the grave.

Fourthly, you must acquire and develop true Courage. Fear no creature except God Almighty. Do not imagine that rowdyism and bulldozing and fighting among yourselves and wife-beating and a six-shooter in your hip-pocket and a razor-blade in your stockings and loud cursing on the street corners, are any signs of courage; they are rather signs of ignorance, degradation and cowardice. Be quiet, be kind, be polite and be on the side of justice; but flinch from no man, white or black, if your rights or your honor or your virtue is at stake. Do not satisfy yourselves with mere physical courage, but aim at that high species of courage which will enable you to say and do and die for the right, under any and all circumstances. Train up your children to admire and

practice true Courage. Never intimidate them; never give them cause for fear; teach them that there is no such thing as fear. Train them never to fear a problem in algebra, or a hard task, or a giant undertaking of any kind. Teach them to rise above all opposition, to surmount all obstacles, to subdue their passions, to conquer their enemies and to develop wills of iron. Learn to be devoted to your race, patriotic toward your country, true to every trust, faithful to your God and fear not even the Black Shades of Death. If you do these things, your great nightmare of a race-problem will melt into the air like Hamlet's Ghost before the coming Morn of Courage and Manhood.

Lastly, you must possess Ambition. Do not satisfy yourselves with low positions or with small things; but work hard and aim high. I do not mean by this that you are to expect high places, and, at the same time, do nothing which will give you a right to them; but I mean your ideals should be grand and lofty, and then you must cease not, neither grow weary, until you reach your ideals or at least have gone as near to them as is possible for human power. Am-

bition will cause you to build beautiful homes instead of log-huts; ambition will cause you to drive a carriage instead of jolting along in an ox-wagon; ambition will cause you to excel in scholarship, excel in the arts, excel in skilled labor, excel in everything. No man with a high and noble ambition will long plod down the valleys and gulleys of this life; he will never rest until he inhale the exhilerating puffs of the mountain air. You cannot rise above your ambition any more than water can rise above its level. Therefore, be always sure that your ambition is high enough, and then it is oftener that you will reach it than it is that you will go half so high without any ambition at all. Now it seems that you are satisfied with the cook-pot, the wash-tub, the shaving-mug, the white apron, the soda-water stand and the ice-cream parlor; and you will never rise a step higher if Ambition lends you no spur to ride onward or no wing to soar upward.

You must not disdain manual labor; and I hereby teach no such foolish doctrine. For there is nothing more honorable than the horny-hand and the sunburnt cheek, if the one is hardened and the other is bronzed by the

wear and tear of honest toil. I mean, however, that you, as a race, must not content yourselves with giving to the world nought save your muscle and your obedience; you must contribute as well your brain and also learn to command, to direct and to control. Do not cherish any vain hope that you will ever become a nation by developing only your lower natures; you must ascertain for yourselves and demonstrate to others, what are your higher natures, and also their powers and capacities. The ambition of the Red Man is to shoot a perfect shaft, to brandish his glittering steel and to wave, in savage delight, a thousand dripping scalps; and thus will he ever be until his god of ambition is perched upon higher and nobler summits. Your ambition, in the dark days of bondage, extended, perhaps, no higher than a desire to be first in filling your cotton-sacks, or to excel a brother with the hoe or the axe, or to win the best graces of your tyrannical masters; later on, your ambition was to own a few acres and a cottage thereon which you might call your home and within which you might feel like men; now, let your swift-winged Ambition scale the snow-white caps of

the mountains and let it not be overshadowed by the towering glory of any nation beneath God's shining sun.

Thus, Fellow-Citizens, if you acquire, assimilate and practice those five principles which I have urged, you will certainly gain Wealth, Power and Influence; and then will the great question concerning your status and position in the world be settled once for all, and you will take your place of equal rank among the galaxy of Nations. How are you to acquire these principles? You yourselves must make the acquisition. This is exclusively your own special work. Others may advise, aid and encourage you; but I am certain that this is your own individual task. No man or race can unite you; no one can give you integrity; no one can fill you with wisdom; no earthly being can make you brave and none can infuse ambitious blood within your veins. There is no use for you to criticise and abuse the white man of the South; there is no use for you to gaze upon the North Star; there is no use for you to chant dirges to Albion's chalky cliffs; there is no use for you to roll your eye-balls toward the blue of Heaven;—nothing, nothing

will save you except your own efforts and the help of God. You, my brothers, must do something and stop talking trash. You might plan and talk and write about your condition until the firmament shall roll together as a scroll; but, except you put your plans into execution and your words into substantial realities, you will never achieve anything greater than disgust, disrespect and the lack of recognition from those who set the sail and turn the helm of the world. You must work out your destiny just as if you were alone on the American Continent; you must use the same powers, make the same efforts and be spurred by the same ambition. If you throw up your hands in despair and say "It is impossible!" the "die will be cast" and your doom will be sealed, and the dashing billows of the Ocean of Life will roll on bravely over your heads.

Are you equal to the situation? Will you suffer yourselves to be drifted like sea-weeds on the moving waters; or will you, like human beings with brains and hearts and blood, burst through the thin film of adverse circumstances and plunge into the wholesome atmosphere of the Great Beyond? Surely, you will be men.

If so, bury the past with its doubts and fears and mistakes, and turn about and face yourselves toward a new era, a new dispensation and a New South. Solve your own problem by curing your own defects, is the only true remedy adapted to your case. This remedy can never fail; because it is founded upon principles which are as firm as the rock-ribbed mountains and as everlasting as the ceaseless Ages of Eternity In the succeeding chapters, I will show you the proper source to which you must apply for co-operation; the attitude in which you must present yourselves, and some practical hints which will serve somewhat as the machinery which is to help you evolve the foregoing principles and thus work out your own Temporal Salvation.

CHAPTER X.

THE SWORD OF JUSTICE.

Reader! A scene is thrown open before mine eyes. I see a tall, well-dressed white man. He wears a long moustache, fine gold chain and polished boots. He bears his head proudly, and his general demeanor betokens a high sense of honor, haughty sensitiveness and manly courage. He is seated on a plush arm-chair, and he is calmly puffing a sweet-scented Havana between his lips. His brow is slightly contracted as if some relic of the past rises up before his mind and gives occasion for a deep reflection, mingled somewhat with keen remorse. The room in which he is thus seated, has all the accoutrements and furnishings of ease and comfort, without regard to expense; and, from all of the indications of face, form and style of the man and his apartments, we, instinctively, feel that the individual before us is none other than a high-bred Southern

gentleman of the present generation. There is a low knock at the door; but so deeply is he wrapped in somber thought that he fails to catch the least sound, not even the monotonous tick-tock of the venerable heirloom above his head. Again, the same faint knock is heard at the door, and still there is no response from within. For the third time, that knock is repeated; now louder and with greater force than before. At this sound, our friend suddenly starts, as if aroused out of a dream. He quickly steps to the door, and, in doing so, displays a graceful and manly form, which at once stamps him as a man of great physical strength and activity as well as one of determination and courage. He carelessly throws open the door and invites the intruder in, while he himself resumes his former position in the reclining comforter.

The new-comer is a full black Negro. He advances half way across the room and there he stops and stands, firm and erect. He is tall and nobly built; his broad chest heaves as if moved with feelings strong and deep; his eyes are round, full and expressive of unusual intelligence; his

hair is neatly brushed; his face is smoothly shaven, but fittingly adorned with thick-growing side-whiskers. He is nicely attired in suit of black, and, in his left hand, he holds a dark-colored "Stetson," while his right is placed on the silver head of a large orange cane upon which he gracefully leans. For quite awhile, the two men, in their several positions, eye each other without a word to break the silence. It is plain that they have met before; they know each other; they have transacted business together; they have had their differences; they have quarreled, and it is now all of these things that come rushing to their minds which prevent them from uttering one, solitary word. For, it is ever thus, that, when the mind is too full of grave thoughts, the organs of speech are slow and clumsy in action. Lovers court deepest when their tongues are locked and they look into each other's eyes and feel the throbbings of each other's hearts. The hero, struggling to save life from the mad waves, is silent as the stars that twinkle at night; and the blushing maiden, whose bosom is surging with a hidden battle between passion and honor, is silent as the

tomb until the battle is ended and the victory won. At length, the stillness is broken. After a low bow and most courteous words of introduction which would do honor to Lord Chesterfield himself, the Negro straightens himself up and delivers the following address to his silent but attentive host:

"Most noble sir, to thee I herewith present myself; both such as I am and such as I hope to be. No one better than thyself knows my past history, and no one better than thou knowest what I am to-day. Once a degraded slave at thy feet, thou alone knowest to what low depths I can descend, and what terrible sufferings I am able to endure; and, yet, how faithful I have been to thy beck and call. Having been made a free man by means of the cannon's roar, the saber's flash and the flow of brothers' blood, I have still remained thy man-servant, cultivating thy broad acres, building thy winding roads, serving around thy tables and thy firesides, and used by thee in every time of need. Having, from infancy, been accustomed to thy whips and thy scorns and thy ruthless hand of oppression, and my heart having naturally been opened toward thy colder-

natured brother of the North, by whose blood my freedom was sealed forever, I cherished and obeyed and loved the man of the North, while I feared and mistrusted and despised thee. Thou, having first beheld me as an ignorant heathen from the Dark Continent of Ethiopia, and having since placed thy foot upon my neck and taken from me every right that a righteous God hath given us both, hast always trained thyself to ignore, despise and abuse me and still dost continue so to do. This day, I do confess that my past condition was chiefly due to my own unworthiness; for I verily believe that, if I had shown courage and a keen sense of honor, and a high-minded and manly spirit, thou wouldst not, at first, have put my neck under the yoke of bondage, nor wouldst thou have since debarred me from places of honor and treated me as thou hast done.

"Most Honored Sir, I know that my folly and weakness and cowardice of the past were most disgusting in thy sight, and that it was chiefly because of those qualities, and not because of that color which God hath given me, that caused thee to ignore me as thou wast wont to

do. For, I realize how degrading and unmanly must such qualities as I possessed, be in the estimate of one who is truly brave and high-spirited. But, while thou hast had occasion to disregard my abilities, to ignore my merit and to use my triflingness for thine own glory; yet I beg thee to remember that, man, though made in God's image, may, by certain petty errors of his and by certain untoward circumstances, be dragged down to the very gates of Hell and his manhood be changed into straw and trash. Remember, further, that thy hand of oppression was far too severe for the unworthiness of this, thine humble servant;—thou didst cause my eyes to rain showers of tears, my heart to sink back within me in dreadful despair and my blood to burst through my skin like water through the clouds. And yet, through all this, what harm have I ever done thee? Have I ever set fire to thy dwellings? Have I ever cleft the skulls of thy crowing babes? Have I ever slain thee unawares in the pitch of night, or from behind the wayside rock or the darkened thicket? Have I ever poisoned thy sparkling drink or in thy choicest viands mixed Hebenon's fluid of death? Think, O, think,

most noble man, what fitting chance I have had, in role of slave, to put the cold dagger to thy white throat or set thy gilded mansions with furious flame! What creature else beside my present self would bear, and bear, and bear, and still do bear, the pangs of thy poisoned darts? Think! Am I not a man? Is not the breath of God within my ebony frame? Shall I not live with thee throughout the ages of eternity, and shall we not at last be both immortal spirits, of color none, and powers equal, both as one? What matters it what color I, or what color thou; since both are stinking clay, and soon must soar to worlds above or sink to hell below? Alas! how weak wast thou, how foolish, and, to me, how cruel! Dost thou not feel the dint of pity? Hast thou no pang of sad remorse? Man! who keeps thy conscience? Is thy conscience clear? Dost thou know Christ? What doth He think of thee? Stop, Adam's son, recall thyself while life holds out to burn, and while thou yet hast chance to change thyself and make thy future grand! Come, white man, come! Thou, most fortunate Limb of Adam! We

both have done our wrongs. I well have paid for mine; now, come and pay thy dues.

"Last night, whilst slumber deep possessed my soul, a dream—a horrid dream did through my spirit fly. My crooked hair did stand as straight as thine, and cold, death-like sweat did fall from off my skin as rain-drops from a roof. Methought thine own fair self and I stood near the bar of God; but not as we now seem. We both were black as the lowest pits of hell and felt as low and mean. The book of God was ope; its pages bright as gold. But on those glittering pages our names could not be found. The book of the damned was there, as black as our faces were then, and in that book our names were first in line. Then a High Angel began to read our deeds aloud, beginning first with thine. Thou wast accused of treating thy brother wrong and using ill the good that God hath giv'n to thee. Thou wast compelled to count in full every stroke of lash that e'er did fall upon my naked skin; every drop of blood that thou hast drawn from my bursting veins; every red-hot ball of lead thou e'er didst frizzing hurl through my soft flesh; every pang of death thy rope, at dead of night,

around my throat did cause; every light from Wisdom's torch thou e'er didst shade from me; every honor which thou didst rob from me and give to one whose parts were less than mine; and every sin that's done by me and caused by thine unrighteous rule. The Angel then did draw his flaming sword, which well could cut both right and left, and flourished it keen and fast about thy head. I drew back and held my breath; for, man! I felt for thee. I thought thy time had come and would thy haughty self be cut in twain and sent to lowest hell. But, when that sword did flash and graze thy flesh; thou droppedst upon thy knees and clasped thy hands upon thy breast, and cried, 'O, God, be kind! I see my sins like mountains 'tween us roll. O, spare me! spare me, now! O, sheathe that awful sword, and I, to-day, will start to right my hellish wrongs. Right here, on bended knee, with melting heart, I swear to thee I never again will draw a line 'twixt me and men that God hath made, because their face is black or red, or 'cause their hair is straight or wool. O, God, have mercy upon my soul and let no ill betide me now, and I will go down to earth and mete out right to all man-

kind.' With this, the sword was hid beneath the throne of God, and thou, then trembling wretch, arose and seemed as thou dost now. But from behind the throne a voice like thunder came and 'dressed itself to thee: 'White Man! That Sword of Justice which thou hast just now seen, is dangling still unseen above thy pate. If thou, with all thy power on earth, treat well thy brother, who is blacker than thou, but fair as thou in heart and soul; this sword will harm thee not, and thy great power will cover all the earth. But, if, on bended knee, thou gasp the lie and still wilt treat the Negro wrong; this sword will fall upon thy head, and cleave it half in two, and thy throne to dust shall crumble and thy wand to potter's clay—and others will take thy lands and gold and name.'

"And, then, this Great Spirit addressing me, did say, 'Man, did not the Just and Holy One create thee, thy brother's equal? How is it, then, that thou hast fallen so low and weak, and hast let him treat thee thus? What hast thou done with thy gifts? Didst thou throw them away or bury them 'neath the sand? Dost thou thus prank with God, and mock His

precious hand? Art thou fool to think thy brother alone hath sinned, and thou go free? If so, thou far art wrong, and soon shalt see.' When this was said, the Sword of Justice hung low above my head and flashed like light between the clouds. My heart did cease to beat within my breast and my hot blood did freeze within my veins. I sank upon my quaking knees and o'er my heart I clasped my hands and thought my time had come.

"Again, the Angel spoke such words as these: 'Man, once less than man, for slave and tool thou wast. Hear now thy doom. Thou hast thrown away thy noble self that God hath given to thee; thou hast buried thy gilded gifts beneath the earth; thou hast stained thy brow with cowardice and mad'st all worse by casting blame 'pon him who used thee as thou mad'st thyself. Now, indeed, thy chance is fair; improve it well and make thyself a man, from the germ that's wrought in thee. Only show thyself a man with noble parts and then all men will treat thee well. But, mark thou this! If thou do as I bid thee, a great glory awaits thee and thou shalt wear Palms of Victory and a Crown of Life; but, if

thou return to thy wallow and mend not thy way nor use thy talents nor make thyself a man, this terrible sword shall fall on thee and cleave thy skull in twain and thy whole race shall be meat for feathered birds, and what goods thou hast shall be given to him who rules thee now! What sayest thou?'

"Aroused by these burning words that I can ne'er forget, I raised my head and said these things: 'Most Holy One, this day I swear to thee that, ever hence from now, I'll be a man and live!' 'Well done,' said he; 'now stand upon thy feet and, with thy brother, go!' With this I woke, and the sun did shine upon my face and my heart was beating loud and fast, and I was glad I lived.

"White man, I come to thee to tell thee that I'm now a man, the same as thou. Ere this, I've made mistakes and spoke hard things of thee; but since I found I sinned as well as thou, I lay no blame pon thee. We both are on one land and breathe the self-same air; hence, must we be each other's friend and treat each other fair. I'll do full duty to self, my country and my God, and thou must do the same. I know, as yet, I've nothing done to

give me right on common terms with thee; but, as we both have sinned, we now must hide the past and henceforth change anew. I pledge to thee that I will be a man and nearest friend of thine, and thou must pledge to me that thou wilt treat me fair and hold no right from me. For common good, we both must join our hands, our heads, our hearts, our souls, our all. As I rise up in manhood's way, swing wide thy gilded doors and bid me, 'Come!' In the spirit-world, we both have seen, there is no line 'twixt men; then let the thing be done on earth as 'tis in Heaven above. Now, well it's mete, within thy walls, that we should know each other well. This mattered not while I was but a thing; now, I'm, in truth, a man and we can both strike hands and do that which is right. Our comrades watch us both; our vow is down in Heaven; the Sword of Justice hangs o'er our heads and Angel's hand is on its hilt. It is written in the Book of Heaven, that I must be a man and thou must treat me so! What wilt thou do?"

These words are spoken with a brave and noble ring and th' impassioned eloquence

native to the speaker's race shines forth in word and mien. The sturdy black steps back apace, and, leaning gently upon his carved cane, with embroidered linen, wipes the perspiration from his anxious brow and calmly awaits his reply. For a moment, all is silent as the grave. No one dares to stir a limb or utter a word or make a sound. The cooling zephyr steals quietly through the opened lattice and waves the white man's locks and fans the Negro's cheeks. The very air seems pregnant with something strange to hap. All Nature and Art seem standing about as witnesses of this solemn scene. The awful presence of an invisible spirit spreads over the picture its irresistible and Divine impress. Both men, deep down in their hearts, experience a common sensation and instinctively feel that they both are men and equal. The Negro, flushed with the heat of speech, and anxious for the white man's reply, feels that this is now his last resort, and, if this fails, friendship's peace and brother's love will sink to rise no more. The white man, impressed by those burning words and by the thought of that dangling sword above, and moved by that

noble spirit which lies deep within his soul, but is oft o'ercast with film of self and greed, still sits in silence and brooding o'er his thoughts—but now he moves! Upon the desk hard by, he lays his smoking weed. He stands upon his feet and takes a rapid stride to where the Negro stands. Here, erect, with mien of courtly knight and bearing proud and brave, the white man stands, with folded arms across his breast, and deep and burning eyes.

He speaks! The words are these: "My sable Limb! All hail to thee! God made me as I am. Begotten into the world by haughty sire, taught ne'er to bend the knee; I never have taught myself to brook an equal race. From youth, I stood above my play-fellows as the pine above the shrub; in manhood, my ambition rose so high that I thought to rule the world. I, therefore, dug deep into sciences hard and dry; I studied man in all his curious forms; I knew my power and craft and used them to my end. I soared so high that I cared for no man's pride; nor did I regard his thoughts, nor did I fear his will. Him, who dared t' oppose my rising might, I struck down with my sword; him, who was down by Na-

ture's meager gifts or rough-hewn chance and lot, I changed to thing and tool and used him for myself. By hap, I found thyself, not then as thou art now; but a jabbering, ignorant thing, and low and rude and black. At first, methought that surely thou wast no man; for how could God create my equal such as thou? In truth, I did not stop to think. Suffice it that thou then couldst do me good. I took thee to myself and found thee pliant as the vine and humble as the ox. Thou didst not rear thyself up and show me what thou wast; but, judging from thy looks, I thought it well for all that I should use for good what was not used at all. I used thee hard and rough, to this I must confess—e'en now I feel remorse for what I did to thee—but, yet, 'twas need that I used thee thus to hold my grasp on thee. For well I knew that if thou hadst learned my sense and caught my craft, and if that grain of spirit beneath that timid mien of thine had grown and thrived, I could not then have held thee down whit more than that yon Mount of Rock and crush it into dust. Thou spok'st of my Brother of the North that sprang from my father's loins, and same as I. We quarreled

and fought like devils, and all 'bout thee; for thou, indeed, wast deepest cause. From smoke of battle and din of war, thou gainedst thy freedom as thou hast said. Thou, poor ignorant fool, didst think that my brother did love thee so; because he sang so sweet of Liberty and her precious stores. But, mark you, now, he ne'er could stand to feel thy touch or hold thee his equal more than I. Yet, I blame thee not for thy love for him and do not wish it fade. This same my brother did make thee man-at-law, when thou wast but a child—nay, worse than that, when thou wast but a thing! He well did know that thou wouldst ne'er go North and thus be cast upon his hand, and, so, he dumped upon my head thyself, and bade me bear the load. I tell you, man, this daggered me. What! make my slave, my lord! E'en while he sit in Northern clime and then dictate to me? Before God! I never would have it so. With cloud of defeat upon my brow, ground by the cursed law of my native land, and still harassed by the sickly, white-washed hand of Northern charity for thee; I wreaked my vengeance full upon thy head and swore to God I never would live to see the day

when thou wouldst rule o'er me. I meant it, then, and still do mean it now. For, by the heavens that curve us o'er and by the stars that shine, I tell thee now no man shall rule my race. But, more than angered by Fortune's frowning face, I was well disgusted too with thee. Thou wast so ignorant, so timid, so trifling and so low; and yet thou darest to hold thyself 'gainst me. And, worse than this; thou joinedst thy puny arm with my brother's stronger one and both ye tried to crush me down. Thou never yet didst claim me for a friend; thou never yet didst place thy trust in me. Thou lookedst straight toward the North for thy help, and e'en now hast been across the waves to sing thy tune and 'buse my name before the world. What hast thou yet received? What canst thou e'er expect? What man can save thee, if I am bent on thy destruction? Who dares to come within my lines and teach me what to do concerning thee, or dares to make me bow to thee and call thee lord and king? Hadst thou been glad to put thy trust in me and gain a share of my best grace, I would have proved the staunchest friend of all, and one more strong to give thee aid, because

I am near at hand and know full well thy need. But, now, behold thyself! Thou lookest well and holdest thyself erect. Thou sayest that thou art now a man; that thou hast thought and dreamed and dreamed and thought until thou feelest thyself a man. Thou comest to me, within my hall and upon my land, and sayest that thou hast seen thine error and hast put aside thy folly and now wishest to be treated as a man. Politely hast thou rapped at my door and hast behaved thyself so well, both in my sight and in my spacious rooms. I myself have newly thought that thou dost own some glittering parts which I do well admire, and I stood ready that if the time should come when thou'dst be true and brave and comest to me in reason and in right, I would give ear to thee and do that which is best. But speak, man, and tell me in words more plain, what is it now thou seekest?"

"My lord," the black man said, "I know I've been far down and here can show no proof of any great worth within me; but certain I am that now I'm true and brave and fair, and sure will do my part within thy halls. I admit that all these broad estates are thine by right of

thine own finding and construction. Therefore, forgetting the terrible past, and coming to thee as some new suppliant, I crave admission into thine estates that I may share in time a right with thee by labor and by thought. I do not look just now for thine own choicest gifts, as I have not yet shown my best and choicest worth. I ask thee not to grant me the reins of thy government or let me share in thy best and paying stations. I only ask that thou shalt ope to me such doors to thine apartments as my present worth doth seem prepared to fill; and that, in future times, thou bid me welcome to such place and power as well befit my future skill. I'm willing to toil and wait as others have done before me; and all I ask of thee is not to place thick walls across my path, but give me all the chance thou givest to others and what thyself enjoyest. I do not crave to dine or sleep with thee or sit with thee in social chat and mirth. I do not crave to ride with thee, or send my child with thine to school, or sit with thee in pew, and praise our common God. But, in matters of business, trade and state—in right, I ask thee know no man; draw no lines; but give each man his due.

Surely, thou, with all thy power, art not afraid of worm like me. I never can and never will control thy lands, and wish it not if I could. I want the share my parts deserve, and that which justice clearly gives. I believe thy state is broad enough for Jew and Greek, for White and Black; and, while our God ruleth o'er us all, and Freedom's flag waves proud and true, we all may find on common soil the home of the brave and the land of the free. 'Tis these I ask and nothing more; and these I hope thou'lt grant."

The white man, now. face flushed with heat and pride, full-tuned to noble deeds, breaks forth and says: "Well said, my sire; if thou'rt, in truth, a man, and deceiv'st me not, and humbly ask'st this precious boon which must [illegible] veet to thee and right for all concerned; [illegible]forth, and e'er, I open wide to thee such [illegible]s as I have and such for which thy powers [illegible]pe. As thou expand thyself and grow in wisdom's way, demand thy wants and I shall give it thee, if in my power and thou art worth the gift. From hence, fear not; naught save thyself will e'er retard thy steps, and thou'lt ne'er live to say that my hand has hurled thee

from any height thou darest to climb, or my body will e'er shade thee from any light thou lovest t'enjoy. All I ask of thee, cease thy chattering complaint of me; place thy trust in me; join me to build a state that is greater yet than this, and let us both together live in peace. Be true and firm and brave, and cast off thy former trifling self and be a man! Doubt me not; my word is firm as a rock. Henceforth, thou'lt find my arm as strong to save my friend as 'twas to strike for rights and honor bright."

"And, henceforth," says the noble black, "thou'lt find that I can dare and suffer more terrible things for him who offers me his friendly hand than e'er I could for him who once did hold his feet upon my neck."

"Well said, my man," the Southern brave replied; "now, come, and let us seal our friendship's bond by grasp of hands—a token faint of stronger bonds which this day join our hearts."

The Negro advances respectfully and, now, the two men meet in the center of the room and earnestly shake each other's hands, while, again, they renew their pledges to each other

and while the tears fall freely from eyes that are blue as well as from eyes that are black and while God, their Heavenly Father, looks over His Great White Throne upon earth, His footstool, and beholds this scene and allows His richest blessings to fall down upon the heads of both men and upon all their generations which are yet to come.

Then, suddenly, the scene passes from my eyes, as it were, a dream, and I awake out of my mid-day reverie and find that I am in the "Ancient City" of St. Augustine, Florida. I hear the deep groan of the sea and look out and watch the foaming breakers as they come rolling in to the shore, and I am thinking that these breakers are the generations of men, and as one generation would dash itself out of existence against the hoary Rocks of Time, another and still another, and, behind this last, another, would advance and meet the same fate of its predecessor and be lost for all Eternity! This is, indeed, a strange life, and, after all, if we can succeed in treating our brother right, in lifting up the fallen and oppressed, in making men better, and in serving a just God—it matters not when or where or how we fall, for fall we must!

CHAPTER XI.

COME, LET US REASON TOGETHER.

My Brother in Black, this book is not all theory and propositions and imaginations; for it is not my style to talk and do nothing in fact.

One of the grandest difficulties of our race, to-day, is, that we make good resolutions and draw up excellent plans and talk in our social gatherings and write in our circulating mediums; but have never yet come together like men who mean what they say and proceed with all our might to do something in reality. I mean the race, as a united people, have never yet put anything into action, whether good, bad or indifferent; and pushed it to its end. Are we satisfied with our condition? I have said elsewhere that we are not; I may be wrong, but I am either wrong or right. If I am wrong, then we must be satisfied, and if we are satisfied, then we are pretty fools to complain so much about our condition; if I am

right, then we are dissatisfied, and if we are dissatisfied, then we are also pretty fools to whine and whimper and not come out like men and state our case and plead our cause. We are fighting the air; and, thus far, we have made no case before the public. Nobody knows what we want; for it seems that some of us want a certain thing; some of us want another and others of us want nothing at all.

Some of us say, "We ought to go to Africa." Others say, "To hell with Africa! Let us live and die in the South." Some others say, "We ought to have a pretty little State, all to ourselves." Others say, "To the devil with such a plan! For, where there are no white folks, we would cut up and shoot down each other like mad-men." And, besides these conflicting classes, the great majority say nothing and pay no attention to public questions; but plod right on like the mule they plow or the ox they turn out to grass.

Now, to-day, I sound a trump loud enough to be heard all over the South—nay, all over the Union, and I stop you, black people, on the high-ways; in the cotton-fields; on the trains; in the school room; in the pulpit; around the

saloon-corners; in the white man's kitchen; and, in short, wherever you are—I stop you, call you back and ask you, "What do you want?"

Now, before you answer, every man, woman and child of you, must agree on the same thing and for Heaven's sake, mean what you say and die by what you mean. The answer comes at once from about ten million throats, "We want the white man of this country to give us the same opportunity to improve as he himself possesses, and not to debar us from a single position for which we are truly competent."

Again I raise the trump and these words peal forth: "Do you mean what you say, or, is it only imagination?" The answer comes again from the same source as before, "We mean what we say."

For the third time, I blast out, "If you mean what you say, what are you going to do about it?" Once more the answer comes, "We do not know exactly what to do."

For the fourth time, I raise the trump and ask, "If a good plan is found, will the last one of you stick to it and die in your tracks rather than give it up?" "By the help of God, we will!" is the reply.

Then I put the instrument to my mouth for the last time, and send, over thousands of miles, these words, "Look, here, people, if you deceive me; I am done with you forever. I will let you alone, then; and let the white man fix you!"

I now hang up my trump, and sit down, with my hands over my eyes, and begin to think. Reader! This final blast is rather rough and coarse; but there is a world of meaning in it.

If the Negro is really deceptive and does not mean what he says, and does not intend to execute his most faithful resolves, and if he promise his leaders that he will fall in line when the last great struggle is being made for him and he fails to do so; then, indeed, is it fitting that those who are interested in his cause shall throw up their hands and leave forever such a weak and trifling race to the sole management and control of the white man who knows so well how to use a pliant tool.

From those imaginary answers, my friends, I take it that you are willing to make one grand, united and final stand for those principles which I have set forth as pillars for the superstructure of a great nation, and also to observe

the pratical hints I am now about to disclose to you and which I have already intimated somewhere else in these pages. I have said enough, and I hope you understand me.

Now, I will tell you exactly what we must do. I want a Grand United Negro Assembly, held at some suitable place in some one of the Southern States of America. I want this Assembly composed of, at least, one Negro from each county in every one of the States; especially, of the eleven Southern States. I want each Negro representative to be the soundest, the bravest and the wisest Negro in each county; and, moreover, I want these representatives unanimously elected by the Negroes of each county. I want every Negro man, woman and child to understand this whole movement—its plans and purposes, and to pledge themselves that they will submit to and agree with any and every thing decided upon in this Assembly, and that they will be willing to lay down their natural lives in the support, maintenance and execution of those plans which this Assembly may see fit to adopt. This Assembly, then, must express the sentiment of the entire Negro race of the United States of America;

and what is decided in this Organization, shall be endorsed and adopted by every Negro that is old enough to stand alone. In this Assembly, I want Union, Harmony, Courage, Humanity and Faith in Almighty God. Here, I want the Negroes of America, in this Body, to make their first and last united, public effort, and to state once and forever to their white fellow-citizens, their conditions, their wants, their plans, their requests and their rights. Negroes, at this Grand Assembly, I want you to draw up a Memorial couched in strong and manly and beautiful language and signed by every member of your Assembly who will go up clothed with the authority of, and backed up by. the sanction and strength of his entire county. In that Memorial, I want you to present yourselves in a noble and dignified and yet respectful manner. I want you to realize the truths as set forth in this book which say, in substance, that your own defect has been and still is the chief cause of your past and present failures, and that you must make up your minds to work out your own salvation. I do not want you to go to that Assembly with the intention to quarrel with or abuse your

Southern White Fellow-citizens, and to demand in a peremptory manner whatever right there is to which you may imagine yourselves entitled. I want you to go there forgetting the conditions of the past and place yourselves upon a brand new basis, holding yourselves as a new people fresh upon the American soil and knocking at the door of the South for a friendly and respectable admission. I want it understood by the world that your ideas and plans and requests, as embodied in that Memorial, will represent the sentiment of the root and the branch of the whole Negro race of America.

I want you to address this Memorial, not to the Northern white man, not to the Congress of the United States of America, not to the British Empire and the Mighty Monarchies of Europe; but I want you to address it to your fellow-citizens of the Sunny States of Dixie. This may be done by addressing copies of this Memorial to every State Legislature of the South—sending them through the mail or by messengers to the Governor of each State or to the presiding officers of the several Legislatures thereof.

In this Assembly. I further want you to accompany this Memorial with a respectful invitation to the white people of the South, asking them to vouchsafe to meet you in a subsequent General Southern Inter-Racial Congress, at a suitable time and place, and then and there, to reason together upon the Great Race Questions of the Day. and to render one final and everlasting verdict. If the business to be transacted in the preliminary Negro Assembly, can be done at the same time the Inter-Racial Congress is convened, and thus avoid the necessity of the two Great Meetings; so, let it be. I think, however, that the former suggestion is better, from the fact that you, in your Assembly, will have your plans fully and ably set forth and decided upon by your race, and your Memorial will have passed into the hands of your Southern white friends, who will thus have ample time to consider and reflect upon your request, before they will be required to meet you in a general consultation and give you their final and complete decision. Besides, it is more than probable that the white leaders of the several Southern States may desire to bring this matter before their people, in some

way or other, in order that they may feel that their final answer shall voice the sentiment of a majority of their better classes.

Gentlemen, I want some such general understanding of this nature, both among our own people and also between us and the white people of the South. I do not believe in mincing matters any longer. If the Negroes can ever unite, let them do so, now; if they are not satisfied with their present condition, let them make it known like a brave and enlightened people; if they have a case at all, let them make it out in writing and let not only the South inspect it, but let it be known to the world; if they ever intend to act in their own behalf, let them act now. or ever afterwards hold their peace. If the white people of the South are justified in their treatment toward us, let the world know it and exonerate them from all past suspicion of injustice; if they are ready and willing to meet us and admit us on our true merit and capacity, let that be found out now; if they feel that they never can and never will make us welcome on Southern soil, then let them come out like true-hearted men in a General Convention and tell us so in plain

words, so that we may know what to do. For one, I believe in open, square, honest and above-board transactions between the races of this country, just as I do in the private dealings of individuals. Let us, then, both Negro and white man, meet together in a General Consultation, with white delegates and a white chairman on one side of the hall, and with black delegates and a black chairman on the other. Let each side represent the full sentiment of its own race, and let what is done in that hall, be endorsed and supported, to the letter, by the masses of both races. Let this Congress of the Races be one of the grandest and most glorious meetings that has ever been convened on the American continent, and let it teach the world a new and progressive lesson, hitherto ignored or misunderstood—namely, the Universal Brotherhood of Man and the Eternal Fatherhood of God.

Another feature I now suggest, and that is this: I want to see established in every county of these Southern States a permanent Inter-Racial Committee, composed of the leading men of both races, whose duty shall be to investigate, decide and act upon all differences

arising between the races, and whose white members shall co-operate with the black members in elevating the Negro in every important interest, and, thus, help him to become a more useful, intelligent and better citizen. If practicable, I want these Committees invested with certain powers by our State Legislatures, in order that they may exercise, along with other duties, a quasi-judicial power, which shall enable them to subpoena witnesses, administer oaths and make all necessary investigations with reference to such disgraceful acts and misdemeanors among our people which now evade the grasp of the general law. The black members of these Committees may be selected from or may consist of the Black League suggested in a previous chapter, and, in any event, these Committees shall work together in perfect harmony with the League, both of which being composed of the best and the most enlightened citizens of both races. Such Committees, backed up by the sentiment of the better classes of the South, and sanctioned, as an adjunct and a limb of the Law, will have a wonderful effect in controlling our people and preventing them from perpetrating

those trivial but, at the same time, degrading offenses of which the Law scarcely takes cognizance, and which a pure Negro League, unsupported by white influence and legal sanction, will not be able to prohibit.

I tell you, readers, you can hardly estimate the powerful effect these Inter-Racial Conventions, Leagues and Committees, will have upon the present sentiment entertained by both races of the South. The intelligent classes will always mould and shape the thoughts and feelings of the ignorant and lower masses. Hence, if the better portion of the white Southern people will co-operate with the better portion of our people, the great work before us will already be accomplished. Most assuredly, it will require some time to train the public to become accustomed to the change of conditions; but this ought to be expected, and no reasonable person will be unwilling to wait patiently for results. This method of bringing the two elements together in a calm and deliberate consultation, is the only true method of arriving at anything like an effective and permanent solution of the race problem. For no other people, unconnected with the near inter-

ests of the South, can do us any good, until both races at home, are first voluntarily and satisfactorily reconciled to each other and are willing to work together for each other's welfare and for the development of the country at large.

Some of our people may suppose that my views may do very well; but that it is madness to imagine that the Southern whites will ever recognize us enough to meet us in a common gathering and there discuss in brotherly harmony the Great Issue between us. If I look upon the white man of theSouth as most of our people do, I am certain that I would entertain a similar belief; but I have great confidence in the intelligent portion of the Southern whites, and, therefore, I do not believe that they will refuse to meet us and talk over this matter in the most friendly manner. To my knowledge, they have never been approached by our people in the proper way; on the other hand, we have said much to show that we mistrust them and hold them, to-day, as our greatest enemy. I am certain that if we change our attitude toward our white friends among us and act like reliable and honorable men ourselves; they

will treat us well and be glad to render us all the assistance within their power which will tend to improve our present condition. I have seen intelligent white men of the South helping on and patronizing Negro enterprises; I have seen them giving good advice to worthy colored persons; I have seen them aiding the great cause of Negro Education and showing in different ways that even now they are not averse to Negro progress.

While I write, I understand that a large and influential white law firm in Virginia have recently employed a young Negro stenographer and typewriter in their office. If this is true, it shows a willingness on the part of the best Southern whites to open up gradually to us such positions as we are capable of filling with accuracy and despatch. Such progressive movements will, no doubt, grate upon the sensitive feelings of some of our white citizens; but, after awhile even they will become reconciled to them and learn to think it a piece of folly to refuse a competent applicant, simply because he is black. Further, I am in favor of appealing to the Southern whites for recognition; because, if they are willing to help us,

they are much better situated to do so than any other section or country. They are our neighbors; they furnish us employment; they manage our schools; they make our State and local laws; and, in a word, they control and direct the affairs of the section in which we live. Therefore, if they are against us, they can do us greater injury than any other people; and, on the other hand, if they are for us, they can help us more than all others. Another thing, I believe in seeing even-handed justice dealt out to all men. I believe really that the Southern whites are about as friendly to us as many others from different sections of the Union, or even from foreign countries. The difference between the South and these others, is simply caused by a difference of circumstances and not by any difference in the natural dispositions of these several classes toward the Negro. Thus, if the other sections were placed in the condition of the Southern whites, they would treat the Negro about the same as the Southern whites treat him. At any rate, whatever feeling our Southern white fellow-citizens may entertain toward us, will be found out by the method I have herein described. If

they are really willing to see us prosper and become good citizens, they will certainly be ready to meet us in a General Convention and grant us any just and reasonable request we may make; but, if they despise us and want to keep us crushed down forever, they will not regard our respectful invitation, but will either try to wriggle out of an acceptance thereof, or will come right out like honest men and tell us they are neither willing to listen to our propositions nor to give us an opportunity to become a worthy and respectable people. Again, I have spoken of these Meetings, consisting, especially, of representatives from the eleven Southern States; but I do not wish it to be understood that I desire the absence of the Northern Negro, who wishes to assist us in this great movement. I have referred chiefly to the Southern Negro; because I am discussing a problem which pertains specially to the South and not to the North. There are many able Negroes in the North who are Southerners by birth and early training and, of course, these cannot afford to stay away. In fact, I want a demonstration of the United Negro Race of this Republic, whether North or South,

East or West; so that the world may understand exactly what the Negro of this country wants, what he himself wishes to do for others and what he wishes others to do for him. We have never yet made a united race movement, and, therefore, we have never yet made a proposal or expressed a desire or voiced our sentiment or published our request, in such manner as is becoming to a people of our stage of advancement. Hence, we are not in position to blame any people for not granting what we imagine we need or what we have hinted that we need or what a part of us think we do not need. For one, I am willing and anxious to try our strength and to ascertain the depth of our real interest in our own affairs, and to find out whether or not we mean what we say and also how far our meaning a thing extends, when we do happen to mean what we say.

Finally, my countrymen, I have, thus, rudely outlined some sort of a scheme whereby both races shall come together and reason out in a friendly way the greatest question in American statesmanship. Wiser heads than mine may suggest a variety of methods by which this idea as herein set forth, may be executed;

but I will ever maintain, until the contrary is mathematically demonstrated, or shown by the most positive facts, that the Negro of the South must work out his own salvation. Furthermore, I will ever hold that the Negro must look to his Southern white fellow-citizens for co-operation, and that there must be a completely united effort on his part and a general consultation of, and a harmonious understanding between, both races, before the present friction in the South can be oiled away and both the hitherto conflicting elements can move on in perfect peace and with a glorious success. It really seems strange to me that the two races have not ere this met together in some general body and have had a fair, honest and manly understanding with each other. It seems that this method is so enlightened, so just, so honest, so grand and so much in keeping with the new and highest civilization which is dawning upon the world, that it is passing strange it has never yet been put into action. The first step, however, in such movement, must be made by the Negro and warmly responded to by the white man.

With these words, I close this, my Simple Plan for the Solution of the Southern Problem, feeling confident that if those foregoing principles and methods are wisely carried out, the whole matter will be peaceably settled, now, henceforth and forever. I have said what I did say with the best possible intentions, from an honest conviction of what I thought was right and proper and without any hope of reward or fear of punishment. The fact is, I have been moved to say these things by a certain strange, inward impulse which I had no hand in creating, nor did I exercise any effort to destroy. So, if anything said is worthy of notice, attribute it not to me; and if there is any harm done, lay not the blame at my door. For these views are but the utterances that come deep and hollow from the World of Spirits, and I am but the rude instrument through which they come. These things are not wise enough to spring out of the World of Spirits? My dear friends, there are plenty of little playful Fairies in the Spirit-World who tweak babies' noses and make them cry and pull old men's beards and make them cross, and who are just mischievous enough to fill

my idle brain with nonsense and have me publish them, and, then, turn about and laugh at my simplicity and be pleased with their own shrewdness.

CHAPTER XII.

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.

They fold my arms across my breast; straighten out my body and lower limbs; close the lids of my eyes; lay me out on the cooling-board and draw a large white sheet over me. They cry and mourn for the loss of a departed Spirit. Men of God try to console them, and point their grieving spirits to a risen Saviour who has power over Death and the Grave, and who is able to raise the dead to life and break the jaws of hell. The clock, on the mantel, is stopped; birds cease to sing; the air is calm and still, and pale-faced spirits stalk solemnly and unseen through the vaulted chambers. It is night! The stars peep out through the windows of Heaven and look down faint

and hushed. The wind whistles mournfully around the corners and through the halls, bearing messages from the World of Spirits. The house, save the room of the dead, is dark and empty, and there lies my body wrapped in whiteness in the pale, flickering light of a solitary candle. The silent watchers sit around the room like tombstones about their graves. Now and then, a loving friend or faithful kinsman tips softly across the room, approaches my body, lifts up the sheet and gazes dreamingly on my cold and marble brow, but there is no responsive look or word or thought, for my spirit has flown to worlds unknown.

The morrow comes; I am lowered into the damp and darksome grave; they sing a requiem as I sink in earth; they fold their arms and pray to God to have mercy on the living and soothe their sorrows and wipe away their tears; thick and heavy clods of earth are thrown upon the coffin's lid, and now I am covered up and a curving mound is raised about my bones; the mourners sigh and leave the grave and turn their footsteps home.

O, where am I? I feel so light and cool! Methinks I am rising upward like feathers in

the air. I feel no pain, no grief, no cares and no fears. Everything about me shines brighter than diamond, and most beautiful colors of every kind seem to glow on every side. Most graceful forms, tinted with choicest hue, seem to fill the air and smile upon me as they pass; the sweetest music steals softly from some distant choir and thrills my soul with unspeakable delight. O, God! How happy! How happy! How happy! I am. Will it be always thus, I wonder? "No, my son," says a voice near me; "thou hast a great work before thee, and thou canst not do what is assigned to thee if thou art permitted to enjoy all these beautiful sights and transporting sounds. Come with me."

And immediately all these beauties vanish and I find myself walking up some steep and rugged heights, following closely some one I cannot see, but yet can strangely feel his presence. At length, we reach the top of the hill 'pon which has been erected a lofty tower built of hardest stone. At the base of this tower begins a winding stair of shining marble that leads unto the top. Up these spiral steps, my invisible guide is conducting me. We are now

at the head of the stair and find a huge door closed and preventing any further progress; a gentle breeze fans my cheeks and the massive door swings wide upon its hinges. We enter a chamber with vaulted roof of finest masonry, and studded with most graceful statuettes, and paintings skilled and picturesque. Within this chamber, stands an ancient alcove containing quaint books, old and musty, and written in symbols I had never seen before, or heard of any who had seen them. Near this treasure of hidden knowledge, I behold a writing-desk, paper, pen and ink, and stool 'pon which to sit. Within a niche overhead, above the writing-desk, and hard by the alcove dark, sits a golden pitcher filled with drink and a glittering goblet stands by its side. In one wall of the room, I spy an arched window, and as the air is thick and heavy, I rush to the opened arch with the hope of inhaling a gust of refreshing breeze and gazing upon the beauties of the surrounding landscape. In this, I am wofully disappointed. I feel no air at all, and look out upon empty space, unfilled with form or sound. Recoiling back upon myself and feeling strangely sad, I throw me down at the

feet of a large Statue, carved in solid stone. I bend upon my knees and pray as best I can that God may send some spirit fair to teach me what I see, where I am and why I am, at all. My eyes are thick with tears which fall upon the Statue's feet, and my brain swims mad and hot, while fire doth burn my heart. Feeling my horrid state still more and more, I pray as men ne'er prayed before. I roll my eyes toward the roof, and move my hand in wildest passion; my body moves to and fro and I myself am all in motion, stirred by depth of feeling, like tree-tops by a storm. And now, as I throw out my arms, I strike them 'gainst the Statue. It is no longer hard and cold, but soft and warm like human flesh. I shrink me back with fright, and upward cast mine eyes. Behold! That marble face is flushed and warm with blood and smiles so sweet and kind. The Statue moves! It speaks! It bids me rise! Weak, scared and limp, I scramble to my feet and bow in deep submission.

Statue—Man—Angel—God!—he speaks to me and says, "My son, I was thy Guide that brought thee here unseen. In action, I am a spirit invisible to human eye; in repose, I am

cold marble that thou hast just now seen. But oft when it is mete, I use the middle state 'twixt spirit and stone and then I am a man as thou; but far beyond thy ken. Young man, thy task is great, but sure thou wilt succeed; for there is greater strength than thine which bears thee up, and there is greater wisdom than thine which guides thee in the right. See thou that vessel of gold in yonder niche—that goblet by its side? Come, thou must drink, and see and know what thou must do."

With this, he takes the pitcher in his hand and fills the goblet to the rim. The stuff is black as night and thick as treacle; slow and sluggish in its move. The goblet is handed me. I tremble like a leaf and scarce have nerve enough to hold it firm. I raise it to my lips and shut my eyelids down. I drink and drink and drink until I drink the dregs, and, then, I lay the goblet back upon its native stand. The drink is bitter as gall within my mouth and throat, but as it finds my stomach's coat, it is sweet, and fills my nerve with fire and brain with thoughts divine. I ope my eyes, but am all alone; for he that was a Statue now is gone! I find the Alcove and search it

through and read the symbols there as schoolboys read their A's. My brain begins to grow; my thoughts are deep and wide; my feelings pure and true, fill all my noble soul. I take me to the Arch and look out into space—not void and empty now; but live and trimmed with sound and sense. What do I see? Ah, cripple words that vainly wing the thoughts we have! Would that my tongue could talk to clay, and that my lips were spirits' not, that I may tell ye, men of earth, what strangest things that now I see. Behold the sun, the moon, the stars, the cloud, the air, the light, the dark—all, all, beneath me in harmonious action, and each his duty fills with truest satisfaction. But what attracts me most is Earth, with all her teeming millions of human souls, of which I once was one. For, now, I am not human, since I am only spirit and have not flesh or bone; and yet methinks I have, and talk of arms and eyes as I was wont to do. I see Europa's snow-capped Alps and Asia's frozen plains, and Afric's burning sands upon my eyeballs cast their glowing shade. And, now, I note the Isles of the Sea are dancing 'mid the waves. My eyes in keen delight roll

westward to Fair Columbia's happy shore, and take in Greenland's fields of ice and England's Daughter Fair. My eyes now sweep in rapid glance o'er Mexico's Cacti Hills and down the Andean lofty heights to the Isles of Fire below. I look again, and now I see a region I had missed; the very sight of which doth thrill each drop of blood within my veins—but spirits have not blood or vein, and, yet, I can but tell my feel by using earthly terms. I see the Glorious Union; the busy North, the Sunny South, the brainy East and the woolly West. I see the Giant Dome on Potomac's winding banks, and the Stars and Stripes that float in brave, majestic curve. The tropic South where I myself once lived when clothed with skin and flesh, is dear to me and I must feast upon the pleasing scene. I see large cities with a million souls in them, where once but thousands breathed. I see a thousand engines pull a thousand laden trains, down vales, o'er plains and through the heart of flinty mount. I see the shafts of mines that burrow deep in Earth, from which there come most precious Nature's gifts. With laden ships, the rivers teem, which also turn the potent wheel and

wet the farmer's grain, and make it grow and bloom. I hear the Factory's hum, where cloth and food and trinkets rare are made. I hear the ring of hammer, the buzz of saw and rasp of stone, and see great Mansions rise with turrets in the sky and arches deep in earth. All is busy, all is happy, and Peace overshadows all.

But strangest yet of all, is that which now I see. For, look! The sable son of Afric's sultry shores, is side by side with Europe's scions fair. In Counting-House, in Bank, in Office, on Trains, in Mines, in Books, in Art, in Thought—in everything, together well they move. How friendly seems the two that once did hate each other so, and drew such lines between! How hard the Negro toils to show he is worth the friendship of the world, and, too, how well succeeds! He shrinks no task and spares no pains; he tires not, but works both night and day for both himself and land that gave him birth. So different from the trifling thing he was when I did know him last. His very look is noble now. He stands erect and brave, and seems a very knight in black, so gallant, true and firm! How grateful is he to his friends—

his Southern friends in white! It seems that he would gladly die, if death would cause his friends to live. Nor does he fail to love his Northern friends who first did teach his mind to think, and taught his hand its skill. Nay, the only thing he does forget is the dark and cruel past, wherein he stood such pains and woes and made not e'en complaint. A noble creature he; and now is blessed of God! The white man, too, is changed. He is proud to know that he has helped to make the Negro grand as he. He thus debars his former slave from naught himself enjoys, and yet he has a thousand sweets he did not have before. Because there is Peace where once was War, and Union where Disunion stood, because all men are treated well, and God is loved and served, this glorious South which once did lack, is full and plenteous now. So great the change, in thought and act, upon my native land, that now I am thinking deep if all this change is true. So greatly stirred am I about the sad reflection that, after all, this view is but a dream, that I am thinking hard upon a trip below and see. I look again and see no way that I can step on air and gently sink to earth;

and hence, I change my mind, and sit upon a stool and spread before mine eyes some gilded sheets of paper, and dip my pen in ink and send ye, men, this—

LETTER!

The Kingdom of Spirits,
Undatable Eternity.

To My White Brother of the North:

As a departed shade of a Negro of the South, and knowing yet the past and present 'pon the globe, I understand that one has risen up and writ to all mankind that the Negro down below should now begin to look to his Southern friends in white for help and sanction strong, while he himself should strive to make himself a man. That this is right and fair, I will not here deny. For it is true as sunshine 'pon the earth, that Southern whites and Southern blacks must blend in peaceful stripes, and yet remain distinct. On Southern soil, it's well that both shall settle now their foolish disagreement and come to understand both what the one shall do and be, the other shall be and do. And, after each shall know his part, he

then must sure perform; and both must work together for the common good of both, and, then, for all mankind. But, friend of Northern clime, for my once race I speak—for know ye well there is no race up here—and tell thee that the blacks have cherished well what thou hast done for them. Those splendid points of stone which shoot up high in air, 'neath which are spacious halls, where thousand youths of black do daily meet with masters sage, and ope bright Wisdom's door; those sacred Temples of God with pillars staunch and strong and clergy fit to feed the flock with precious gospel truths; those sainted men and women who have spent their useful lives in teaching minds and cleansing hearts among a simple race—all these and more hast thou this race supplied.

For these, my some time race is willing now to fall on bended knee, and tearful eyes will tell thee how grateful are their hearts. E'en now, my spirit throbs and groans as I think of earthly days, when I was helped by Northern friends unto Wisdom's gracious ways. And, more than these, thou hast the smile of God upon thy head, and the reward of Heaven shall

find thee in the end. "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." Then shalt thou say, "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? Or a stranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? Or sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?" And the King shall answer unto thee, "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

But think not hard of thy Southern brother, because of his past belief. His state from thine did differ, and feelings grow from states, as grapes from curling vine. Think what thyself would'st do if thou wast in his place, and what he, too, would do, if he was cast in thine. Ye both did from the self-same tuber spring, and how, in sense, could there any difference be, except by custom's iron hand, that makes a second nature out of your first selves.

Then, if ye both are one, I prithee join your hands and one good people be in fact, as thou art now in blood. Let, first, thy Southern

brother adopt the Negro as his friend, and let the South itself with peace be overcast; and, then, thou come and join thy brother's hand, and ye, all three, in joyous union, band together for the common good—each knowing well his part and doing it, all doing right for each, and knowing it. Therefore, I beseech thee now; make ready all thy mind and strength to lend thy hand in building up a soon united South. Think not to place upon the South, in future times, the care of all my race; for thou thyself didst help to bind the slave which now is man. "Bear ye one another's burdens and thus fulfill the law." The Negro whom ye both enslaved, unknowing, caused the war. This war did cause your blood to flow, your gold to sink, your lands to waste. The South, of all, was injured most; for it was but a wreck of its once haughty self. Thus thou canst see that thou didst have a hand in tearing down the South, and, now, I ask that thou shalt lend thy hand to help this self-same South to rise, and lift the Negro up to meet the change, that soon will come upon the land. Thy knowing brain and cunning hand which God hath blessed thee with, must, now, be used in building up a new

and righteous South. Thy hand must join with Southern hand to aid the Negro race, that once did feel the weight of both your angry blows. Then, make thou ready, fair friend of the North; thy work is great; thy chance is broad, and thou hast power and skill. List well to what I here have writ! And, now, I warn thee fair, that, if thou fail to do thy part, thy Luck will mock thee and thy Glory fade; but if thou fall in line, as I know thou wilt, thy power will reach the stars and topple o'er mankind. So, Fare thee well!

To My White Brother of the South:

Dost thou know me? I was once a Negro on earth; but now a ghost in air. I cannot help from writing thee upon this greatest theme that e'er did fill a human soul or stir a spirit's rest The wafting breezes tell me, that black together will come among themselves for first within the South, and they will well decide what they will wish to do. And then 'tis said that they will call for thee and ask, in peace and brother's love, what thou wilt do for them. I, being a sprite, do hap to know these things; so, take it kind in me to give thee note of them.

I ever did admire thy manly self and feel that, if thou once was treated fair by all the world and by the Negro, too, thou then wouldst show thyself a giant friend, and ope the eyes of all. I cannot say that thou was treated wrong, but I do think that thou hast been misjudged; for, others thought that thou alone wast wrong and they themselves were clean. They all have learned to lay on thee the curse of slavery's sin, and the Negro's burdens of latest years were, also, laid to thee. 'Tis true, thou hast thy share of all these damning wrongs, and well I know that this thou wilt not seek to fly. But is there none beside thyself that's guilty too with thee? I think there is, and think they feel it now. This call that comes to thee from Afric's sable sons, is not from these alone but flows from God as well.

God, Nature and all else Man, now come to thee and say, "White man, art thou ready to deal out justice fair and meet, to these poor, struggling men, that, now, their follies have laid aside and stand upon their feet? Canst thou hope for justice from God, if thou'rt not willing to grant it here on earth? Thou art a praying race, and prayest that God's will be

done on earth, as same is done in heaven. Dost thou not know that God's no respecter of persons, and that it is His certain will that thou shouldst treat thy brother just as thou wish that self-same brother should also deal with thee? If these poor blacks who're firm and true, beseech thee for thy grace, which grace shall be no more than this, that thou shalt ne'er bestrew their path with monsters black and grim; wilt thou, canst thou be so cold, so mean, so low. as not to hear their earnest cry, or hearing, not perform? Is't true that thou wilt stop thine ears and turn thy heart to stone, when souls of God and God himself are kneeling at thy throne? Man! What art thou but weak and miry clay? Dost thou intend to plant thyself against the world of men, 'gainst Nature set and true, 'gainst God, the Father, Ghost and Son? But let me say no more; for it's but wasting breath to talk to thee. Thou needst no words from Spirit's lips to tell thee what thou art, or what thyself must do. Full well thou know'st thy duty to all mankind, and that to thee and God; and with thee, to know, I trow, is but to do and act. I trust in thee so well that I think thou wait'st

only for the Negro to show himself a man and come to thee, and thou wilt grant him all he needs. There are some, I know who'll swear that I am wrong, and that my airy sprite will ne'er behold the time when thou wilt treat the Negro right, if left to thine own self. But this I know, that, if weak men must make thee do the thing that's right, thou ne'er wilt do so; for equal cannot equal force to act against his will. I doubt thee not. I know thou wantest peace upon thy land, and too desirest glory yet to come. Thou need'st far more the aid that men in black can give, than rot and ruin caused by tools far worse than men. Again, thou seekest the brain and skill from where the North Star dances red; but it'll ne'er come to thee, till Northern men have ceased to doubt confusion's dearth, which follows fast 'pon a simple horde, that long was kept from rights, and held as wood and stone. But, 'side from these, Humanity's fire burns warm upon the altar of thy heart, and thou canst also read the Writing on the Wall, and what with one, or both, or all of these, I know thou sure wilt treat the Negro right. Then, meet in marbled hall this Man of Black and list to what he has

to say, and, if he come with uncertain and faltering steps, as if himself not knowing what to do—a part of him for one thing and part for something else; then let the "coon" alone and leave him with his "cob." But, if he come with Union, Power and Sense and state his plans to thee and make thee know his wants; then, meet him like the man thou art and say him, yea or nay.

So, get thee ready, fair Southern Friend; for the time will surely come when thou must meet the Issue fair and shrink not from thy turn. These things are all as God hath said, and men are but the tools He uses; so, sad indeed is the lot of him whom God commands and he refuses. Being far above thy height, seeing far beyond thy scope; I, shady sprite of air, inform thee now what shortly must be done. So, stand! Be ready! When the time is ripe, prove thou thyself a man and win the praise of men and gain the Love of God. Now, Fare thee well!

To My Black Brother of the Union:

I see thy face of sorrow, and I hear thy pitiful groans; and my bowels move sore for thee.

I know that one there is—a trifling fellow he—who talks to thee with sense, and tells thee thou thyself art wrong, and 'pon thyself thy lot hast brought. He says that thou thy face must turn toward thy neighbor white, and meet and plainly tell him what thyself dost need and want, and this must ask of him. I tell thee, black man, these things are true, and thou must them obey. If e'er thou wish to make known thyself; thou must unite as one, show thyself in manly shape, and publish thy request. No one is bound to give thee care in thy present halting state, wherein thou fight with thine own parts and feebly fight thy friend in white, who hath more strength than thou, and mocks thy weak complaints where thou dost show no "sand." If thou think it meet to fight, then fight and die and be done; but if thou wilt not fight, as well I know, then run no more thy lip—just meet the white man face to face and talk like man to man. When once 'tis found that thou thy words dost mean and that thy meaning something means, thy friends will hear thee well and grant thee thy deserts. Think not the world's against thee because thy face is black, and because thy hair

doth crook; there are blacker things than thou that men do warmly crave, and many things that bend, are sought by Kings and Queens. Hence, know thou well, the World is moved by worth and use, and not by hue and shape. Black man! I beseech thee, now, with all my spirit's power, that thou unite thyself for this thy final stand, and that, from source to end of this thy part to play, thou prov'st thyself a brave and worthy man. The call to thee to come to judgment 'pon this earthly ball is greater test to thee than 'tis to him that's white. If thou, in truth, dost mean to rise and art glad to fix thyself; now is thy time to prove if thou dost mean thy words, or simply tell the lie.

I note thy papers full of 'buses harsh and hard against the Southern whites, because thou sayest they hold thee back and hang thee 'gainst the law. It shows by this that thou art not content with this thy lot. If this is true, prove it so by showing forth thy strength, and making known thy cause. Dost thou not know that talking much and doing naught disgrace thy very name; and men, from these, will learn quite soon that thou art but a fraud? Brave

men quarrel not, and men who act are spare of speech; but fools and cowards will talk and roll their eyes and wag their heads and yet can ne'er achieve. By talking thus and nothing done, the white man doth not care for thee, but holds thee in contempt; just as thou fear no dog that barks and always fails to bite. For thine own sake, please stop this way of pouting out thy lips and spreading back thy mouth and shaking thy head and clenching thy fist and yet retreating backward, and stopping and doubting and quarreling with thyself and starting ahead again, and then stopping and whining and cursing and talking to thyself and turning around and running for help and then turning back again to thy same old place and fighting the air and grinning and showing thyself the fool. Do what thou'rt going to do and not be always at it. Strike with a whole arm blow, that others thy strength may know, and then respect thee for it. Blame no man for doing aught to thee that thou thyself didst give him cause to do. If thou art cause for others' acts then are those acts thine own, and they who act are but the tools through which thine acts are done. Then, blame no one for

thine own acts; for thou must stand or fall upon thine acts alone. Then, Dust of Black, come thou in full array to public call, and let thy white friend meet thee there, as king meet king on board of chess, or man meet man on common ground. If thou'lt not 'rouse thyself, and do as I have bid; then lie upon thy back and take the worst that comes. Perhaps, thou thinkest thou'rt made to bear and talk and do naught for thyself. If this is thy size, then claim no more the bones this shade did some time own, nor claim the shade itself, for here's nor race, nor hue, nor form. Nor, will I claim thee as my own, if thou hast grown so frail, so low, so much like stone. But I do hope and well do know that thou hast stuff in thee, and when thou'rt full aroused, no man with blood can dare whit more than thou.

O, how I love thee! E'en in my spirit-state, I feel or think I feel my blood begins to boil and heart begins to throb and brain begins to burn, when I think of thee and think of thine humble state. I would my race did bear the name of Trojans, or that of Spartans, or that of Romans, and, then, would I cease to fear for it. But, the time will come when thou

shalt wear a name as grand as these; but not until thou do the deeds they did. For, heroes are not made by talk or beauty, hue or hair, or any such painted stuff; but by hearts that are brave and pure and fear not when they die.

Black Man! Think on these things and write thy Name in Gold; for I may yet some day come back to earth and thy great work behold. Till then; Fare thee well!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

There lies before us a large cotton-field on one of our Southern plantations. The rows are long, the grass is green and thick, and the cotton is eight or ten inches high A Negro, black as the ace of spades, stands at one end of a row, leaning lazily on his plow; the plow-mule, now and then, nibbles at a bunch of grass between the rows. The Negro is rigged

up with three articles of clothing to hide his black skin from the burning sun; namely, hat, shirt and trousers. All these are torn and hanging, and Nature's covering is often seen where Art fails to perform its part. The day is hot and sultry; not even the slightest breeze is felt. The very sand is dry and hot as ashes. The heat itself can almost be seen as the air seems to simmer and boil, and the plants and trees curl their leaves as if to wither away.

The stillness is now broken. The Negro straightens out his relaxed limbs, draws the reins firmly, cracks the whip and shouts out roughly, "Git up, mule!" to which he appends the following soliloquy: "Git up, Kit! You'll eat and eat and eat, and, dog-gone yer, I kant git yer ter move when I wants yer ter. You is de dad-blamedest mule dat eber backed his yaze. H'yah, it's 'mos' dinnah and Massa'll soon be h'yah an' I ain't got my tas' done yit, an' all on account ob yer own hell-fired laziness!" Here he pops his whip and continues: "Dis is a debil ob a how-cum-dat, for me, pore niggah, to be workin' my pore black sef all out ob breff in dis hot sun, while de white man settin' in de parlah fannin' hissef like Big Ike,

and habin' niggahs to wurk for him. H'yah's me, half-naked, half-starbin' and wurkin' from sunrise to sundown, from year in to year out and gittin' not a God's ting. Yer call dat right? Yer call dat far? Yer call dat jestum? Ef it ar, I'll be dogged ef I kin see it dat ar way. Ef we pore niggahs—go 'long, mule, yer lazy, triflin' stumpy-tailed, bandy-shanked, lop-sided debil, you!—ef we pore niggahs had de sense de white folks was born wid, we wouldn't stan' it—yer h'yar me, people? We wouldn't stan' it! Kase, nobody nebber was made to rule ober nobody, nohow—g'lang, sah!—I h'yar dem say dat de Yankees is gwine ter cum down h'yar an' bresh out de white folks an' tun de niggahs free. Ki! I'll nebber b'lebe it in de worl', Massa gwine let de Yankee-man cum h'yar, dribe him out o' 'ih own house and lan' and tun we pore niggahs free? Nebber in dis worl'; neder in de torrer one. Whah de Yankee kare 'bout we, black niggahs? H'm! De Yankee settin' up yonder in 'ih blue coat and 'ih shine button, sah, and eatin' 'ih hard tax and smackin' 'ih mout an' lookin' 'roun' and habin' 'ih good time, an' all dis yer—Pshaw! whah you 'spose he kare 'bout pore we?

Tell me dat! Kant tell me nuffin; niggah wool too short—Whoa, mule! I wonder ef de boss-man ain't comin'? My limbs fairly ake, an' I feel so stiff 'bout my jints dat I kin hardly put one foot before de odder. I b'lebe I'll jis—Whoa, mule, I say!—I'll jis crawl up in de shade under dat ar big hick'ry an' res' my bones a minnit—Mule, yer kin stay h'yar and switch yer tail 'tell I cum back."

Here the Negro lies down in the shade, with his heels cocked up in the air. He is fanning his sweaty face with his ragged hat, and, feeling himself secure from intrusion, thus continues: "Sweet Canaan! dis is libin', sho's yer born. I don't blame de white folks fer habin' niggahs to wurk in de hot sun and dey layin' back in de shade. I would do de same ting. Who wouldn't? But wouldn't I hab a boss time, do? I'd whip niggahs fer fun and make 'em wurk like dogs. Good ting I de niggah and kant own nobody—'pears to me I h'yar somefin' in de bush; but no, I reckin' not; Massa Tom ain't comin' dis time o' day—so I got de whole ting to myself. He! He! He! Ain't I de sharp niggah, do? De ole folks allus tole me I was born foot-foremos'; but I nebber

did b'lebe 'em. But, I know one ting, de white folks kin nebber git ahead ob dis tar-baby; no, sah, yer kin bet yer boots on dat! Well, I feel kin' o' rested and supple in de jints—I nebber was a niggah to stan' still long, 'cos God knows dere ain't a lazy bone under dis black hide—so I b'lebe I'll git up and try dat ar back double-shuffle dat dat Virginny coon tuk off so cute 'todder night at Yaller Jane's supper." Here he rises and gets himself in attitude for his forthcoming feat. "Let me see how she goes!" Here he sings and dances until a cloud of dust is raised. The words of the song are as follows:

"Swing around, Miss 'Liza Jane,
Swing around, Miss 'Liza Jane,
Swing all around and slight no one;
Swing around, Miss 'Liza Jane,
Swing your lobber, tight and fas',
Swing around, Miss 'Liza Jane"—

"You black rascal, ye! Git to thet mewl and double-quick up them rows, or I'll peel the last inch o' hide off o' ye!" comes suddenly from the boss man, as he strikes Black Jim a few sharp cuts with his whip across the neck. "Yes, sah, Massah; yes, sah, Massah. Dis niggah allus was a blamed fool, sah, leabin' de white folks'

wurk fur de shade. Whah bizness niggah got wid shade, sah! Git up, mule!" excitedly returns the Negro, as he rubs his neck and picks up the reins like a squirrel.

SCENE 2.

A heavy barn-loft door is flung wide open. Let us take a peep within. Bales of freshly-cut hay piled up around the corners, barrels of corn, sacks of meal and bran, straw, boxes, jugs, ropes, harness, old boots, screeching rats, red roaches, and a hundred and one other "plunder" that generally make up the contents of an old-fashioned barn-loft of the South, greet our eyes and regale us with the odor and mal-odor of such varied stock. Presently, a horizontal slat in the partition door is slided back by a dexterous movement of some one's hand from without; the door is opened and the intruder enters, stumbling over boxes and tangling himself among ropes and bags, and finally tumbles heels over head on some loose straw piled up in a corner.

"Golly, do! But wouldn't I hab cotched it ef it hadn't 'a bin fer dis marciful straw pile?" The speaker was none other than Black Jim,

whom we have met before in a certain cotton-field, and whom we have recently left under rather unpleasant circumstances. Nothing daunted by his gymnastic gyrations just performed, Jim takes out a blue-backed Webster, without any back at all, and thus begins to spell out the "First Principles:" "Dis is a, an' dat's b, a-b, ab; den, a-c, ac; an' a-d, ad; an' a-f, af; an' a-g, ag; an'—dog-gone dese blasted skeeters, 'pears to me dey is allus arter pore me, 'pref'rence to dem wot kin able to hab skeeter nets an' tings! Well, I b'lebe I knows dat ar; so, I'll tun ober to whar it cums nigh puzzlin' de white folks." He reads: "I—see—de—o-l-d, ole, hen. I—see—de—Ki! I b'lebe I's on de same line! I tort sho dat Massa Roy would 'a bin h'yar 'fore dis yer, ter help me wid dese yer grammatics." Some one is coming up the barn steps and a low, familiar whistle is heard. "Dat's dat ar boy, now," soliloquizes Black Jim. God bress Massa Roy! 'Ih 'pears to me like 'ih lob niggahs same as white 'uns. Dat ar young 'un is gwine ter heben—yer h'yar me, folkses? Gwine dar, sho!"

The door opens and a bright, curly-headed boy of eight or ten summers, enters the loft and takes a seat on a box near Black Jim, and says: "Hello, Jim, old boy! How are you getting on with that lesson? I was a little late to-day. I had to go on an errand for papa; but I hope you have been making good use of your time." "Lor', honey, I'se been tryin' de ole hen, when I heered you comin' up-stars an' a-gibin' de permiliar whistle to gi' me warnin' Massa Roy, I'se been a-tinkin' on a bery serus questing jis before yer cum frue de door dar a minit ago." "Why, what is it, Jim? I didn't think you ever troubled yourself much about serious questions; your education does not agree with you, I fear," says Master Roy, laughing over his own idea of the situation, until his face is as red and rosy as an apple.

"Massa, I tort how bad it mout be fer you, ef Massa Haynes would cotch us. I don't min' mysef; kase my hide is black and tuff, an', God knows, I wouldn't kare 'bout a breshin', now and den, ef I only kin git a little larnin' so dat I kin read de Bible an' de nusepaper, once in de while. I h'yar dem say dat we black 'uns is gwine ter be free arter awhile, an', ef dat

ar am true" Here the Negro is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Haynes, the father of Roy, and the owner of Jim himself.

Mr. Haynes had been an unseen listener and spectator of everything that had passed, and had decided not to molest the pair at that time; but when he heard the unfortunate Negro begin to discuss his freedom and his preparation therefor, his hot blood rushed to his face and he sprang out of his hiding place before he even knew it himself. Straightening himself up, while his eyes flash like wildfire, he thus begins: " Roy, how many times have I told you not to teach these black brutes how to read? Do you not know that this is against the very law and policy of our government? Besides, what good will it ever accomplish to have these things able to read and write? As slaves, they are far better without any learning; and they never will be free. God does not intend that these creatures shall be free and possessed of learning. Why, the very idea is foolish and unnatural. It is a positive injury to teach them anything except obedience to their masters and how to work hard and un-

ceasingly for those who have the care over them. I will not endure any Nigger School on my plantation, and, so, I may as well begin now to break it up. Get up, Roy, and go home to your mother and I will see about your punishment later. (Exit Roy.)

Hand me that book, you black dog! Books are not made for niggers. Your books are the hoe and the axe and the plow! Jim, who has been telling you about you black folks getting your freedom? Answer me, you dirty pup!" says Mr. Haynes gruffly, at the same time kicking the Negro on the shin. "Dunno, Massa," answers Jim, innocently: "specs I'se been a dreamin' dat ar. Don't tink I b'lebe sich trash as dat, Massa; fer I knows dat we poor niggahs was made fer notin' else but to wurk fer you white folks, an' niggahs will always be niggahs, as long as de sun shines, Massa." "Get up! you black beast, and meet me this evening at the old gin-house when you are through with your day's work. I will teach you niggers your freedom!" (Exit Jim.)

"The idea of this mongrel race," continuing Mr. Haynes to himself, "wanting to get an education, and talking about their freedom!

They will never be free; they were never made to be free, and it is all foolishness to think about their ever being free. Did not God himself make them black and ugly and rough and degraded? Why should we men try to undo what God has done, by even thinking of giving these brutes their freedom? For my part, I doubt they have souls; at any rate, they have no rights that white men are bound to respect."

SCENE 3.

The old gin-house, with its heavy and clumsy machinery, bursts upon our view. The massive oaken door of one of its apartments which is used in ginning time to pack seeds in, is swung wide open, and we behold a large, empty room, with dirt-daubers' houses lodged about the walls and spider-webs stretched all under the ceiling and in the cracks and corners of the sides of the room. From the center of the ceiling hang the arms of an old rusty scale that has been used for weighing cotton and seeds and other farm-products.

The room, otherwise dark as night, is now lighted by the opening of a small square in the west end of the walls, through which aperture,

lingering beams of the now departing sun flash into the apartment, revealing the objects just described and also ten thousand particles of dust which float about in the sunbeams, like tiny insects on the wing. In the corner of the room, crouched on the floor, sits Black Jim, faithful to his appointment, with his head hung down and his arms folded quietly over his broad chest which is heaving up and down like the tide of the deep blue sea. Noises are heard on the outside, and, in a moment, there stand before us, in the center of the room, the burly forms of two white men. The one we have met before in a barn-loft, in the role of eavesdropper, spy and anti-freedom lecturer; the other we may also remember as the overseer who, some time ago, caught our black hero under the shade of a hickory tree, shuffling and singing in pure African style.

The men, for a brief interval, keep up a conversation as follows: "Mr. Haynes," says the red-faced driver, puffing away at his pipe, "I hev had a lot o' dealin's wid niggers, and I tell ye, pint blank, thar ain't no gittin' along wid 'em 'ithout a putty val'able supply o' cold timber. Yer see, I used to boss a plantation

away down in ther Loozi-anner bottoms, an' I reck'n I orter know what I'm a talkin' about. They allus chuse me fer a boss. Why? 'Cos I've got long arms an' hard muscle, an' knows what to do with a whip. Talk about yer nigger drivers! They ain't in it. Nigger's got no slight in a usin' o' ther lash. Damned me ef I kant lay ther hide open at every crack. Talkin' 'bout yer boy, Jim, I tell ye now, ye better give him a genteel dose of it this time, for shure. He's one o' those niggers that's allus a broodin' over somefin an' a talkin' to himself, an' thet's a bad sign, in a nigger. It shows thet he ain't satisfied wid good treatment, an' some o' these days, will wanter give yer the jump. Yes, sir, ther hick'ry an' ther cowhide air the pets to cool down a nigger what's persumin' on gittin' out o' his place, an' it takes jist sich a white man as Tom Jones to lay it on."

Feeling elated over this eloquent and learned speech, the said Tom Jones continues puffing away at his pipe and to await the effect of his masterly delivery upon Mr. Haynes. "Well, Jones, I believe you are right, and feel sure that you are a master in your line. I have al-

ways desired to treat my black 'uns decently, if they will let me. But when a black cur is seeking after an education and wants to read newspapers and is talking about the freedom of his race, it is high time to set him back a step or two and make him know exactly who he is and how far he must go. What do you say about it, Jim? Talk, sir! you ugly wretch, and tell us what to do with a nigger that has got out of his place and wants to be a white man!" Jim passes his right hand slowly through his black wool and, still keeping his head down, says: "Anyting you say, Massa, I agrees ter. Ef yer says a nigger ought ter be roasted alive fer wantin' to read a little fer his own reckerection, it must be right. Kase you'se a white man, you is, and orter know right from wrong. But, Massa, it is mouty hard fer we black 'uns—mouty hard; and sometimes I don't keer how soon de chariot will come down from Heben and tek up pore black Jim into de clouds. It 'pears ter me dat it is mouty strange fer God to 'low de black sheep in de foal to suffer all de hardship ob dis life, while 'ih wool is jis as good as de white 'uns. But ye white folks read an'

preach de gospil ob righteousness an' says fer us niggahs to 'bey our masters, an' dat's all de gospil fer we. How dat? De white man kin tek all de gospil an' de lan' an' de good time, an' jis lebe de niggah one claw ob de gospil an' de hard wurk an' de bull-whip?"

Here, Black Jim, who, deep down in his soul, knew no such thing as fear, and, being now thoroughly moved with long-pent-up feelings, stood upon his feet, while the white men, astonished at the turn of affairs, are momentarily paralyzed. Jim thus continues: "Yes, Massa, yer kin whip me jis as long as yer pleze an' jis as hard as yer pleze; but yer'll neber skeer dis black niggah, as long as he kin draw breff an' move a bone. I hab sarbed yer, year in an' year out, and all dis bekase you is white an' I is black. Who gi' you de right ter dribe me an' beat on my pore bones 'twell dey feel like lead an' 'twell I kant lift one foot before t'odder? Ain't I a man jis like you? Habn't I got a soul and ain't my soul as white as your'n? Didn't de good Lord heng on de Roman cross fer me as well as fer you? An' when we dat's gwine ter Heben, gits dar, won't de white 'uns an' de black 'uns all fall down

togedder before de Big White Trone an' cry out, 'Holy?' Yes, Massa, yer may do what you pleze wid me, but sumfin tells me as plain as I see you now, dat de niggahs is all gwine ter be free, an' one day more dan all we's gwine ter git dat jestem dat de good Lord has sabed up fer us. You hy'ar me? De sword ob jestem am hangin' ober yer, an' de Righteous King is gwine ter let it fall one o' dese mornin' 'pon top yer head; an' yer gwine ter be glad ter tun de poor niggah free!"

These last words are spoken by Jim with one finger pointing directly toward the faces of the white men, who had been completely overcome by Jim's earnestness and boldness. Now, they recover themselves, and suddenly, wild with rage, they both spring upon the Negro before they realize what they are doing. Mr. Haynes, at length, regaining control of himself, thus addresses the red-faced catch-dog at his side: "Jones, I want you to string up this nigger and give him a thousand lashes on his naked hide. I'll be damned if I'll take this from a white man!"

Poor Jim's shirt is torn off and he is strung up like a hog to the ceiling, and upon his

naked skin the mighty blows of the now enraged Jones begin to fall. Soon, the red blood is dripping down upon the floor, the precious blood for which Christ spilled his own to save. The blows ring out on the silent air in sickening, doleful sounds, as they fall from the hands of the white giant who is now surpassing all of his past exploits in his degraded profession. Not a moan breaks forth from the lips of the noble black, whose body swings to and fro as the terrible blows fall upon it. The skin is bursting all over and the blood is still pouring out like water, and the white men are cursing and foaming like demons, and the very Devil himself, from the blackest corner of the room, is cheering on the work with eyeballs of fire, while his forked tail is lashing in fiendish delight.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

We hear whooping and laughing within, as if some one is in a high state of enjoyment. The curtain is lifted. Behold the scene! We are glad to see once more our hero whom we

left years ago strung up 'twixt the heaven and the earth and bleeding to death. Providence has evidently spared this strange creature for some good purpose which we hope will one day be made known to us. Yes; there is no doubt about it. Before us, in the back part of a room, stands Black Jim. For the first time in his life, he wears a pair of well-blacked shoes, an untorn pair of trousers, a clean shirt, a new coat, and hair nicely combed. He looks respectable, and is also as proud and happy as he appears. Jim has been laughing and talking to himself and this was the cause of the merriment we have just now heard.

But, hold! Jim is advancing toward us. Let us see what he is going to do and listen to what he is going to say. He stops. He stands upon the floor of a nicely built log cabin. On the hearthstone are cooking utensils clean and bright; in the center of the room is a table on which is spread a white cloth; in the corner is a bed neatly laid with a beautifully-colored coverlet tucked in snugly all around; skin-bottomed chairs are arranged about the room in perfect order, and a large open-arm chair is in front of the fire-place. Jim's face is radiant

with smiles and we can plainly see the even edges of his pearl-white teeth. He is so full of himself that he cannot restrain his joy, and we must now let him do his own talking, which is to be carried on without any human listener except ourselves. Listen! "Bress de Lord! Black Jim am free at las'! Is dis me, do? Is dis me or is dis Pompey? Is dis me or does I jis tink it's me? Is I dreamin' or is I wake? Kin a man dream while he is wake, or kin he be wake an' den dream? Who is me? Dey tell me I is free. Kin dere be sich a ting as a free niggah? Is I niggah or white folks? Man! I must be niggah! Look at my skin! Look at my har! Well, ef yer niggah, how cum yer free? Dat's de ting. How cum I free an' den niggah? Niggah free! How dat? Well, I kant mek it out; but I'm sho I'se free an' den niggah, too. Bress de Lord! Niggah Jim free! Massa Lincum done writ de letter and de nuse done come an' Jim done free! Teng God an' bress de Lord! I'se free sho's yer born. Chillun! I'se free! Yer hy'ar me? Dis is de time I'se been long lookin' fer, an' it's done hy'ar, an' I'se done free. Praise de Lord!"

Here Jim gets down on his knees, puts his hands to his ears, sways his body to and fro, and prays until the tears run down upon his cheeks. This is his prayer: "O, Fadder in Heben dis monin' I cum to dee, knee-bent an' body-bowed, an' tenks dee fer settin' my pore black body free. I tenks dee fer Massa Lincum an' fer de White House an' fer Massa Grant, an' fer de pen dat Massa Lincum writ de letter wid an' fer de wah dat whereby dis pore niggah am free! O, my King, dou dat wurk whar no man kin hender; kin pull down whar no man kin buil' up; kin buil' up whar no man kin pull down; kin pull down de man wat's tryin' to buil' up; kin buil' up de man wat's tryin' to pull down. Jerry Myer's King! Pitch in to dy golden chariot dat's drawn by horses o' win' an' pull back de top, so dat dou kin see dy way clar, clean from de Big White Trone down to de middle o' Georgy. Cum right frue de air like Tunder in de Camp o' Zion, an' bress dis pore niggah soul. I tenks dee agin an' agin fer freedom; fer a chance to praise dee an' to do dy will an' fer dis blessed mornin' o' resurrecshum. O, my Hebenly Fadder, dis mornin' help dis pore niggah to do dy will an' to stay

free 'twell Brer Gabriel blow de cow-horn, an' tell all de niggahs to git ready fer to fly. O, Fadder, sabe me a par ob shinin' wings away back dar in glory, and when de time cum fer me to put on dem golden slippers an' war dat star-white crown, den sen' me dem wings so dat I kin fly frue de air an' reach de trone in time to crown dee Lord ob all. Furdermore an' wharfore, I pray dat dou would also sot my soul free an' place her on de rocks ob eternal ages so dat de wabes ob de Massassep kin nebber wash him off agin. O, Fadder, keep me on de back o' dy hand an' under de 'struction ob dy suspectin' wing. Keep me in de narrer paff dat leads off frue glory an' pull me down de broad road o' detection. Keep de white man in 'ih place, an' let de niggah spread like a gum-tree in de swamp. O, my Fadder, I tenks de fe. all dat an' fer anyting more dat dou see wuff while to tenk de fer. I wants ter git ter Heben in a cam time; so when I roll ober to die an' kant lib h'yar no longer, han' me down ter my grabe in peas and hominy, an' bring me back agin to de fold ob de New Jeroozalam, whar dere shall be weepin' an' nashin' o' de teet on de banks ob delib'rance, is de humble pray'r ob dis rowdy nigger. Amen!"

SCENE 2.

Another scene confronts us. We are now beholding a street corner in one of our large Southern cities. There are a saloon, barber shop and restaurant near at hand. This is veritably the loafers' corner, and now we will wait a moment and see what will take place. A fine carriage drives up and stops near the corner; a gentleman puts his head out and asks one of the bystanders for a certain person. He is informed that the party desired is in the saloon. He gets out and orders the carriage to return for him after a short interval. He steps quickly into the saloon, with the air of a high-toned gentleman. He is tall, dressed in black, high Grecian nose, clear, kind, blue eyes, side whiskers, gold-rimmed glasses, middle-aged, silk hat and cane. He steps up to the proprietor of the establishment and whispers a few inaudible words to him, and, then, is shown into a side room. He enters the room, removes his hat, lays aside his cane and takes his seat. The room is small and neatly, if not costly, furnished. It is used as the private

office of Mr Redmond, the saloonist. The kind-faced stranger, whom we will now introduce to our readers as Mr. Earl Stanhope, of Boston, is a wealthy gentleman, who has devoted much of his life to deeds of Charity and Christianity. He takes out his watch, and mutters something to himself and puts it back into his pocket. He seems in some haste, but his countenance does not betray the least excitement or impatience. He wears the same calm and serene air, that we noticed, when he first alighted from his carriage. A few minutes pass. There is a knock at the door, answered by a pleasant "Come in, sir," from within.

The new-comer shoves aside the door and enters with considerable noise and clumsiness. He is none other than Jim, whom we left a few years ago praying and giving thanks to God for his freedom, then recently obtained. As Jim enters and stands up in the middle of the room, let us describe him before he takes his seat. He is, of course, the same Jim; but he is grown more corpulent and rather lazy-looking. He is fairly dressed and neatly shaved. He sports a large scarf-pin, gold chain and, also, the symbols of several Orders upon the

lapel of his coat. In his mouth, he frequently bites at the end of a cigar, as horses do with their bits. We are sorry to say it; but we can inhale the perfumes of whisky on his breath, which, perhaps, has had something to do with his clumsy entrance and seeming indifference to the presence of the dignified stranger. On the whole, it seems that, while Jim has improved much since his freedom, in physical appearance and state of contentment; yet, to a close observer, it is plain that he has lost much of his former innocence and simple virtue, and, most certainly, he has disappointed many who had expected great things of him. Now, having been invited to a seat which is kindly handed to him, Jim, who has now become Mr. James Edward Harris, sits down quite unconcerned and, throwing his right leg over his left, leans back on his chair and, asking Mr. Stanhope to excuse him, proceeds to light and smoke his cigar.

The conversation thus begins: "Mr. Harris," says Mr. Stanhope, "I have always been interested in your history and, having a short stopover in your city, I made it my duty to call and ascertain how you are and what you are doing

and also what use you are making of these blessed opportunities with which God has surrounded you. Will you kindly state what you have passed through since you have been blessed with your freedom, for which I have labored and prayed, for so many years?" Harris—for he does not like to be called "Jim" now—being always a man of much finer sense than he has ever been credited with, looks down upon the floor in deep meditation for a considerable period of time, before he attempts to answer the question put to him.

At length, he straightens himself up in his seat and thus begins: "Well, sah, I tinks I kin tell ye putty well de substance ob my pas' exper'ence," says Harris, while he knocks the ashes from his cigar. He continues thus: "When Mr. Linkum 'mancipated me, or, in odder words, arter de close ob de wah, I was berry proud ob my freedom, an' I of'n got on my knees and praise de good Lord for my great delib'rence from bondage. Indeed, sah, I was berry tenkful fer my new condition and tort dat I would soon be rich like de w'ite folks. I had a little shanty ob my own, a hoss, a cow an' some hogs. I raised a plenty to eat

and had enuff to war an', for a few years, got along tol'able well. One day I found dat de deeds to my lan' was wrong, in some way or odder, or, at least, de white man I bought de lan' from, said so; an' he tole me I would hab to move off, as de lan' was his, but he said he was willin' ter pay me sumfin fur my improvements, so I tuck de money and lef' de lan' wid de white man. I tort den dat I wouldn't kill myself workin' an' tuggin', an' diggin', an' den arter all, lose wot I mek an' git nuffin. So I 'cluded to go off an' see de wurl and enjoy my freedom. I tuk de k'yar an' trabel all ober de kentry an' at las' settled down h'yar in dis city. Here, I habs a good time. I gits all I wants to eat an' war an' smoke an' drink, and, arter all, dat's 'bout all a nigger's gwine ter git in dis kentry." Here Mr. Stanhope ventures a question: "Mr. Harris, do you own any property?" "Property! No, sah! I'se done wid property, I is. I'se got plenty ob good close an' a good fat job, an' I hol's a rabbit-foot han' wid cards, an' I kin shoot "crap" and kin trow dice wid de bes' on 'em, and I'se got some good wimmin friends wot's got money, and wot does I want wid

property? I am h'yar to-day and yonder to-morrer and some whar else next day, so wot's de use to by lan' an' fix up. No sah! No property for me. I done 'cided to enjoy my freedom, an' dat's wot I'se doin' "

"But, Mr. Harris," breaks in Mr. Stanhope, "how is it about your religion? You seem once to have been very grateful to God for your freedom. Are you not still grateful, and do you not continue to praise God, who has given you every blessing you now enjoy?" "O, yes, sah, you bets I do, but de ting is sorter gittin' ole, lak, an' I don't tek on so 'bout freedom, lak I uster. Yer see when a fellow gits sorter uster anyting, why, he don't hab ter keep talkin' an' tinkin' on de same ting all de time. I'se done free an' ebery body knows it, an' I don't min' it much now. De fac' is, Mr. Stanhope, I'se in fer havin' a good time, an' ef I dont hab it, I'll mos'—dat's straight goods! Dis niggah is gwine to enjoy his freedom; and don't yer forget it. Property or no property, 'ligion or no 'ligion; I'se gwine ter hab my fun. So dere aint no two ways about dat ar. I likes yer an' 'preciates yer good advice and 'tention

o' me, but dis niggah is gwine ter enjoy hisself, an' dat's straight."

"Well, I am sadly disappointed, Mr. Harris," dejectedly puts in Mr. Stanhope, "but I trust you will not be thus always. I must leave you now, and shall soon be on my way home and may never see you any more. For God's sake and for the sake of your best friends, be a man, Harris; and never forget your dark history and the work that God has laid out especially for you to do. Certainly, it is natural that you should desire to enjoy your freedom, as you have said, after having been without it so long; but, after you have settled down, be a man and make your mark! Good-bye, and God bless you! If you ever need a friend, Harris; here is my card, write me, and I will not fail to do what I can for you."

Harris, somewhat moved by the warm friendship of Mr. Stanhope, stands up and takes the proffered hand and says, "Good-bye, Mr. Stanhope, I'll nebber fergit yer kindness ter me, an' I hope God'll bress yer de balance ob yer days. Some how or odder, dar is a good spot 'bout me some whar, and now I kin feel it, an' it 'pears ter me dat I mout one o' dese

days gib yer a different account of' misself from what I hab giben you to-day. I tink ye'll h'yar from me agin, sah. 'Twel dat time, good-bye, and God bress yer!"

After warmly shaking each other's hands, the two friends part. Mr. Stanhope enters his carriage and drives rapidly away and Harris re-enters the pool-room, near by, and is soon lost in the maneuvers of a game of pool. As we see him in his shirt-sleeve, with cue in hand and a cigar in his mouth, cursing, bragging and betting, we almost lose hope for him, and upon this scene let the curtain fall.

SCENE 3.

A weary traveller, on horse-back, is riding fast upon one of our Southern roads. The day is growing old and the sun is sinking fast behind the western hlls. The horse, a large and beautiful chestnut, is getting impatient and, ever and anon, he champs his bit and lashes his tail and changes his gait into a rapid trot or canter. His master, as willing to complete the journey as he, but unwilling to use up free horse-flesh, checks him up and is satisfied with a brisk walk. Not too well acquainted with

the surrounding country, the rider is very anxious to reach some place where he may be entertained over night, whence he may be able to pursue his journey on the morrow.

He soon spies ahead of him and on the right-hand side of the road, a boy on horse-back with a whip, driving before him six or seven head of cattle, among which are three or four horses. He rides up fast that he may meet the boy in order that he may make some inquiries concerning the country. The boy, by this time, had gotten his cattle and horses in a straight line before him, and he himself is riding behind, whistling a country air that is familiar to Southern districts. The song whistled is perfectly strange to our rider, who lives in Boston, and who is already known to us as Mr. Earle Stanhope.

This worthy gentleman, being interested in the fair south, has purchased some valuable property in one of Dixie's most progressive States, and is now on a prospecting tour. He chooses this simple method of travel, rather because he desires the open air and the exercise, and also to render himself familiar with the habits and condition of the inhabitants of

the country. "Well, my boy," says Mr. Stanhope, "You seem to have a fair start in the stock business? Are they yours?" "Yes, sah," says the boy grinning and touching his cap, "I mean dey is papa's, sah—we don't live berry fur from h'yar; yer kin see de house, when you git on the hill." From the speech and politeness of the boy as well as the dark shade beneath his hat, Mr. Stanhope has discovered that his companion is a Negro youth of considerable intelligence. Being doubly interested in the boy, because of the love he bears toward his race, he says, "I am very proud of this, my young man; I am nearly lost in these woods and I have already travelled far, and will be very glad, indeed, to find some one to guide me on my journey aright." "O, yes, sah, papa kin tell yer all about dis kentry, but if yer wanter yer kin stay wid us to-night ef we'll suit yer; and then yer kin go on in de morning, sah," says the boy, politely. "Thank you kindly, my good fellow, I will, indeed, accept your kind offer and pay you handsomely, besides." "We nebber charges anyting, sah, fer our 'commodations, sich as it is," quickly speaks up the boy, who seems to fear lest the gentleman may

think his hospitality arises from a selfish greed for money. "I know that, my man; but, of course, you must have something for your trouble," says Mr. Stanhope, his noble feelings rising high in his bosom.

Thus the pair ride on side by side, while the gentle cows and horses walk on orderly before them, now and then, stopping to browse upon the green grass that grows along the road. Presently, they arrive at a beautiful white cottage on the left hand side of the large public road. It is now dark, but the stranger can see the white form of the house, the yard fence, the cluster of vine in front of the porch, the clean front-grounds, with rows and circles of flowers, and also, by the reflection of light within, the buxom form of a woman at her domestic duties. The little fellow, having told Mr. Stanhope to remain on horseback a minute, quickly dismounts and imparts the news to the inmates of the house, and, then, returns and tells Mr. Stanhope politely to go in, while he, taking his horse, passes rapidly toward the barn. Mr. Stanhope walks up to the house, where he is met by the portly woman of whose form he

has already caught a glimpse, through the window.

"Good evening, madam," says Mr. Stanhope kindly, at the same time extending his hand. "Good fortune has caused me to meet your son, who has politely directed me here: I trust we shall be better acquainted, ma'am." "Good eben, sah," returns the madam, pleasantly. "Jis walk right in and tek a seat; my husband will be home soon an' he kin keep yer comp'ny; he's a mouty great han' to talk, sah, an' I knows he'll be glad to see yer. Set in de big arm-chair, sah; it is de easiest fer a gemlin like you, 'specially when you'se bin a ridin' all day. Lilla, bring de gemlin a fresh glass o' water, dear. I knows he must be thirsty, trabelin' in all dis heat. Now, sah, jis mek yerself at home—dere is some books an' papers on de des', an' pen an' ink dar; so mek yersef at home. We's nuffin but pore folks, but you's parfeckly welcome to sich as we got. Some white folks oberlooks us black 'uns; but I see dat you'se not one ob dem kinds. So, ack jis as ef you was in yer own house, sah, while I goes ter git yer some supper." Before Mr. Stanhope could say, "Thank you, madam," the nice-looking

black woman had gone into the kitchen to prepare the evening meal.

Very soon, the door is opened and a large, broad-chested, full-blooded Negro enters the apartment. He stands in the middle of the floor for a few moments, keenly eying the stranger. "Good eben, sah!" exclaims the Negro; "pears ter me I hab seen yer somewhar, but I'll be danged, ef I kin jis now mek out yer likeness." "If I am not mistaken, sir, are you not Mr. James Harris, my old friend?" astonishingly inquires Mr. Stanhope, over his glasses. "And, bress my buttons, ef dis yer ain't Mr. Stanhope! Yer see, sah, de light was in my eyes, else I'd a knowed yer, shure. I neber would forgit a man like you—no, sah! By no means in de wurl, sah! How hab you bin, sah?" The two men shake hands and exchange the usual greetings as to health and recent whereabouts, and so forth, and then begin to enter upon a very important discussion. But, before they get fairly started, the bell rings for supper, and both men, being hungry, repair at once to the dining-room and despatch the evening meal amid the most pleasant surroundings. We will not note in

detail all the circumstances of this pleasurable hour, but hasten on to other scenes of more importance. The meal is over; the things are all put away; the rest of the family are in a large room by themselves, and the two gentlemen are seated in the cozy little sitting-room into which Mr. Stanhope was first ushered immediately upon his arrival. Mr. Harris takes down a clean pipe from the mantel, fills it with home-made tobacco, lights it and begins puffing away, while Mr. Stanhope eyes him admiringly through his glasses and remains silent.

At length, the white man breaks the monotony, thus: "Mr. Harris, it has been some time since we have met, and, since Providence has so strangely and unexpectedly brought us together again, let us employ our evening in a few series of questions and answers, in order that we may better understand how each of us has been getting on. So, if there is no objection, I'll begin by asking you to state briefly your history since last we met in the city of C——." "Berry good, sah, I was jis a tinkin' ob jis sich a program misef, sah," replies Harris, his countenance brightening up and

his eyes sparkling like two beads of dew in the sunlight. "Well, sah," the Negro continues, "arter yer lef' me in dat saloon, I soon got tired ob 'habin' a good time,' as I was a tellin' ye, widout layin' up anyting fer a rainy day. So, I goes to work and sabes up some money and buys a small farm, buil's a shanty and starts out to 'cumerlate some stock. I now owns one hundred and sixty acres ob good lan', six or seben milk cows, a half o' dozen fine-blooded horses, plenty of hogs, sheep, ducks, chickens, an' lots ob odder tings dat a man needs on a farm. I runs a vegetable farm, fruit orchard and milk dairy, an 'I furnish de town wid early marketin' My chillun goes to school an' also helps me on de farm. I keeps two or tree men employed 'roun' de place all de time an' pays 'em well an' dey gibs me good work. I treats 'em right an' dey treats me de same. I hab a plenty, sah, fer de present an' I'se layin' sumfin up fer a rainy day. I'se a deacon in de church an' a super'ntendum in de Sabbaf School, sah, an' eberybody says I am jis movin' on. So, on de whole, I'se putty well sati'fied an' got hardly anyting to worry me now 'cept one

ting, an' I specs dat'll allus gi' me some trouble."

Here, Mr. Harris' face clouds up a little and he knocks the ashes out of his pipe and looks steadily into the fire-place before him. "What is that, Mr. Harris?" quickly asks Mr. Stanhope. "I've been listening attentively to your story, and had begun to think that you are now in possession of all that a reasonable man can wish. You have certainly done well, and I am, indeed, proud of your record—but go on and tell me what is it that gives you some trouble? Perhaps, I may be of some assistance to you."

"Well, sah, it is jis dis. Ob course, I hab all I wants to eat and war, and I hab laid up some money fer a rainy day; but, arter all, what plezhure to me is all dis, sence my chillun 'll neber be able to enjoy dese tings arter I'm dead an' gone?" "Why not, Mr. Harris? Are they not your heirs and will they not inherit your property, according to the laws of descent and distribution?" asks Mr. Stanhope, thinking that Mr. Harris fears other claimants interrupting his children's rights, after his death. "O, I knows dat, Mr. Stanhope, dats de law ob be lan', sah; an' I don't fear any trouble on dat

pint. But h'yar is de ting—let me show you. S'pose I edikate my boy an' he wants ter be an ingineer on de train; kin he? S'pose my little Lilla gets smart enuff to manage de telegram business; kin she git employment in dat direction? S'pose anodder one ob my children wants ter be a lawyer an' gits ter be a shure 'nuff good 'un; will de welty white peeple wots' got money gib him deir cases? Will de jedge and de jury treat him as ef he was white? Is all de abenues ob de kentry open to me an' my family? Kin I stan' upon my own merit and git sich reckonishun before de public as I am entitled ter? Aint me an' my boys hedged in an' cut off on all sides? Don't dey try ter keep us outen de bes' places—matters not what we larn and how smart we gits? Is dere any incouragement fur us to larn anyting wot we kant git de chance to use ter an advantage? Some o' my white frens says dat we's ignorant and hes no kare for any biznsss—does dey expect us ter be smart an' reliable untwell dey gib us somefin' to do dat will exercise our brains and train up our karekters fur honesty and integrity?

"Anodder ting; is it right to refuse a man imployment simply kase he's got a black face wot God has giben him? Is dat brodderly? Is dat accordin' to de teachins ob de Bible which tells us dat God is no respecter of pussons? I tell yer, sah, when I tinks ob all dese tings, my blood farly biles in my veins an' I'll neber be satisfied untwell I'm sarten my chillun will hab a far show in dis kentry, when I'm dead an' gone. My b'leef is dat one man is jis as good as anodder, ef he has got as good a kerecter. Dis way ob slitin' a man on ac count ob his skin or his har is too weak and foolish fur any man ter indulge in, an' I pray God dat dese wite folks 'roun' me h'yar will soon larn mo sense and better perliteness, 'fore long. I tell you, sah, de wite folks see me gwine along; but dey don't know what is in me. I feel sometime jis like bundlin' up, git togedder my little ban' an' lebe de kentry. Agin, I tinks ob askin' de gober'ment to set tings right an' mek a man's color no bar to any place ob trus' an' honor. But, now, I tinks I'll jis set a day an' axe my white fren's to meet me down at de ole brick church, or some odder good place, and den we'll hab a

good talk ober dis matter. I wanter meet 'em in all politeness, sah, an' good feeling, sah; but, at de same time, I'm gwine ter mean bizness an' dey mus' mek me some kin' o' answer. You h'yar me? Fer my part, I hab decided now to put aside foolishness an' 'habin a good time' an' be a squar, up an' up man, an' I specs my wite fren's to list'n ter me an' gib me a man's sho. I blebes dey'll do it—kase dey's some mouty fine 'uns among 'em—any how, dey mus' tell me sumfin,' 'fore I quits 'em. Yer see, Mr. Stanhope, I don't axe 'em fer any big ting kase I don't desarbe it, but all I axe 'em fur, is to op'n de way fer my chillun as fas' as dey desarbe any ting ob honor. See? I'm not big-eyed or greedy. I knows I has bin trifling, sah, berry trifling in de de pas', sah; but, 'fore God! I means ter be a man, an' only wants a man's chance, sah!"

After delivering this speech, Mr. Harris is still looking down in front of him as if in deep meditation. Mr. Stanhope, rising, as if to retire for the night, offers Mr. Harris his hand and says, "My dear sir, you are perfectly right. You are a worthy man and truly deserve those things you ask. Only be a true man and

trust in God and the time is sure to come when your Southern friends will gve you all you ask and I am also ready to do all I can for you. So, good night and may God bless you!"

ACT III.

SCENE 1.

Again, and, for the last time, the curtain rises, and discloses to our view a large, private office in one of our most progressive cities of the South. The office is most splendidly fitted up and bears signs of immense business and vast wealth. Rich Brussel carpets spread over the floor; finest mahogany chairs and artistic lounges and easy comforters of rare workmanship, are tastily arranged around the room. Expensive desks, escritoires, libraries and drawers abound; and, in short, there is nothing lacking, however costly, which is necessary to the use and ornament of this wealthy establishment. It is plain that this apartment is used as the private reception room of the directors and other select friends of the Great National Bank of the flourishing city of C——.

With exception of a few pages, messenger-boys and one or more private secretaries, there are only three present who seem to have special interest in, and control of, the business. The gentlemen are all well-dressed and brainy-looking men, and they wear that air of wealth, independence and dignified business courtesy which are the traits that mark so well those natural-born gentlemen of honor, who have been successful in life. The men all look somewhat familiar to us, and yet we cannot remember just when, where or under what circumstances, we have met them. They are all seated around a beautifully carved table with marble cover, and each is apparently bent upon some special duty of his own. What, with reading the daily papers, dictating letters to their clerks or stenographers, and what with an occasional conference with each other as to some business feature of importance, they all seem actually busy and, thus far, gives us no opportunity to catch any word or sentence which may enable us to ascertain who they are or what are their names.

In the meantime, we use our eyes and thoughts, and find that one of them is a tall,

slender and elderly gentleman, with light-blue and kind-looking eyes, grey hair and side-whiskers, placid and good-natured countenance, and, by his general appearance, we decide that his native home is New England or some other section of the North. He displays wonderful business foresight, a wide knowledge of men and nature, and, above all, a calm, collected and humane disposition which fit him specially for the leader of this giant establishment.

Looking carefully at the next gentleman, who sits at the right of the pleasant-looking Northerner, we notice also a tall, well-built, dark-skinned gentleman, with passionate, black eyes, iron-grey hair and mustache, which once must have been of raven blackness. He shows that in an earlier day he must have been a decidedly handsome young man and one possesssing much mettle and activity, of which last traits we believe he still possesses a remarkable share. Instinctively, and, without debate, we set him down in our minds as a high-bred gentleman of the South, of keen business sagacity and of much spirit and dashing

boldness. He, indeed, must be the manager and the executive spirit of the concern.

Next, seated on the left of the Northerner and opposite the Southerner, is a very large, bald-headed gentleman, broad-chested and of corpulent waist, round, full eyes, side-whiskers besprinkled with grey, full but firm lips, general expression of extraordinary shrewdness and a keen sense of justice, hair curly and closely-trimmed and face as black and smooth as a school-board. This man, is, no doubt, the plumb-line that holds the enterprise to the dead level of square dealing and a fair recognition of the rights of all men. He sits there like a huge iron pillar; his very blackness glows and sparkles as an indication of the real pearl beneath that sable coating. Having noted all these things, we are now ready to listen to the conversation which we know must come, sooner or later. It now begins: "Mr. Haynes," says the kindly Northerner, addressing himself to his Southern friend, "I was thinking of the South as it was years ago—how Nature had furnished it with her choicest gifts, and yet how little had been done for its development, until within a few years. It does

seem to me, after deep reflection, that there must have been a dark, invisible cloud that hovered over this section, as long as it ignored the rights and privileges of a portion of its citizens. It seems that you white men of the South possess, by Nature, the same active and enterprising spirit that we, who live in the North, possess, and I am sure that Nature has been kinder to your section than she has been to ours; and yet, for all that, your progress has been comparatively slow, until your magnanimity caused you to open the doors of your country to all mankind, regardless of race or color. Is it not striking that a few years after this change, wealthy and enterprising immigrants from the North and from Europe flocked to your shores and united together their brains and their capital with your resources and co-operation, and, thus succeeded in building up this country and in gaining immense riches? Look at your country to-day! It is one of the most prosperous and most progressive sections on the face of the earth. Here, you have the largest and most numerous cotton-factories, the most profitable fruit and vegetable interests, the most extensive stock, hide and wool

business, the wealthiest railroad companies, the most solid banking establishments and the most successful agricultural and horticultural departments in the country. Your climate is healthy and mild, your people are thriving and happy, and I tell you, sir, you are towering over other sections with remarkable rapidity, and, I dare say, if the other parts of this Union do not strike out rapidly and forcibly, they will soon be left in a decided minority. And, above it all, just to think 'what hath God wrought' in the condition of that race whom we all once despised! I tell you, my dear sir, I am actually proud of the descendants of Africa amongst us. I am really glorified when I realize the fact that our great Union is broad enough and noble enough to shelter under her wings and to adopt as distinct portions of her vast brood the White, the Black, the Red, the Yellow and the Brown, and to grant them all equal justicé and admit them to those places of honor for which they are found to be prepared. I am proud, to-day, that the Negro has proven himself a worthy citizen, a successful man of business, a patriotic statesman, a distinguished scholar and an

unsurpassable orator, poet and musician. Why, sir, we are actually honored in having this race as a part and parcel of ourselves. He has paid us a hundred-fold for our adopting him into the file and rank of our Nationality; and, to-day, sir, we ought to thank our God that he has been brought to our shores and has grown up among our people!"

"Mr. Stanhope," says Mr. Haynes, the Southerner whom we have met before, "your words strike deep into my very soul and they are as true as sunshine. God has, indeed, taught us a valuable lesson in His strange dealings with us and this peculiar people with whom we have been so intimately connected. I know full well, even better than yourself, the great change which has been effected in our Sunny South, and I have attributed it altogether to the change brought about in our treatment of the black race in our midst. Our admitting the blacks on their merits, has caused them to use their own natural powers as they have never done before, and they have thus shown to the world that they had qualities buried within them of which we have never dreamed. They have proven themselves worthy in every

respect of the recognition given them and they have aided us much in building up our country. Furthermore, by our acceptance of the Negro, you of the North and we of the South have been brought into closer contact and into a stronger and a more brotherly union. You have shared with us the value of your enterprise and inventive genius and we have shared with you our natural resources, our earnestness and our hospitality. Thus, we may safely say that, through the black man our great calamities of the war were occasioned, and from him also sprang our present prosperity. He has been the occasion of war and bloodshed; he has now brought peace and happiness; he has separated brother from brother; he has now cemented forever the bond of brotherhood not only between two sections of the same race, but also between all the races of the earth; he has brought dreadful destruction upon our Southern land, and now he has filled our borders with such richness and blessings as we have never witnessed before. Indeed, sir, I join most heartily with you in saying that he is now an honor to our country, and it is one of God's richest blessings that he has been

brought to our shores. Do you know, sir, that once in my life I prevented this man in front of me from learning to read and write; that I once had him drawn up and whipped until I thought he would die, for nothing else except a desire on his part to get an education and to gain his freedom? Do you know, sir, that I once even doubted that the black man had a soul to save or a God to serve? Do you know, sir, that I once despised Negroes, and could stand by, coolly, and see them whipped or shot to death, without lifting a hand or moving a muscle to save them? Talk about rights! Why, sir, I thought dogs deserved more rights than Negroes! I thought and said and held that Negroes had no rights that white men were bound to respect. Yes, sir; I was a hot-blooded nigger-hater and fire-eater, and, at one time, would rather have cut my throat from ear to ear than to sit and do business with a Negro as I do now! But, I thank my God that all this is changed. Now, I am willing that the Negro should have the same rights and opportunities for himself that I enjoy. I want no avenue, however high and honorable,

to be debarred from him if he is fitted for it.

"To-day, sir, I believe that all men are created equal and should have the same just and inalienable rights that God has given them, and I believe that the time will come no more when I shall be so weak, so foolish and so blinded as to withhold one blessed boon from my fellow-man that I love to enjoy for myself. Gentlemen, the world is moving on, and, with it, our prejudices, our weaknesses and our wrongs are moving away; and I verily believe that the time is near at hand when all the world shall know neither color, form, hair or any other insignificant distinction, but that all shall be one and shall live together in perfect harmony, as Equal Children of one Eternal Father!"

Here, both the Northerner and the Southerner look, instinctively, at their Brother in Black and almost in the same breath exclaim, "And now what have you to say, Mr. Harris?"

Mr. Harris, who was formerly known to our readers as "Black Jim," looking earnestly into the eyes of his white friends, thus begins: "White Man of the North and White Man of the South: of us all, I have the greatest right

to thank the God I serve. I can scarcely realize that I am what I am, and it is only because the mirror reflects my coal-black hue and I can yet feel the old bruises and scars on my back, of the dark and bloody days of the long ago, that I can understand that I am a Negro. Gentlemen, I warmly thank you both for the kind and noble words spoken of me this day. I only hope that the day may yet come when I may be able to show you better than I have ever done before, both my gratitude to you and, also, those better qualities to the world which yet lie hidden within me. So far, we are only on our first round of the New Era, and there is a 'divinity that stirs within me' and tells me that we are all now but infants, compared with that glorious state that shall be revealed unto us from behind the mystic veil of the future. But, sirs, I can never think of my past history without recognizing the hand of God in it all, and also without bowing my head in deep gratitude to God, 'the giver of every perfect gift.' From the plow and the hoe and the axe and the whipping-post and the auction-block and the yelping hound and the Kuklux and the midnight lyncher; from kicks out of cars, from

blows on my head, from swellings in my throat, from achings in my heart, from tears in my eyes, from the darkness of death and from the flames of hell—yea, from all these and more, have I risen out and upward, by God's mercy, until to-day I sit between the North and the South in equality, in peace and with a brother's love! Gentlemen, by your assistance and with the help of God, I intend, from this day forth, to be a better and a nobler man than ever before.

"I, indeed, cannot afford to misuse these glorious opportunities that I now enjoy. Here, in your midst, with all the doors of both North and South flung wide open to me—to me, a once poor and degraded wretch—I swear I never will prove recreant to such brotherly confidence; I never will prove unworthy of such noble friendship; I never will fail to show my gratitude to you and to your forthcoming posterity! I am here, gentlemen, as firm as the very hills; my heart beats true and fast for you and our common country. Command me; I am at your service. Wearied with toil and cares, I will ease your burdens and soothe your sorrows; wounded on the field of battle, I will

run to your relief and staunch your flowing blood with the very hair on my head; forsaken by the rest of mankind, I will stand by you until the stars go down to rise no more.

"Sirs, I am your faithful ally; I will bare my breast to the glaring sword to protect your peaceful homes; I will plunge through galling fire to save your crowing babes, and I will fight for you until blood runs from my veins like water from a leaping spring. To-day, gentlemen, you have won my love, and I will teach white men to know that none can love so deep, endure so much, toil so hard, sink so low and rise so high as the black-skinned but true-hearted son of Afric's sultry shore!"

With this, the three men now stand, and the Negro, raising his hand toward Heaven, thus dismisses them: "O,God, for Christ's sake, dismiss us with Thy choicest blessings, and grant that we men upon earth may, henceforth and ever, dwell together in perfect peace and be saved at last in Thy Kingdom of Love in Heaven. Amen!"

And now the Curtain Falls, and, hoping that I have at least partly succeeded in telling the world what is the matter with the Negro and

how he is to effect his own cure; and that I have also done something toward cracking that nut, which I had drawn off to crack, with my naked fist; and bidding you, my dear readers, a long Farewell until we shall all meet some day before the Judgment Bar of God, where the Black and the White, and the Red and the Brown, the Rich and the Poor, the High and the Low, shall all stand equal before a just God and render an Account of their Deeds done upon Earth, I remain ever

Faithfully yours, for God and Humanity,

J. B. S. CAPPONI.

A BROTHER'S APPEAL.

Fellow-Countrymen, please read these following idle-hour productions of my late brother, John Downing Sevelli-Capponi, to whose departed shade this book is dedicated. These scraps were never intended by him to be published; but, as they are the only scribblings of his that I now possess—the best and most important having been lost—I have inserted them here, both to perpetuate them more completely and also to give the public a

faint idea of what this youth might have done had he lived to complete his education and to execute his idea of writing a book.

By reading his lines, you will confer a great favor upon me and also reflect much honor upon the memory of him who, if living, would be far more able than myself to repay you in graceful compliment, flowing gratuitously from a heart like Sir Phillip Sidney's and a mind like Julius Caesar's. For, like the former, he was the very soul of Honor and Dignity, and like the latter, he seemed skillful in every line—prose, verse, eloquence, mathematics, philosophy, dancing, games, athletic sports, social pleasures and the elements of the Christian Religion.

As an example of his ambition, I will state that, after a certain examination wherein I had received a higher grade in geometry than himself, he immediately entered our room, and, with face flushed and eyes flashing, he said: "Joe, you have beaten me this time, old boy; but you will never do it again!" And he was right; for, on the following examination, which proved his last on earth, strange to say, we both received the same marks in every branch.

And, again, to show his wonderful pluck and fortitude, I will say that, while racked with the most excruciating pains peculiar to the disease with which he soon afterwards died, and, referring to his physical tortures, he thus remarked to a fellow-sufferer, "Perry, this is a little different from playing croquet, is it not?"

Again, trusting you will read these lines, and think kindly of the writer, who lies sleeping beneath the willow in the cemetery at Charlotte, N C.,

I am sincerely yours,

J. B. S. CAPPONI.

MY BROTHER'S SCRIBBLINGS.

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

As friend, I tender thee my hand,
And, with it, purest wishes give.
On Virtue may thy motto stand
And to thyself true may thou live;
And, if thou dost, there will be no doubt
That to thy friends thou wilt be true—
As friend, I ask of thee this same,
In proof whereof, I write my name.

The certainty of the uncertainty of things in this uncertain world is one of the most certain of things.

A RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That I do intend to put forth every effort to free myself from all impure thoughts, words and deeds; holding them as inconsistent with a Christian life, and that I hereafter cultivate a kind and obliging disposition toward all men.

Resolved, further, That I adopt the reading of the following kinds of books, viz: the Bible, Milton's Paradise Lost, Shakespeare, Histories and Biographies, and that I make them a special study and read them understandingly.

INVOCATION.

O, come, some supernatural aid,
Inflame my heart with purest thoughts!
If now, within its darkest cells,
The smallest spot of mischief dwells;
With flaming sword from purer land,
Strike now with thine immortal hand—
Forever cleft it from its hold:
And as the fire makes pure the gold,

Leave thou instead an uplift soul.
Let drop within my slumb'ring heart
A spark. And let it burn and blaze,
A living flame!

CONCERNING RULES.

When, at first, the lines herein contained
I 'gan to dot with words and thoughts
Of my brain. No doubt assuming much,
I did not think, if thought at all,
To suit your taste or please your grace;
But half in jest to do my best
In seeing what myself did know,
And, knowing that, to see what I could do.
At first, good rules to write I thought was
right
And, then, to see—the best of all—
If I myself could live thereby.
That laws are good, no one denies,
But, after all, where lies the good?
Where is no law, there is no rule,
But laws when made—they must be kept,
And he who breaks them, is the fool.
And, if perchance I do succeed
The rules to keep—quite good, indeed,

Pardon craving, if too bold I be
I tender you, with open heart,
My jovial friend, these Rules of Mine.

A FRIENDLY WISH.

In the hours of calm reflection,
In the hours of social glee;
May Heaven be thy kind protection,
May it ever shelter thee!

WOMAN.

Gentle, graceful, smiling Venus,
Thy charms ne'er fail t' inspire within us
Deepest thoughts of adoration
For thee, purest of creation.
Satan, through thy placid weakness,
Sought to strip thee of thy greatness;
And, though, by Satan thou didst fall,
And, falling, transmit sin to all,
Yet through this same, and yielding weakness,
One Greater came and brought thee greatness.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

Upon this leaf, at your request,
With pleasure that is not expressed,
I write for you an autograph.
That, at my words, you do not laugh
Is the first request I make of you.
With naught but good intent in view,
Launched now upon this sea of life—
This sea of toil and sin and strife,
Of rock-bound coasts beware!
List! A blissful cove may have a snare!
Your strength is weak against the foes
Of Life, that do your steps oppose;
Trust not Beauty, for it will fail,
Nor trust your strength, for it's too frail!

AUTOGRAPH.

Except the writing which doth convey
These words, this leaf would spotless be;
So may thy heart, unmarked by aught
Save words Divine, may glow a Light,
Thy else unguarded feet to guide.

FRIENDLY HOPES AND WISHES.

O, would that human tongue were not so frail,
That of things, of times in mind resolved,
It might speak as soft and sweet
As sings the warbling Muse.
If 'twere so; I then might 'tempt t' unfold
The Hopes and Wishes of thee I hold.
But, since the Fates did not bestow
A gift so enviable and great,
The pleasure it would give, I must forego,
And state myself to beg of thee
T' accept this only wish I have—
That thy footsteps may ever move
In the Royal Path of Life;
Blest by Heaven's unchanging Love,
Thy life with constant bliss o'erflow.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE.

Took the train for M——, June 28th, 1882. There was a picnic (?) at M——. I there met the fascinating, entertaining and irresistible Miss H——, and I was also under the most charming influence of Miss G——. The picnic was on a speculating order. Everything had to be bought, and when I had just begun to

conclude that the girls formed an exception to the purchasable articles; I was soon brought to the correct understanding that all things were for sale—girls not excepted—by the seraph-like voice of a country belle, at my side, demanding a "treat." Candy was the "merchandise" requested, which I purchased; not, however, without a long-drawn sigh. After my friend, H, and I had bought our dinners and had smoked our cigars, we were insisted upon, much to my utter surprise, to partake, free of charge, of a bit of cake and pie, denominated "dinner!" So surprised was I that I declined. H, however, made good of the gratis, and despatched his share in the twinkling of an eye.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

Woman, whom God has made to complete the happiness of man and to perfect Creation, should, by no means, be separated from civilized society. Indeed, society would be deprived of its purest charms, grace and embellishments, were woman, its brightest flower, to be removed. And so allied is this graceful and

gentler sex of mankind to civilization that it is inseparable from a high standard of enlightenment.

By surveying history, one can readily see the importance of woman as an element of human progress. She is indispensable as a jewel of use and ornament; because, though man is lord of creation, yet he, either by cares or disappointment, often succumbs to his misfortune, and, like the powerful oak, torn by the storm, needs the delicate tendrils of womanhood to bind up his shattered powers; or, incited by unrestrained passion, needs the kind reproof which none can give better than the fair Daughter of Eve. The greatest draw-back that some of the ancients had, was their disregard for woman. Looking at her physical weakness only, they regarded her as an object of contempt, and they failed to see and to appreciate those noble qualities and characteristics of woman—such as gracefulness, fortitude, gentleness and presence of mind, which well compensate for those same qualities generally wanting in men. Man is a creature, stern, harsh and obdurate, and, left alone to

passion and caprice, he becomes the most despicable object on earth. Men who retire from female society, are stern and cruel, and nations that hold women inferior to men and keep them strictly separated from society, are notorious for rudeness and babarity.

No country is religious which disallows a mutual sociability between the sexes. The unparalleled enlightenment of England is due, of course, to Christianity; but a high regard for women is also an element of Christianity, and, hence, one of the causes of her progress. And we can almost safely say that, when the rights of woman, in any given society, are unmolested, Christianity is also present. In some countries, woman is held in the greatest contempt, and, in those countries, despotism and barbarism are the predominant features. The early Grecian husbands regarded their wives as "faithful slaves;" and hence such obscure and sequestered Grecian society was divested of the refining and beneficial influence of Christian wives, sisters and mothers.

FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood is the opposite of Truth; Truth is a part of the essence of God. Falsehood is, therefore, diametrically opposed to God. The spirit of man partakes of the nature of God; man is, consequently, naturally truthful. Hence, when man falsifies he thwarts his nature.

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Falsehood assumes various forms; it may be unmodified, as in the case of Satan, when he planned and told Eve a downright lie; or it may assume a modification, as when Adam, being called of God, remained silent. Any form of deception whatever, partakes of the nature of Falsehood.

FOR AN ALBUM.

I highly appreciate the pleasure permitted me to disclose the very high estimation I have of your excellent qualities, and I cannot forbear tendering you my best wish that you may be kindly favored of Heaven in receiving a full portion of unremitting happiness.

Kind friend, unbounded pleasure it doth afford me to express my sincere appreciation of your excellent virtues.

FRICTION OF THE WORLD.

Well, why all this care and anxiety, trouble and perplexity? Why do men cheat, plan, plot, contrive, deceive, steal, murder, plunder, burn, harass and embarrass? Jones will smile with Smith to force something out of him detrimental to Luffy, because, as he claims, Luffy is a most preposterous fellow, ambitious and envious in the highest degree. For the said Jones claims, further, that he was going to be mail agent and that he had slightly spoken to Luffy about it—confiding in him, of course, as he, such a fool, always does, trusting everybody, which will some day be the ruin of him, if it is not already—and that scoundrel of a Luffy had gone right down to the railroad office and secured the position for himself.

Evans does not like Baptists—says he never could endure them. They always were a meddlesome sect, a long-nosed and hypocritical set of folks; as, for example, there is Noodle, who

is eternally preaching to every honest man, and yet he (Evans) can almost lay a wager that Noodle, no longer than last week, shot his (Evans') dog, saying that the dog had killed six of his finest young turkeys, which he can prove at any time, on testimony of Farmer Black, to be a downright, straight-forward, outrageous and unprecedented falsehood. For the dog had never yet noticed turkeys and he had never known him to notice poultry of any kind, except three months ago, when he killed three young ducks of Widow Grey, who—bless her!—didn't say any more than that it was the ducks' own fault, for he remembers well what she said, as he was right there working on her chimney. Thus, they go on blaming, reproving, quarreling and fault-finding, unceasingly.

Lady Jones can't bear that haughty, stuck-up, disdainful Laura Carr; and it is more or less because the Baronet goes to see her daughter, Laura, and not her own Esther. "Peter Coventry is a 'Junior' and doesn't know a bit more than a 'Fresh,' " says Ned, who is a Freshman, "for, in contradicting me the other day on the play-ground, when I told him he was

'out,' he made one of the biggest and most inexcusable mistakes ever was. Why, a 'Prep' would have known better!"

One store-keeper sells cheaper than the others and he is decently ridiculed by all of his brethren, in name but not in deed, and wonderfully praised by his numerous customers until he happens to "stick" them with rancid butter and then he is utterly forsaken, as the last man on God's green earth to deal with.

Patterson, the milkman, says he can make as much from his cows as Hendricks does, if he only cared to act on the same line, to-wit: to every quart of milk, add a half-pint of cool, sparkling water.

Just think of such monstrosity! Well! Well! Well! How amazing is this action and reaction of human affairs! This constant shoving and resisting and scuffling and wrestling!—one man saying one thing; another, another; thinking one thing, saying another; saying one thing, meaning another; meaning one thing, acting another, and conversely, and vice versa, etc., etc.

In this Babel and Confusion, where is the thread of common brotherhood? Where is

true friendship and love and virtue and honor? Have all these been lost with Eden? Did the Sword of the Cherub cut from man all that was good and pure, and send him forth transformed into a corrupt state, deformed by sin, conformed to all evil passions, so that now he has no certain form at all?

Alas! Men grumble and rumble, murmur and find fault, quarrel and fight, accumulate and destroy, gain and lose and bark and bite; but, for all these things, they die and leave all, and the king and the subject, in close brotherhood, sleep beneath the weeping willow, in the church-yard, and the Pope's grave is no larger than the sexton's. For such is man!

FINIS.